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Esquire

MARCH 2006



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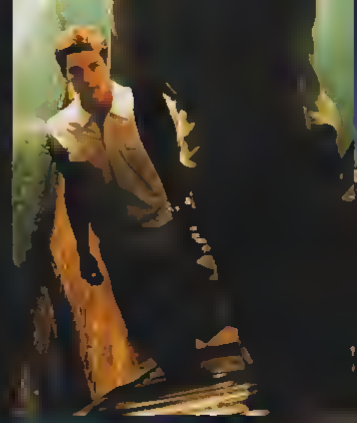
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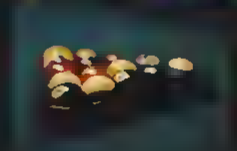

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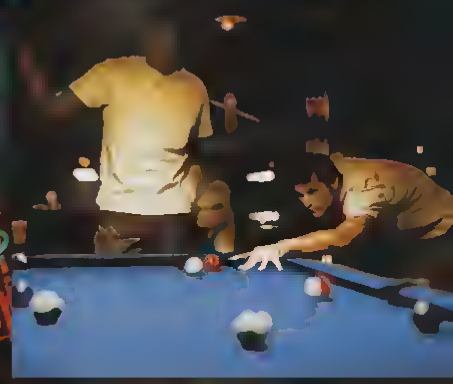


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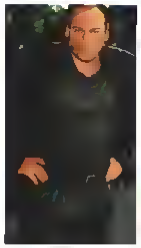
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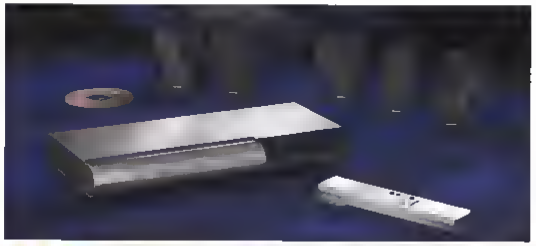
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Special Style Issue

The Guide Lightweight summer suits made from the new high-tech blends **Page 119**

The Information A thinking man's guide to the culture from art to zzzz's **Page 129**

In Search of American Style It's about dressing to get lucky and to get ahead and to feel like the individual that you are **By Ted Allen, Page 162**

Ensemble Style A casual kind of expertise **Page 172**

Isaac Mizrahi The fashion maven predicts a new age of elegance **Page 192**

Solo Performances Lessons to dress by **Page 194**

166 In Search of Dylan McDermott The very model of American style has led a life of colorful extremes that not even a novelist would dare invent

178 My Favorite Teacher Everybody loved Mr. Lindwall. He taught science, biology, sex education. He reached out to outcasts, like the author. But in his spare time, on weekends, he was a monster. **BY ROBERT KURSON**

184 Three by Sedaris How to bake a puppy, and other stupid pet tricks. A faith that transcends language. And guitar lessons from a midget **BY DAVID SEDARIS**

204 What I've Learned Eleven-year-old Haley Joel Osment, costar of *The Sixth Sense*, on his years in showbiz and the nature of fear **INTERVIEWED BY ROSS JOHNSON**



PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

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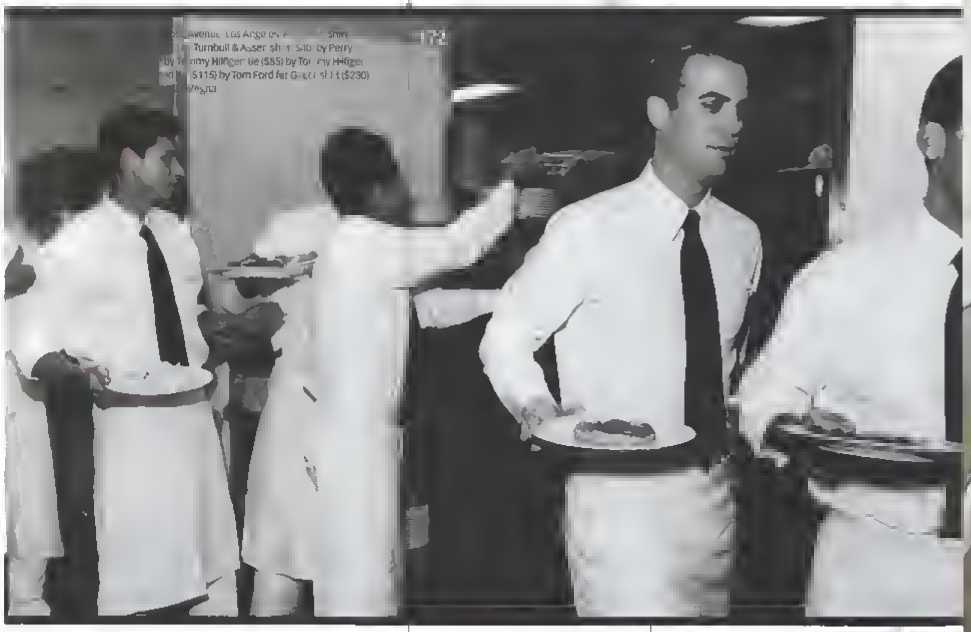




ph Peter Lindbergh www.gianfrancoferre.com

34 Contributors
36 Editor's Letter
40 The Sound and the Fury
161 Esky

continued from page 27



206 Lessons in the Simple Humanity of Donald J. Trump, America's Host Don't hate him because he's beautiful. The pink, puckered face of American capitalism. BY TOM JUNOD

217 The Next Scorsese We're in the midst of an explosion of new filmmaking talent, but which of the emerging directors will last? Five critics and a filmmaker place their bets

226 Lobster Night The night that Stacy confessed to Noonan she'd once been struck by lightning turned out to be the night she shot him. FICTION BY RUSSELL BANKS

49 Man at His Best Jennifer Connelly all growed up. Ten spring maintenance tips for your chariot. The sleek Ness motorcycle. A guide to sake. A meal fit for a real man. Answer Fella. Plus: The Rules.

81 The Portfolio A Man and His Money: Market: You willing to risk it? (BY TED C. FISHMAN) War Stories: Payback for the boss (BY ANONYMOUS) Green: My War ends in victory (BY KEN KURSON)

94 The Game Isiah Thomas may end college hoops as we know it. The Index: a great fight. BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

102 The Screen The Godfather: Part IV: Reconsidering Francis Ford Coppola. The Index: a virtual film festival. BY TOM CARSON

108 The Page A novel that may inspire you to start humming "I Feel Pretty." The Index: a great war book. BY SVEN BIRKERTS

112 Golf An ode to the caddie—a butler for the common man. The Index: a must-read golf book. BY TOM CHIARELLA

248 This Way Out An open letter to all Academy members. BY LARRY DOYLE

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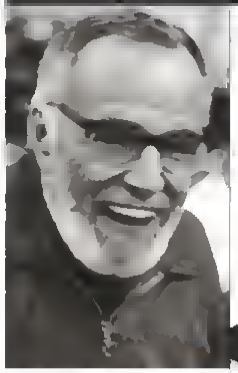
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A former painter and illustrator **Paul Jasmin** took an unusual route to becoming a photographer. "One day I just decided it took too much time to paint, and I went and picked up a camera," says Jasmin, whose work has appeared in *Interview*, *Vogue*, and *Vanity Fair* as well as in many advertising campaigns. "Most of the stuff that I do now is about real people, and that's what got me interested in photography. It's all about reality." Fittingly, in "Solo Performances" (page 194) Jasmin offers a fresh look at fashion in Los Angeles, one that wanders far off the beaten path. "There's a whole group of people in Los Angeles who consistently have great style—style in the way they live, style in what they do," says Jasmin, who teaches photography at the Arts Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, and who is working on his first book. "This shoot was basically a good mix of very hip and cool people, from someone who owns a restaurant to a studio head. What you see is what you get, and with these people that's very interesting."



Before he had written a single word or rented a single movie for this month's screen column (page 102), an assessment of Francis Ford Coppola's career, contributing editor **Tom Carson** had an idea of what he might say and it wasn't all that positive. After revisiting Coppola's films, however, Carson was pleasantly surprised. "I was expecting a long, unbroken slide downhill starting with *The Godfather, Part II*—but that really wasn't the case," he says. "I actually think that Coppola's reputation today might be better if he had never made the *Godfather* movies at all." This month Carson goes from assessing the legacy of a great director to forecasting greatness for a young director. Alexander Payne, as part of our roundup of new Hollywood talent, "The Next Scorsese" (page 217), which also features nominations from critics **Andrew Sarris**, **Elvis Mitchell**, **Todd McCarthy**, and **Kenneth Turan**, along with directions for **Martin Scorsese** himself. "Finally a group of young directors seems to have gotten out from under the shadow of the late sixties and seventies," says Carson, who lives in Virginia. "They may not share Coppola's kind of innocent, Utopian notion of 'I'm going to revolutionize movies,' but they don't seem at all cowed by the tradition, either."



When asked about the origin of "Lobster Night" (page 226), his latest Esquire short story, **Russell Banks** says, "It's based very loosely on a local legend of a guy who owned a restaurant and bar in the Adirondacks and one night shot a bear from the deck of his own restaurant in front of all the customers. I guess I'm drawn to write about people's lives and to the humor and pain that go side by side." Despite the story's familiar setting, "Lobster Night" breaks some new ground for Banks. "This is not a characteristic story of mine because it is about a woman and is pretty much told from her point of view," says Banks, whose fifteenth book, *The Angel on the Roof*, a collection of new and selected short stories, will be published in June by HarperCollins. "I like the fact that it's in Esquire because it's not a story that you can read and say, 'Well, that's a man's story.'" A contributor to Esquire since 1986, Banks is currently coproducing a film adaptation of his novel *Continental Drift* and is also writing a screenplay for Francis Ford Coppola based on Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*.



Everything I thought I knew at sixteen has turned out to be wrong in life. Except that Mr. Lindwall was a good guy. Goddamn if I wasn't right about that, even though he's the worst kind of convicted murderer there is." That's what **Robert Kurson** has to say about Richard Lindwall, his beloved high school teacher who turned out to be a kidnapper and sexual molester and is the subject of "My Favorite Teacher" (page 178). In exploring Lindwall's tortured personal life and in taking a close look at the agony of his own high school days, Kurson faced a daunting task. "It was cathartic to write this piece, but it was also very painful," says Kurson, a senior writer for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the author of two books about the Three Stooges. "The reason Mr. Lindwall meant something to me and the reason he continued to mean something to me was because, in many ways, I was much like him." Kurson is the older brother of our Green columnist, Ken Kurson; this is his first piece for Esquire.

CARSON: ERIC PALMA. KURSON: SAUL LIEBERMAN



Perils of Prediction

IN APRIL 1971 Esquire boldly predicted—on our cover, no less—that *Two-Lane Blacktop* would be the "movie of the year." Inside, we published the entire screenplay, by Rudy Wurlitzer and Will Corry, which told the compelling story of two cars—a 1955 Chevy and a new Pontiac GTO—as they raced each other across the country. The movie was directed by Monte Hellman and starred the singer James Taylor, the Beach Boys' Dennis Wilson, and Warren Oates. Harry Dean Stanton played a hitchhiker. The film opened and disappeared so quickly that later that year, the editors of Esquire named the cover prediction one of their Dubious Achievements.



Well, it was the seventies. And though we may have been wrong in our choice of a film, we were right in sensing that movies were about to be taken seriously again. It was the dawn of what was to become, in the view of some, the most storied decade in American filmmaking, the decade that would give us *Godfathers* I and II, *Chinatown*, *Jaws*, *Taxi Driver*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. It was, very self consciously, *the* moment in American cinema. And we chose *Two-Lane Blacktop* to kick that decade off.

We'll try to do a little better with the dawn of the twenty-first century. In this issue, we herald a decade that could turn out to be just as exciting a time for the movies as the seventies. It's one of the more encouraging signs of our time that there's been an explosion of young, talented directors, and on page 217 we set out to predict the emerging filmmaker who will last—the one who not only will have a legacy twenty-five years from now but also will still be making challenging, ambitious movies.

This attempt at soothsaying is also a kind of celebration signifying relief. After a summer in which *American Pie* was a bigger cinematic event than Stanley Kubrick's swan song, it seemed as if movies (like magazines and television and most other media) were still pandering helplessly to the lowest common denominator, perhaps in a last-ditch hope to compete with the excitement and reach of the Web. In fact, however, 1999 turned out to be one of the most surprising, original, and adventurous years for movies in a long time, from *The Matrix* and *The Blair Witch Project* to *Being John Malkovich* and *Three Kings*, to name a few.

So we're happy that we can indulge in a little reputation building. With the help of five of America's premier critics and one great filmmaker, we identify six young directors who seem most likely to leave a telling body of work behind. There are at least a couple of others we might have mentioned—Kimberly Peirce (who directed *Boys Don't Cry*) and M. Night Shyamalan (who made *The Sixth Sense*, probably *the* movie of 1999) chief among them—but we felt we needed to have more than a movie or two as evidence of great promise.



Our cover twenty-nine years ago: right timing, wrong film

It's kind of alarming, of course, to remember how quickly things can change. Two or three years ago, you couldn't have kept Quentin Tarantino off such a list. *Pulp Fiction* literally changed the way films are made—for better and worse—and landed almost immediately on lists of the best movies ever produced. Today, you kind of wonder whether Tarantino will ever make another significant film.

Our bet is that he will. Talent proves stubborn. That is shown elsewhere in this issue, where we also do a little reputation resuscitation, reevaluating the career of another once-revered director who fell out of favor. Francis Ford Coppola, among the preeminent members of that great seventies generation, has seen his work widely disparaged (mostly because of the enormous shadows cast by the *Godfather* movies) since the early eighties. On page 102, Tom Carson revisits Coppola's career and finds most of the conventional critiques of his films to be misguided. Much of Coppola's work in the last two decades, Carson believes, not only stands up but provides moments as lasting and memorable as those any filmmaker has ever produced. —**David Granger**

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Calendar

The Search for the Perfect Gentleman: A Primer

In an era when companies increasingly compete on the basis of service, manners are much more than a social nicety—they're a crucial business skill. To ensure your place among the new century's titans of industry, GENTLEMAN JACK RARE TENNESSEE WHISKEY suggests a return to civility in a series of entertaining evenings across the country that celebrate the classic attributes and tangible advantages of being "the perfect gentleman."

Dana May Casperson, business etiquette expert and author of POWER ETIQUETTE, will demonstrate the tools and techniques for selling the deal at the meal: how to use virtual etiquette and the new meaning of dress for success. And Jack Daniel's great grandniece, Lynne Tolley, will raise her glass to illustrate the art of the toast for many occasions. The heart of the art: the appropriate beverage. Gentleman Jack. The Jack Daniel Distillery Hartmann leather goods and Esquire will contribute prizes and gifts selected to enhance a gentleman's professional polish.

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March 30	San Jose, CA	Silicon Valley Capital Club
April 7	Miami, FL	Banker's Club
April 13	Denver, CO	Metropolitan Club
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Indubitably Dubious

Our Dubious Achievements issue started the new year, appropriately, we thought, though Alan Dershowitz wasn't so pleased to have joined us in kicking it off. And speaking of kicking—in this case, around—some misguided men out there actually *like* Richard Nixon

Esquire repeats *Newsweek*'s false story that I told Yale law students that I would have defended Hitler and that "I would win." That's not what I said. If your editors had read my letter to *Newsweek*, I'm sure you would not have repeated the mistake. I said that if Hitler had asked me to represent him during the Holocaust, I would have agreed in order to get close enough to him to strangle him with my bare hands. I also said that if he were to be put on trial now, as a hundred-year old man, and nobody else were willing to represent him, I would reluctantly have to agree to do so rather than see that monster go free, because he could not be tried without a lawyer, and far too many Nazi murderers have gone free. Finally, I said that if I were to represent him, I would have to try to win—distasteful as that would be—because a lawyer cannot deliberately throw a case. Quite a difference when the context is provided.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

The montage of small photos making up the composite picture of Esquire's Dubious Man of the Millennium is captioned, "Richard Mil-hous Nixon (and his countless enemies)." It's interesting and somewhat telling that the collection not only includes some of Nixon's friends and supporters but also snapshots of Nixon himself. Oh, I get it, Nixon was his own worst enemy, huh?

The only dubious thing about Richard Nixon is how supposedly perceptive and savvy publications such as Esquire fail to see something so unmistakably discernible. Nixon will be judged by history as one of this country's greatest presidents. Check it out in about one hundred years, that is if Esquire is still around then.

LANNY R. MIDDINGS
San Ramon, Calif.

Good grief! Over the last thousand years, Richard Nixon is the best you could come up with for the Dubious Man of the Millennium? Is someone from Esquire also buried in the collage of pictures on page 65?

Having spent the last two years watching the American presidency be dismantled and shamed by the current resident, I am astounded that you would decide to tarnish the image of a past president who at least had the decency to go into self-imposed exile after resigning a presidency that he knew was doomed to fail. I doubt if any of us can sit and say with a straight face that Clinton decided to stay in office "for the good of the nation."

STEVE TENHOUSE
Springfield, Ill.

I am responding to the satirical joke about the Holocaust on page 61 in the January issue. "1939: Six million Jews get together and decide to ruin Germany's reputation by faking a holocaust. Then they bury themselves all over Poland."

I am sure I am one of many to voice my feelings about this very inappropriate attempt at comedy. I imagine that you were trying to make light of the theory that the Holocaust was misinterpreted or never happened, but the publication of this was a foolish decision.

Some topics must never be joked about, and the Holocaust is one of them; how can we laugh at such cruelty or your twisted visualization? Under the heading, "Our Glorious Century," you accurately imply that we should be ashamed of humanity because of this catastrophe, or at least not too proud of this century. However, the caption beneath the photograph is satire that has gone too far. I find it exceptionally disturbing that you would even attempt to joke about the Holocaust.

KENNETH MEYER
Montclair, N.J.

Knight Moves

Robert Huber's "Bobby Knight Needs a Hug" (January) showed the dual nature of the legendary coach: the angry and the pissed off.

Interesting to read that even Bobby Knight is being driven nuts by the outrageous sense of entitlement among some young athletes. The struggle to motivate such athletes is causing coaches at all levels to wonder whether guiding a modern sports team is even worth it.

Thank God we still have Bobby Knight to inspire us. His level of self-knowledge and his commitment to principles are qualities all coaches need if they are to survive and thrive in the changing world of athletics.

JOHN ANDERSON
Head baseball coach
University of Minnesota
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I never could understand this, but it seems that if you remain an asshole all your life, when you get old somebody out there finds it charming. Bobby Knight has always been an asshole. When he was winning, he was an asshole. The fact that he is now a losing coach who refuses to adapt makes him an even bigger asshole.

LEONARD ZAPALA
Schenectady, N.Y.

Murder in Yosemite

In "A Voice in the Dark" (January), Sean Flynn wrote about Cary Stayner, who has been charged with the murders of four women near Yosemite National Park.

I think you are giving Cary Stayner exactly what he wants—media exposure. His obvious lack of remorse and his willingness to discuss these gruesome crimes in such vivid detail suggest to me a man very proud of himself.

By making the correlation between Ken Parnell and Cary Stayner, you are implying that Cary is somehow less accountable for his brutal actions because his brother was kidnapped by a pedophile. You suggest the unwanted publicity thrown on Cary during the kidnapping played a role in his recent decision to behead an innocent woman. That is absolutely ludicrous. Ken Parnell, although a very disturbed man, is not responsible for the murders of four women, Cary Stayner is. His traumatic childhood does not absolve him from his guilt of committing numerous murders.

This man doesn't deserve to be featured in national magazines. He deserves to sit in his cell and contemplate his crimes and dwell on the fact that he will live the rest of his life completely alone.

AGGIE MILLS
New Albany, Ind.

While "A Voice in the Dark" was engrossing and generally very well done, I do wish some discretion could have been taken in some of the descriptions of the victims' last, dignityless hours. Some of this content was, to use a term in vogue, salacious.

Again, it was otherwise a fine piece; the writer's moral outrage was recognized by this reader.

JOHN BURNELL
Kent, Ohio

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

Apparently we struck a nerve. Or two. Or a couple of thousand, as it were. The January issue included "The Complete Package," a collection of reports on the parts of the male anatomy that begin below the belt and end farther above the knee than any man really likes to admit.

While some letter writers took an interest in the urethra, prostate, and testicles, what really seemed to get our correspondents' dander up was Scott Raab's thoughtful article on the foreskin and the pluses and minuses of its removal. Ari Zighelboim of New Orleans took issue with the illustration of the hydraulics, noting that we "ended up showing an incomplete organ, one that had the natural foreskin surgically removed by circumcision." Well, yes, Ari, we suppose you're right. "The circumcised penis may be representative of what most



American males carry between their legs," he noted, but "that doesn't make it the male genitals nature endowed men with." Greg Williams of Queensland, Australia, also questioned our artistic judgment, but in a more direct fashion. "Where is the rest of the penis?" he asked. "A penis that has suffered reduction surgery is a mockery of the real thing."

These letters, mind you, were only a grassroots effort; we also received an official communiqué from the Pittsburgh chapter of NOCIRC (National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers), whose motto is "Speaking for those who cannot yet speak." Greg Hartley, the director of the chapter, was pleased that Raab's piece "exposed many of the myths of genital mutilation (euphemistically termed 'circumcision')." And though whatever you call it is a required ritual for observant Jews and Muslims, Hartley pointed out that "there is a small but growing number of Jews who choose to maintain the genital integrity of their sons." Hartley went on to call into question the, ahem, integrity of those in the medical profession who circumcise. "Since doctors get paid to perform circumcisions," Hartley posed, "do they really have an incentive to protect the genital integrity of infant males?"

It was in his final argument that Hartley took it, as they like to say in professional sports, to another level. "There is another troubling aspect of circumcision. Biomedical companies are using purloined foreskins to make artificial skin. Are there other financial incentives to keep the circumcision rate so high?" Clearly our examination of the issue was only the tip of the iceberg.

Starr Crossed

Charles Slack interviewed former independent counsel Kenneth Starr ("What I've Learned," January), who spoke of Churchill, Arkansas, and being a lousy high school football player.

As I read "What I've Learned" by Ken Starr, it appeared obvious to me that the article should have been included in the 1999 Dubious Achievement Awards. The comparison of his "colleagues" with the defenders of the Alamo was especially hilarious.

LARRY CUTHBERT
Sarasota, Fla.

What Ken Starr did *not* learn: He is not holier than thou. His bias was transparent. He failed—abysmally. We are tired of hearing from him. Go away, Ken.

JOE TEGREENE
Cleveland, Ohio

Photo Finish

In our December issue, for "Portrait of the Century," Matthew Welch photographed one hundred men, each one born in a different year between 1899 and 1999.

Kudos to you for "Portrait of the Century." It simply and succinctly showed the evolution of the priorities of man. Also, you are to be praised for quizzing men from a variety of professions and races. That diversity showed how universal the requirements for fulfillment are.

M. J. MCCOLLUM
Philadelphia, Penn.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 250 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10019; sent by e-mail to esquire@hearst.com or submitted on the Web at esquiremag.com/talk. Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WINTERS AND GARY TANHAUSER



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Man at His Best

Jennifer Connelly

Hully, [illegible] in [illegible] fallin[illegible]



"[illegible]be[illegible] working wh[illegible] I hadn't [illegible] come [illegible] my own, wh[illegible] I was this walking puppet. Some of the movies I did... I look back and cringe. For better or for worse, I feel responsible now. In *Requiem for a Dream*, I'm a heroin addict, and I thought it was being made for a reason—it wasn't about shock value. It has something to say about hum[illegible] and a [illegible]"

CAN AN ACTRESS—a bosomy actress whose photographs grace a disturbing number of teen-fantasy–fueled Web sites—become an overnight star after nearly two decades of bubblegum celluloid? Jennifer Connelly, who started at age 11 in *Once Upon a Time in America* before years of fluff like *The Rocketeer* and *Career Opportunities*, thinks she can. We're about to meet her again, as an adult, in a troika of powerful movies: her current release, *Waking the Dead*, in which she plays a political activist; the Jackson Pollock biopic *Pollock*; and *Requiem for a Dream*.

STUART MILLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY GAVIN BOND

The Agenda March

Lambs, lions, whatever—all we know is it's National Peanut Month, and we're thinking we should be at the Wreck, where they serve 'em boiled. **And drinking this:** the colibri (3 oz OJ, 1 oz white rum, 1 oz dark, dash bitters, on ice). **Tossing this month's birthday party:** Rosie and F. W. de Klerk, Reese Witherspoon and George Plimpton, Sarah Jessica Parker and Pat Robertson, Elle Macpherson and Leonard Nimoy and his bud William Shatner, and, finally, skate boy Elvis Stojko—*wooo, the folderol!* No real holidays this month—at least not the kind that get you off work. Another column?



Week 1

A moment to thank Jesus that it's no longer February. And speaking of Christ: Now comes that time when we spend a half day noticing the gray stuff on many people's foreheads, and then, about lunchtime, we realize that it's Ash Wednesday. In your yard those little purple flowers will soon poke through the snow (albeit not soon enough). They are called crocuses.

Week 2

The Camp Fire Girls, now known as the Camp Fire Boys and Girls, turns 90 in the next few days, not that any sou of yours is joining that hunch of crocus-loving pansy-punk cake bakers. You might as well celebrate Nureyev's birthday with him. Also, when it comes time: Please drink regular beer while those other people drink green beer.

Week 3

The swallows have returned, spring springs hereabouts, and some men, they're sharpening the lawn-mower blades. You, you're looking for the first golf course to unlock its gates for the season. Good man. Also: It being Anonymous Giving Week, know that one can build a hospital without plastering one's name all over it.

Week 4

There are people who presumably for a living, make up holidays, and these people have designated March 26 Make Up Your Own Holiday Day, probably so they can take one. Go ahead, create. On the 31st, Hoist another colibri in honor of those observing Alcohol-Free Weekend, mercifully an hour shorter than usual—as daylight saving time resumes on April 2. Whew.



The Conversation: Assassination

"BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH," admonishes the soothsayer in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Of course, Caesar didn't, and he was whacked. Assassinations, both the successful and the botched, are always a good topic of cocktail chat, should it come up, feel free to drop these pearls of knowledge. (Be careful, though—say any more than this and you come off as kinda Hinckley.) —BEN McLEAN

Go to your room: Edward V of England. His highness was iced in 1483, most likely by his uncle Richard III (the original Tricky Dick), who had been appointed the young king's protector. Apparently "protection" consisted of imprisoning the boy king and his brother in the Tower of London, usurping the throne, and having them murdered.

I'm the king of the world! Andrew Jackson. Speaking of Richard III, Richard Lawrence claimed in 1835 that he was Richard III and the rightful heir to the British throne. Logically, he had to kill the president. Luckily for Jackson, both of Lawrence's guns misfired, and he was unharmed.

Guns don't kill people, doctors do: James Garfield. President Garfield died on September 19, 1881, more than two months after being shot by Charles J. Guiteau. Garfield perished not so much from the gunshot wound as from the butcherous surgical attempts to remove the bullet from his body—an excruciating procedure with septic and gangrenous effects.

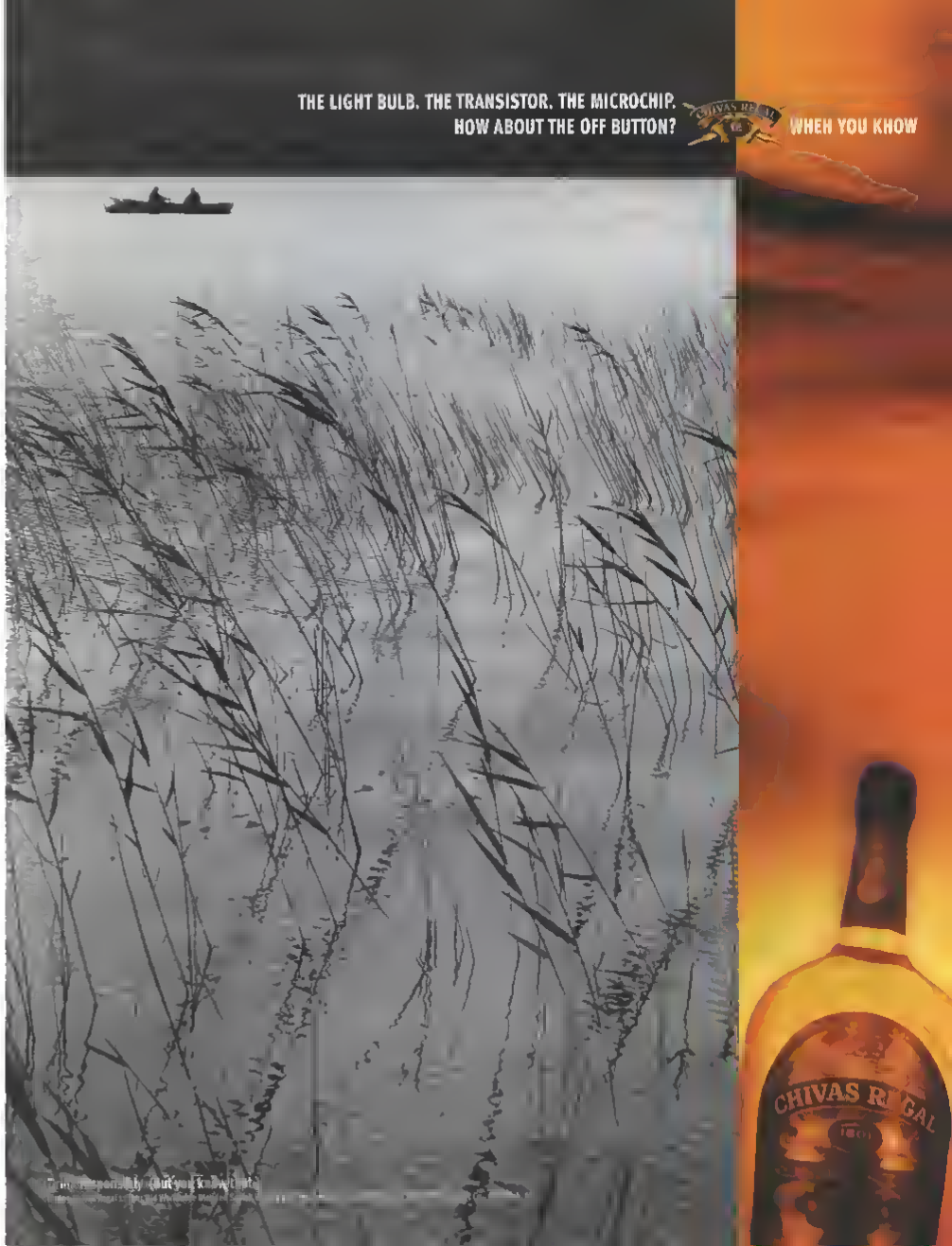
Poison, rinse, repeat: Fidel Castro. Of the 33 or so attempts the CIA made on El Jefe, our favorite has to be the "Samson Scheme," which called for poisoning Castro in order to make his beard fall out, thereby ruining his image and destroying his political base.

Don't mess with Texas: Bill Clinton. A Lone Star State separatist group threatened a plan that involved infecting a cactus needle with a deadly dose of botulism and shooting it at Clinton from a cigarette lighter/gun. When they stopped laughing, FBI agents scuffled the plotters.

Bus or Bust! After Volkswagen cleaned out the wallets of 83,000 nostalgists last year with the New Beetle, it seemed smart business to follow with a Microbus. For now, however, its spirit lives only in this bootleg sketch based on the old Samba bus at VW's Simi Valley design studio. But with profit margins on retro rides akin to crack's, one can bet VW suits will switch to tie-dye before too long.



THE LIGHT BULB. THE TRANSISTOR. THE MICROCHIP.
HOW ABOUT THE OFF BUTTON?
CHIVAS REGAL
WHEN YOU KNOW





Songs Out of Orbit

We've had the compositions for 250 years, but this famed producer's first solo record is from another world

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER heard of him, but you've heard him. Or rather, you've heard his work. William Orbit, the 41-year-old music producer, has put the polish on dozens of albums from all sorts of musicians, including Prince, Sting, Beth Orton, and Madonna, whose career he is said to have revived with 1998's Grammy-winning *Ray of Light*. It's his first solo project, though, that could qualify as the most interesting work this pioneer of ambient house music has ever mastered. *Pieces in a Modern Style* is a compilation of his interpretations of works by Vivaldi, Barber, Handel, and, of course, Beethoven. It is nor your father's classical music. It's nor exactly the composers' anymore, either.

—CHRISTOPHER BEREND

> They might not like what I'm doing to their music, but they would be very interested with the means by which I've achieved it. Composing is about building and seeing sound, which is what these arrangements were originally a product of—being able to visualize what different sounds look like and what they sound like when they come together. That's why I think they might be interested. I think if Beethoven came into the studio, he would look at the equipment and say, 'How does this all work? I'd like to give it a go.'

ORBITAL RECORDS

gle "[illegible] Seal into the pop mus c scene in 1991. Did studio work on Seal's self-titled second album in 1994 and his most recent, *Human Being*, in '98. Both of which have been staples on modern rock radio.

[illegible] hit *Us*, with additional mix ing and product on work a year later on the hit singles "Blood of Eden" and "Kiss That Frog." It was a critical time for Gabriel who'd had a six-year hiatus since his previous solo record.

record *13*—the follow up t their huge sell titled effort two years ago. At a time when Blur's popularity has risen to its highest peak, their work with Orbit is said by crit cs to be either "full of genius" or "indulgent."

r Madonna's career 1998's *Ray of Light* was very much a collaboration between the two musical talents. The follow up is scheduled for this spr ng. "It's a very bit as good as the last one," says Orbit.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON CHARZANEK

High/Low Tech

Slim Pickin's

TV loses a few inches

Flat can be good, and flat can be bad. Flat tire: bad. Flat line: very bad. Flat beer: pure evil. Flat screen TV: the most awesome-looking thing ever. Especially this one from Marantz. At 42 inches high and a slender three and a half inches deep, it's not flat, it's *phlat*. Despite their popularity among hipster gizmoheads, flat-screen TVs generally have subpar, low resolution picture quality and very poor color and brightness. This one is the exception, perhaps the best plasma monitor money can buy—lots and lots of money, it turns out. It costs $15,000.

—LAUREN IANNOTTI

For information on Marantz PO 4290D, call 630-307-3100



CREASES, FOLD AGAIN

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TLC for Your XK8

IT'S NO LESS A RITE of spring than the blooming of tulips and the foolish optimism of Cubs fans. From New York to San Francisco, cars emerge from garages ready to get back in shape for cruising season. If you're like most, your spring car-care ritual consists of a quick trip to the local brushless and five minutes with the vacuum cleaner. This year, you should take a page out of Larry Reynolds's owner's manual. Larry, owner of Car Care Specialties in Saddle Brook, New Jersey, and editor of Carcareonline.com, offers these easy maintenance maneuvers you can perform yourself. —ANTHONY CHIARELLA

1 BATTERY
To prevent acid damage, rinse the battery and pan, sprinkle with baking soda (which neutralizes acid), and rinse again with water. Scrub dirty or corroded battery terminals with a toothbrush dipped in a solution of water and baking soda, then coat with a film of petroleum jelly to inhibit oxidation.

2 AIR FILTER
Cleaning your air filter optimizes performance by ensuring a proper fuel/air mixture. Tap the filter against your open palm to remove debris. Not sure whether to clean or replace? Air filters are cheap. When in doubt, throw it out.

3 TIRES
Inspect your spare for proper air pressure, and practice changing the tire. Has a mechanic's air wrench made it impossible to remove the lug nuts? Don't find out the hard way. And toss a can of Fix-a-Flat in your trunk: that way, in the event of a puncture, you'll probably reach the next service station without having to mount the spare.

4 UNDERCARRIAGE
During winter, road salts accumulate underneath your car and eat away at it, leaving premature rust and corrosion. Hose the undercarriage and wheel wells, spray with P21S Auto Wash, scrub with a long-handled brush, and rinse. Later, using a flashlight, examine shocks, seals, crankcase, transmission, et cetera. The underbody should be uniformly dry—wet patches mean leaks.

5 FLUIDS
In addition to oil, check your coolant level and your brake-, transmission, and power-steering fluid levels. Been two years since you've changed your anti-freeze? Do it now, and if you dilute it, be sure to use distilled water, as mineralliferous tap water can corrode aluminum engine parts.

6 DOORS
Apply Sonax or Wurth Rubber Care to door seals to keep them pliable and leakproof.

7 INTERIOR
Many upholstery conditioners contain raw silicone, which actually damages the surfaces you're trying to protect. If a chemical claims to work for both leather and vinyl, it's good for neither. For the best conditioning available, treat vinyl interiors with Lexol Vinylex; for leather, use Lexol pH Cleaner and Leather Conditioner.

8 TOOL KIT
Check your tool kit and make sure it's got every one of the following: tire-pressure gauge, adjustable Crescent wrench, slip-joint pliers, flashlight (with fresh batteries!), and double-sided screwdriver with flat and Phillips blades. Cheap tools break, so go for the good brands: like Snap-on, S-K, or Craftsman. Never store them in an airtight or watertight container: it will lock in moisture and corrode your tools.

9 JOINTS
Clean door hinges, seat rails, trunk and hood struts, and power antennas with a citrus degreaser. Then apply a synthetic lubricant, such as Wurth HSS 2000. Stay away from silicone lubricants like WD-40, which attract dust and dirt, worsening the problem you're trying to correct.

10 BODY
A fine shine starts with a good washing, but using a mass-merchandised car soap may actually strip wax. Finish-friendly Sonax and P21S are the best; follow with 3M Imperial Hand Glaze for a deep cleaning. A coat of One Grand Blitz or Zymol wax will seal and protect the finish. Always wash and wax in a linear rather than a circular motion, to hide scratches. And never wash a hot car. Unless by hot you mean stolen...in which case maybe a new coat of paint would be best.

the rules

Rule No. 145:

Rule No. 146:

Rule No. 147:

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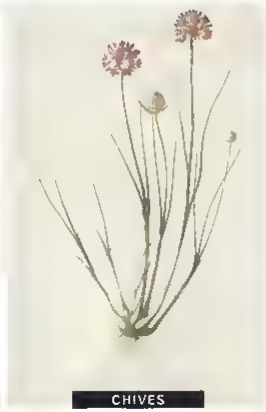
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Herb Gardens

YOU FANCY YOURSELF A CHEF Perhaps you use extra-virgin olive oil that costs more than a bottle of Krug—you know, from so early in the first cold pressing it's green. Maybe you've even got yourself a miniature mandoline for slicing white truffles when they're in season. Yup, you're a regular Julia Child.

So why then is it that you still use those supermarket jars of dried herbs that've been in the cupboard since the hostages were in Iran? Don't you know that one of the things that separates the Escoffiers of the world from the Chuck E. Cheeses is just-harvested ingredients? Bob Cannard does. Bob supplies vegetables to Alice Waters's famed Chez Panisse, and he's keen on growing herbs in a kitchen window box. He recommends perennials like rosemary, sage, thyme (both the green and lemon varieties), lavender, and savory, though there's no shame in more common plantings like chives and basil and dill. Give it a shot; the thyme in particular will improve your next preparation of lamb shanks (see page 76), and any of 'em will give one of Chuck E.'s large pepperonis a boost. Here's how to get started. —SAM GROBART

Herbal Remedies

Some resources to get your garden started

Burpee, 800-888-1447, burpee.com

Territorial Seed Company, 541-942-9547
territorial-seed.com

Mountain Valley Growers, 559-338-2775
mountainvalleygrowers.com

Seeds of Change, 888-762-7333
seedsofchange.com

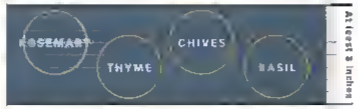
Johnny's Selected Seeds, 207-437-4301
johnnyseeds.com

▶ Herbs grow best when subjected to day/night temperature changes and a lot of sunlight (start planting after the last heavy frost of the year), so it's not a good idea to grow them indoors.

▶ Your window box should be no smaller than eight inches wide and eight inches deep, the length to be determined by the length of your sill.

▶ You're not actually growing the herbs in the window box itself but in pots that you will place inside it. Bigger is always better. The more soil you have, the more moisture and nutrients will be retained.

▶ Your pots should have drainage holes. Pour in a layer of pebble-sized gravel—two inches deep for large pots, half an inch to an inch in smaller pots. On top of the gravel, pour in your potting soil. Add on top a thin layer of natural soil that you've collected from under a shrub or bush. Replenish this layer once a year.

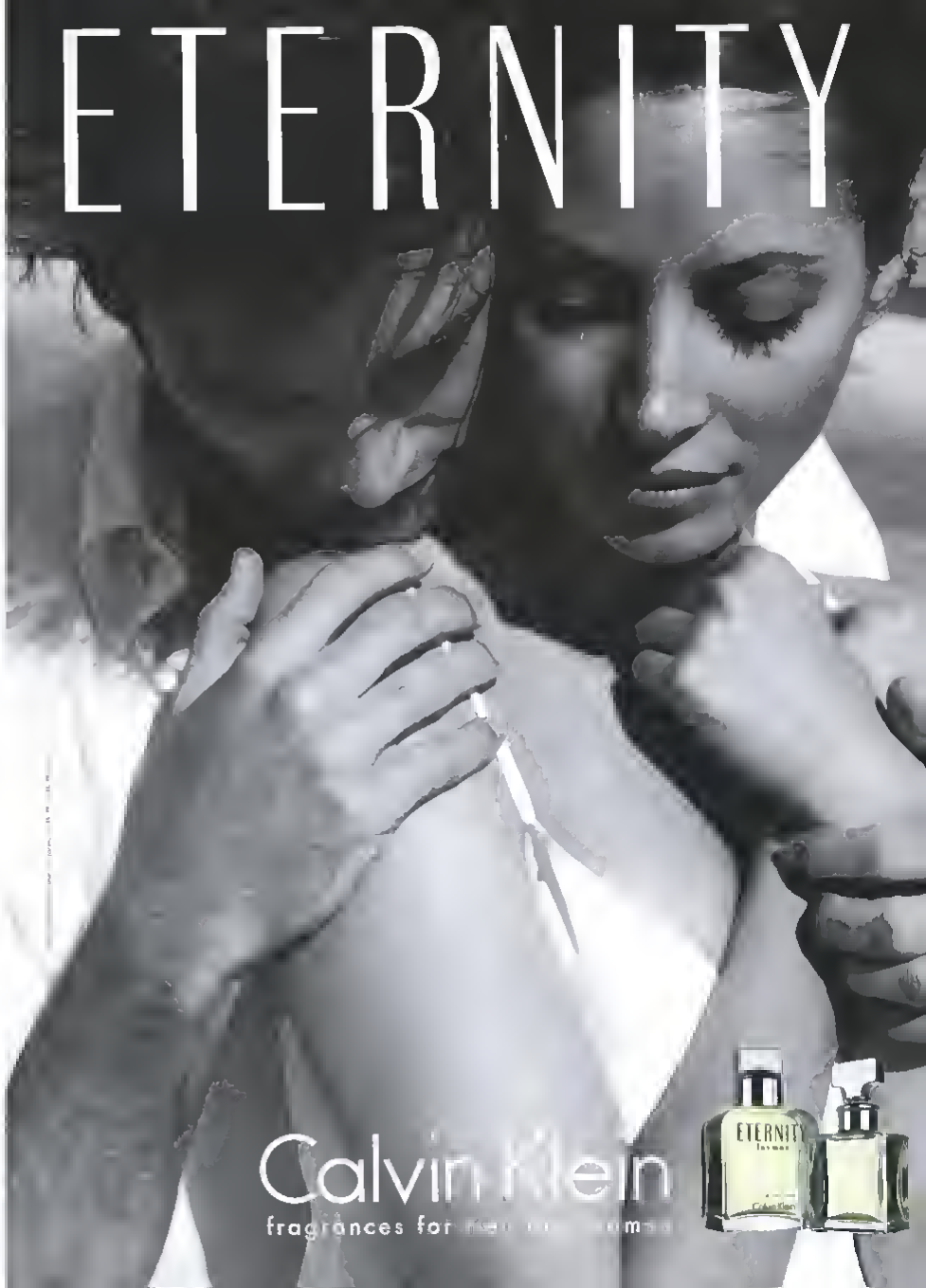


Arrange your herbs so that the smaller ones (thyme, basil) alternate with the taller ones (rosemary, chives).

▶ Water two to three times a week to once a month, depending on soil volume and time of year. Even in the winter, when the soil does not, water every once in a while to maintain good soil composition.

▶ Do not use commercial fertilizer; instead, try using—no joke—vegetable stock made from scraps. If you don't feel like cooking, you can purchase plant food such as seaweed. Add monthly. Twice a year, add minerals to your soil by sprinkling on some purchased rock flour or crushed limestone.

▶ It's very important that you continually prune your herbs. Start cutting back only one third of the plant's size as it grows; you can increase your pruning to keep the plant low and leafy. If left unattended, all perennials will flower and drop seeds, which can kill the mother plant. Harvest your herbs continually—they can be dried in the sun and used later.







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REPOSADO

Liquid Solids

An Exhibition of Tomorrow's Blobjects in Use Today

"I'M MELLLTINNNG . . . " As with the Wicked Witch of the West, that's what's happening to the consumer products featured in the Cooper-Hewitt Museum's first National Design Triennial, which opens this month in New York. In the past, objects were either sharp edged, as if fashioned with a chisel, or sleek and smooth, looking like something just hatched in a wind tunnel. What the triennial shows is that today's utilitarian design looks as if it was left in the oven too long, with common objects changing not just shape (from sharp to round) but also state (from solid to almost liquid). It amounts to nothing less than the hegemony of the blobject—a physical representation of the same kind of merging and hybridization we now see in technology, media, and pop culture. It's getting harder to see where one thing begins and another ends. Napkin holders look like Frank Gehry buildings—and vice versa. In the show's catalog, guest curator Steven Skov Holt calls the blobject a sign of "retrofuturism." In a time when hardware aspires to merge with software, things don't just melt, whole worlds come together. Herewith are three examples from the show. —PHIL PATTON



SWINGLINE STAPLER

Without looking, think of what your stapler looks like. Can't, can you? Since its invention, the stapler has been in the Witness Protection program as far as design is concerned. Most still new to the 1968 style of the old Swingline 747, which has a certain classic appeal, though you'd think that in the last 30-odd years, during which we managed to clone a sheep, there would've been an update. Better late than never. ACCO Brands designers Tim Parsey and Scott Wilson, with consultant Ross Lovegrove, produced the futuristic Swingline Worx. The result is an object that looks ready to take off from the desk. It'll make you want to staple something—anything—just to handle it.

PICASSO INTERNET RADIO



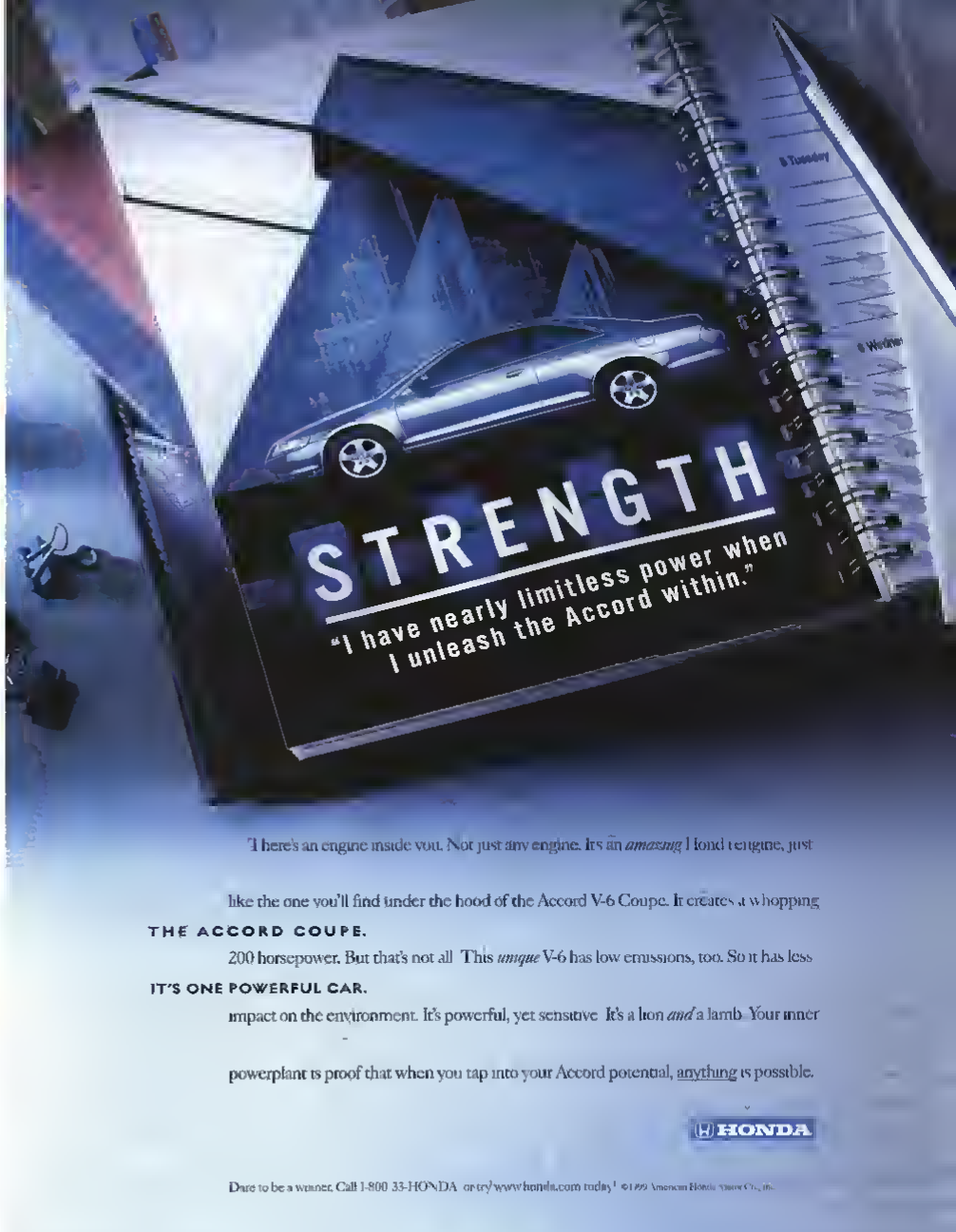
RCA's Internet audio receiver was inspired by Picasso's drawings of bulls as well as his sculptures, which turned a toy car into a baboon's head and bicycle handlebars into bull's horns. Part of a series of futuristic appliances designed by Thomson Electronics, Ron Lytel and Paul Pierce, the Picasso is testimony to the idea that digital technology doesn't have to just disappear inside a computer. It's not so much high tech as high concept, designed for the new world of online radio (which already has more stations than broadcast). And maybe bull is the right association for a medium that makes it possible for every man to be his own Rush Limbaugh.

NESS MOTORCYCLE

Most Harley owners would like to think their flatheads are badass. At one point in time, they might have been, but hordes of middle-aged securities brokers and their concomitant crises have sort of screwed up the image. Let us then thank Arlen Ness and his son Cory for restoring not so much the glory (because it was always there) but the necessary audacity that any self-respecting Hog should possess in spades. The Ness boys have literally hand-formed the body of this one-of-a-kind bike, polished it to a mirrorlike finish, and in the process turned each and every one of us into slack-jawed 12-year-olds at the sight of it.



For information on triennial (March 7–August 6) call 212 849 8400.



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Sake Cold Is Hot



IT WAS ONCE A DINER'S RITE OF PASSAGE. You sat down at one of those slice 'em dice 'em Japanese steak houses and out came the steaming box of sake, the Far East equivalent of wine in a box. One sip and the hot liquid burned your taste buds—thankfully because if you could taste it, you'd spit it out faster than that samurai could sizzle a sirloin. While you'll still find plenty of places serving that stuff, there's a sake revolution happening out there, and many people are discovering a whole new brew. —ANDREA IMMER

DOMESTIC

[illegible]NMAI GINJO Gekkeikan Haiku $12 (750ml) [illegible] Ginjo $4 (375ml). TOKU BETSU JUNMAI [illegible]0ml). Momokawa Silver $9 (750ml). [illegible] in cedar barrels for a distinctive taste. [illegible]ka Daru $3.50 (375ml). JUNMAI DRY" (Ozeki Dry $2.5[illegible]0ml).

IMPORTED

[illegible]umi Junmai G[illegible]0ml). [illegible]shi Ginjo $30 (720ml).

WHAT Although it's often called rice wine, sake is really a brew, in the sense that it is fermented from grain (rice) rather than from grapes. Brewers polish the grains of a special sake rice to remove the outer coating. They steam the pure, starchy core, then add yeast and a "starter," which converts the starch into sugar so the yeast can do its fermentation thing. Aging, filtering and pasteurization complete the picture.

Quality sake ranges from *junmai*, or *junmai-shu*, whose rice has been polished down to 70 percent of its original size, to *junmai dai ginjo*, the big ticket Japanese sakes you see in restaurants, which use grains 50 percent or less of their original size. These are expensive, but they can be truly amazing.

WHO Those discriminating enough to forgo their mothers' *masu* (that's the smelly cedar box) and the flash-heated draft dreck still served up by a lot of Japanese restaurants.

WHERE The recent craze started out in Asian fusion restaurants, but now fine sake is showing up everywhere, from four-star French joints to trendy bars. We used to serve tanks of the stuff at the Greatest Bar on Earth...a finance hangout I worked in on top of the World Trade Center. Sake bars are on the rise, too, and not necessarily attached to a sushi bar or Japanese restaurant.

HOW TO DRINK High-quality sakes are best drunk cold—which is the way it's traditionally done in Japan—and out of wineglasses. The classic *masu* is passé, and the little ceramic cup, though beautiful, doesn't release the complex and delicate aromas of good sake the way fine stemware can.

Another option is the cocktail of the moment, the sake martini. Usually the sake takes the place of the gin or vodka, although for my hard-driving crowd, I developed a sake martini in which the sake replaces the vermouth.

HOW TO BUY There is a growing trend toward born-on dating on sake labels, and this is key because freshness in sake is crucial. Look for a product less than six months old, and be sure to buy from a shop that stores it away from heat and light, both of which quickly degrade sake.

For the most part, you will be buying and drinking domestic sakes—albeit with Japanese names. Why do I avoid naming the Japanese sakes? They are unbelievably expensive ($25 to $100 for a 750ml bottle), freshness can be a major problem, and the labels typically are impossible to decipher. I have recommended a couple that are worth the search, either of which you may find on a restaurant sake list, but be prepared to pay up. *Kanpai!*

SAKE GOES EXTREMELY WELL with a fantastic range of foods besides sushi. I especially like it with salty bites, which just seem to make the sake flavors explode. Here are some of my favorites to pair it with.

Parmigiano reggiano or manchego cheese The high-quality aged versions have a nutty tang that tastes amazing with sake.

Coconut-crusted shrimp You probably won't be making these at home, but they're big in fusion restaurants.

Braised short ribs We did a sake tasting once for clients at Windows on the World, and I don't know what possessed the chef to make this accompaniment, but it was one of my all-time great sake and food experiences.

Smoked fish I have tried salmon, trout and mackerel with sake. All were great.

Ham Try it with the really distinctive, long-aged varieties such as serrano, prosciutto or Kentucky country ham.

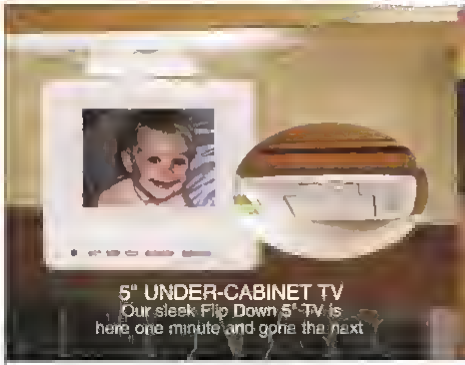
Crab cakes Any beverage tastes good with crab cakes, but sake makes a truly great match.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLY LYNTON

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Naked Before the Butcher



MAYBE IT SOUNDS ODD, but the man who knows me best is my butcher. Standing in front of his refrigerated counter, I say, "A small boneless sirloin," and he knows immediately that the finicky wine salesman who has been occupying my nights is no more. Later, when I ask for a little meat loaf mix, my butcher understands that things have gone from bad to worse. I've been reduced to making restaurant style comfort food at home.

"Thanks, Leo," I say as I reach over the counter, meaning thanks for always being there, for being such a stand up guy, for never failing to meet my needs.

He presses a neatly wrapped package into my outstretched hands. From years of trimming fat, his hands are red but surprisingly soft. "Enjoy," he replies, and I am sure that what he really means is that things will get better, that everything is going to be okay.

One day, I show up with a request for two lamb shanks. "Do you want me to trim the bones?" Leo asks. "No," I say.

Our eyes meet and he gives me a big smile. Things are looking up for me, meatwise. Forget those narcissistic beefcakes: this girl's finally met a real man. A man who doesn't need the shank bone sawed into smaller, more delicate knuckles. A man who doesn't need the tender cooked meat slid off the bone before serving just to prettify his plate. Finally, a man who can face the satisfying earthy sexiness of oven braised meat and take matters into his own hands, big bones and all. —FRANCINE MARUSKIN

Braised Lamb Shanks

SERVES FOUR

Ingredients

1/2 tsp whole cloves
1/2 tsp black peppercorns
1/2 tsp whole allspice
1 bay leaf
2 sprigs fresh thyme
2 tbsp olive oil
2 garlic cloves, peeled and smashed
4 lamb shanks* (about 1 lb each)
3 large shallots, peeled and roughly chopped
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup dry red wine
2 cups good-quality beef stock
1 cup canned San Marzano tomatoes, crushed by hand
Kosher or coarse salt to taste
Freshly ground black pepper to taste

Orange-and-Olive Gremolata

2 tbsp finely minced orange zest
2 tbsp finely chopped flat leaf parsley
3 tbsp chopped pitted Moroccan oil-cured olives

Combine all ingredients in a small bowl and set aside.

Recipe

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Place spices, bay leaf, thyme, and garlic in a bouquet garni bag (available in any kitchen supply store) and reserve.

Heat olive oil in a large casserole (with a tight fitting lid) or Dutch oven over moderate heat and brown lamb shanks on all sides. This is a messy but necessary step and will contribute greatly to the depth and richness of the sauce.

Remove browned shanks and pour off all but 2 tbsp of fat from the casserole. Add shallots and cook, stirring occasionally, until edges begin to color, about 3 minutes.

Add liquids, stirring to scrape up any browned bits of meat from the bottom of the casserole. Add tomatoes and stir to blend. Add spice bag and bring mixture to simmer. Return shanks to casserole, cover tightly, and transfer to preheated oven. Cook until shanks are very tender (the meat will shrink away from the bone, almost falling off), about 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

Carefully transfer casserole to top of stove. Discard spice bag, and remove shanks and cover with foil. Over moderate heat, bring liquid to a boil. Lower heat and allow liquid to reduce for about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

To Serve

Place each lamb shank in a large, shallow bowl or on a deep rimmed plate. Ladle sauce over each shank, sprinkle with gremolata, and serve.

*Cooking Note

Lamb shanks, cut from the foreleg, weigh about a pound each and may have to be ordered from your butcher in advance. Although I love to serve the whole shank, some cooks (wimps, really) find it awkward and have each shank sawed into thirds. Another delicate presentation is to cook the shank whole and then slide the tender cooked meat right off the bone and onto the plate. But if you take the delicate approach, you'll miss out on all this sauce.

With a fragrant clove and citrus infused cooking liquid and a gremolata of Moroccan black olives and orange zest, these lamb shanks are a culinary cousin to osso buco, the classic braised veal shank dish from Italy. You should prepare this slow cooked, labor-of-love dish only for someone who truly deserves it. If you're not quite sure who qualifies, ask your butcher, who probably knows more about your life than you think.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID PRINCE



The Answers

Digital Cameras, Male Kegeling & Why the Red Sox (Fans) Whiff



ESQUIRE S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions fearing they'll look stupid So ask Answer Fella anything If he doesn t know the answer, he ll find out who does or who has a guess that sounds right

I've heerd that women can do exercises to improve sexual performence Is there e mele equivalent?

Wh le Answer Fella policy is to not call lovemaking "performance" until enough tickets have been sold to re quire ushers he admires the thrust of your ambition One caution Con fusing improved sexual perfor mance" with "delayed orgasm" may lead to "Sting syndrome " named for the fey popster whose public boast ing about seven-hour long con plings—as though humping smug twits got better with the sunnse—has given premature ejaculation a good name

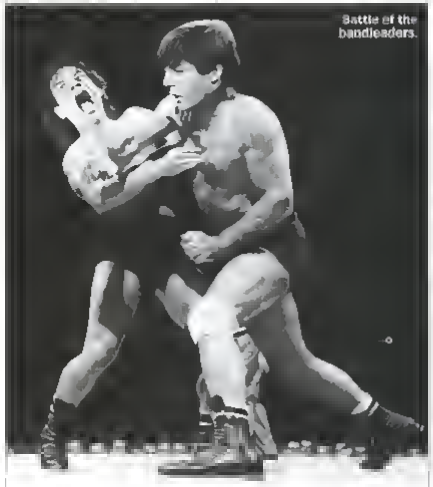
That sa d the exercises you refer to are a method cal flexing of the pubococcygeus (PC) muscle called Kegels In honor of the late Dr Arnold Kegel whose mission was to help his incontinent patients achieve better leakage control without surgery Men m search of a more intense, pro longed and controlled orgasm may ndeed find them helpful

Your PC muscle stretches be tween your genitals and yonr anus find it by stopping in midp ss. And starting. And stopp ng And so on That's the muscle. Sexperts suggest beginning w th two daily sessions of 20 reps each doing short (one second) squeezes. (Never mind the peeing, that was just to locate the muscle) After you've built up to 75 short squeezes per sal add a couple of sets per day of lengthened con tractions—a three count say—building aga n from 20 to 75 reps

The goal beyond muscle control is to relax slow down breathe deeply and of course, get a good score from the North Korean judge. And never forget that "improve ment" may be as simple as asking what your partner wants or knowing how and when to sh ft gears.

What should I look for in a digital camera?

Resolut on—sharpness of mage—above all More pixels (picture ele ments) means better photos and pricier cameras. Expect to pay $700 and up for 2-megapixel models, $400 or more for the 1-megapixels and less in lower resolut on units


Battle of the bandleaders.

Depending on yonr needs and skills you may also consider the size of your memory card (which a digital camera uses instead of film) the lens options (zoom wide angle telephoto) and shooting speeds (s nce digital cameras take longer than film cameras to refire) Buy one with both an LCD screen and a viewfinder (some digitals have only the screen) as well as a video out put for linking the camera directly to your television to view live or stored mages.

As e guy who still hes hundreds of record albums end a turntable, I've been puzzled for years by the difference in sound between vinyl and CDs. My albums, even with their pops and hisses, somehow sound sweeter and nch er than my CDs. Is it nostal gia or am I really hearing something that makes the older format sound better?

The compact d sc s virtues are beyond debate More durable and less prone to random damage, CDs contain more m nutes of mnsic, require no flipping, and fit n cely into smallish places, like the ten-disc changer n the trunk of Answer Fella's '95 Prizm

And yet, and yet many audiophiles insist that when the needle louches down into the groove and surfs across that wave of noise the music sounds warmir more organic, more alive. According to buffs analog recording, the process used for vinyl captures the sound wave with more compression range, and punch than the digital process which essentially snaps wee, perfect pictures of sound for the laser beam to read and rekn t.

Flawless in its replication digital sound is cleaner—ster le some would say even plastic, soulless. Oth ers would go so far as to add that while the CD format is dead-on for the new burnt offering from Sting, noth ng can touch a 12-inch si ce of PVC when t comes to real rock n roll

Why can't any Boston team win e world chemplonship?

S nce consistently choking when all the chips are down couldn t poss bly indicate a lack of talent, smarts and the all important will to w n it must be the Almighty's punishment for the wh niest, greediest, dumbest fun base in the entire sports universe nefer of course, to followers of the Boston Red Sox Case in point, you ever hear of the Celtics? Jesus. You people make me want to send another dozen roses to Erl Buckner

Beatles or Stones?

Answer Fella normally is loath to weigh in on matters of religious conviction, but if forced to pick he ll go with Chuck Berry without whom neither scruffy bunch of l meys would have existed

Got a question? Send it to Answer Fella, Esquire, 250 West 55th Street, New York, NY 10019 Or visit esquiremag.com/talk

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THE Portfolio

A Man and His Money



Can You Take the Risk?

Why you should pay attention to your gut

I » MARKET

MY ROAD TO RISK TOLERANCE AWARENESS began at three o'clock one morning on the floor of my bedroom, where I happened to be lying facedown, kicking and screaming. I hadn't realized I was doing this exactly until my wife said, "Honey, you're lying on the floor kicking and screaming."

Despite outward appearances, I was actually deep in thought about the events of Black Monday, the crash of 1987. I had spent the last twelve hours going over the pandemonium as it related to my own accounts and realized, just before I put my face to the carpet, that there was a good chance I would lose three times our net worth when the opening bell rang again five hours hence. "We're ruined," I bawled. Later that morning, on the trading floor, I soon learned that many others were far more desperate than I. In every pit—bonds, stock indexes, pork bellies—there was a mad dash to convert everything to cash.

By some miracle that I still don't understand, I made a heap of money that day. What I do know is that the panic of Black Monday and its immediate aftermath were caused by investors who had given little advance consideration to how they might react if stocks happened to crash. Those least prepared bailed out. The causes of that epidemic of fear have

By Jodi C. Fishman

PHOTOGRAPH BY RODNEY SMITH

been studied ever since A government commission initially blamed computers run amok. The different stock, futures, and options exchanges pointed fingers at one another's risk controls and ethical standards. (Some traders were just too greedy!)

I believe in another trigger: investors' overconfidence in the past's ability to foretell the future. As a trader, I succumbed to it, poring over charts, graphs, and endless analyses of historical prices to discern just how the prices of stocks, currencies, and cattle might unfold in the future. Like virtually all traders, I assumed that history ruled the probability of my guessing correctly. If I stuck to my books, the stats would make me rich in due course.

That view, which is still a dominant perspective on risk in the markets, is a far cry, I'd say, from most people's innate intuition about financial markets. The statistical approach says that unlikely events hardly ever happen, but most people sense that the unexpected happens all the time. We play in our heads all the possibilities for going broke—and for striking it rich—that the numbers leave out.

When it comes to real world investing, our intuition is worth putting to work. With it, we can gain a much clearer view of our own ability to endure even the wildest swings in financial markets. Financial pros call that ability risk tolerance, and it is the most essential bit of self-knowledge an investor can have. And the most hard-earned.

Stockbrokers and financial planners know the value of ascertaining their investors' risk tolerances. But their formulas tend to be fairly pat and not all that useful. Young investors with lots of years of paychecks ahead of them, the formulas stipulate, should take on more risk, while retirees should risk little. This big-brush approach matches the "stages of man" to the historical probabilities that different sorts of investments will garner different levels of returns. It is blind to the nuances of individual investors, who, after all, differ in wealth, temperament, and goals.

"It is impossible to figure out your risk profile," admits professor Stephen D'Arcy of the University of Illinois. D'Arcy, who just stepped down as president of the American Risk and Insurance Association, says that most people are incapable of thinking clearly about potential outcomes. Often, the steps people take to reduce risk actually heighten it. "When I drive fast, I'm thinking about getting to my meeting on time, not about doubling my chance of getting crippled or getting pulled over. If you have to absolutely be someplace, the best thing to do is not to speed. That's counterintuitive, and most people don't think of that."

Conversely, those who sense they are taking on dire risks are often also those who prepare best to avoid them. If you're a mountain climber about to head up the Eiger, you've probably worked to get into shape, scaled lower peaks, shopped carefully for gear and guides, and gotten your maps marked and ordered. Why? Because you have also, intuitively at first, mapped out all the different scenarios for disaster on the peak that you can think of and worked out a contingency plan for each (or most), even the improbable ones.

Investors—like me when I hit my bedroom floor—tend to be more like the speeding driver than the mountain climber. We think about what returns our choices are likely to produce but don't prepare for unlikely events. Too often, we feel entitled to the returns that our risk tolerances predict for us. "I've already decided I can take on a lot of risk," begins the delusion, "so now I'm assured of raking in the big bucks." It is a fallacy that's fed by brokers who habitually trot out seventy-year charts to show how stocks go up over time and consistently trounce the returns on bonds. Investors who are willing to bet on the long-term prospects of the entire stock market are thus sold on a short term dice throw with individual investments.

Roger Ibbotson is the economist who first produced the famous studies that demonstrate the outsized performance of stocks. He is also the foremost interpreter of the numbers and believes that too often those selling the stock market use his figures cavalierly. Ibbotson himself has proven to be an uncanny predictor of stock performance. Twenty-five years ago, he predicted within eight months when the Dow Jones industrial average would cross 10,000.

"People view risk from their experience," Ibbotson says. "Investors who went through the Depression were very cautious in the 1940s and 1950s, because they saw stocks as extremely risky. People who've come up over the last two decades and have only seen strong markets think stocks are hardly risky at all."

In each case, investors were blocked by a failure of imagination. Check this on yourself: Have you pondered how many extra years you're willing to work if the stock market cuts in half just when you need the money? Even the smartest investors fall into the trap of letting the past define their future risk. The Nobel winners and other geniuses who ran Long-Term Capital Management, the hedge fund that lost billions when Russia defaulted on its government debt, drew on data from the past and thought they knew the future cold. In explaining why they hadn't planned for the possibility of the Russians' defaulting, they said the default was a 10 sigma event, statistician speak for a near impossibility.

"Whenever something unusual happens," says Ibbotson, "people say, 'The market has never been like this before.' In the 1987 crash, the market dropped 22 percent, and people said that was unique. Maybe so. In 1929, the market took two days to drop 22 percent. Each event is somehow unique, but the occurrence of extreme events is not."

Those unprepared for the next dive

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ILLUSTRATION BY PETER HOEY

will be shaken out of the market and miss the chance for long-term gains. What chance do investors have of knowing themselves well enough to invest confidently and consistently?

A pretty good one, it turns out. Kon Dembo, who runs Algorithmics, a company that advises banks and securities firms on how to manage their risk, has pioneered the approach to financial risk that focuses on alternate scenarios rather than pure probabilities.

Dembo's process begins with a brainstorm in which you try to imagine the ugly scenarios that might beset your investment in the future. You consider each and then imagine how much you will regret your investment if trouble strikes. There is some math involved in Dembo's methodology—which is set out systematically in his recent book *Seeing Tomorrow: Rewriting the Rules of Risk* and on his firm's Web site, marktofuture.com—yet one of the appeals of his approach is that it hones, rather than fights, the nonstatistical intuitions most of us have about risk. The probability of a payoff alone, it turns out, is a bad guide.

"Suppose there is a lottery where you pay $100 for a 1 in 30,000 chance to win $1 million," Dembo offers by way of illustration. "The downside is only $100, and if you lose, you probably won't regret it much. But suppose the lottery cost $100,000 to get in and had a possible payout of $1 billion. The odds haven't changed, but your eagerness to play probably has. If you lose, you'd lose $100,000, and you'd really regret it. It might wipe you out. So you wouldn't play."

Dembo's logic doesn't just tally regret on the downside. If you play it too safe, you'll regret not having some money tied to riskier investments. Just ask anyone who has kept his hands in his pockets while his friends have scored big on Internet stocks. The trick, when weighing investments against one another, is to pick the one least likely to make you regret it.



Bottom-Line This

A miserly boss gets a little bonus

2 × WAR STORIES

By Anonymous

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I was writing up a proposal on a new project when my company's owner handed me a pile of papers, more background material to sift through. Back in my office, I discovered that he had inadvertently included a bit of unrelated, though very interesting, information at the bottom of the pile. For a minute, I just sat there staring at it—the salary history of my boss. I knew Warren, the department head, was making decent money. I had no idea he was pulling down 200 grand.

Warren is, like a lot of bosses, basically a jerk, finding out that he makes several times what I do put him in a different light—he now seemed like an even bigger jerk. I got up, shut my office door, and called my wife. "Unbelievable," she said several times. But that was not nearly good enough. I had to decide what to do with this news. Simply giving it back to the owner was a dumb idea, because he wouldn't be happy about what I now knew, even if it was his fault I knew it. (Furthermore, he didn't need it, accounting could simply spin out another copy after he realized he'd lost it, and he is too much of a dolt to figure out where he lost it.)

There are a dozen of us in the department, all grossly underpaid. Every year at salary negotiations, Warren acts like, Gee, I know the raise I'm offering sucks, but what can I do when my budget is so tight? Clearly, I had a moral responsibility here. After everyone went home that day, I made copies, then placed them, carefully folded, on everyone's desk—not to brag, but this included a couple people I don't even like—where they would be found first thing in the morning.

I then flushed mine down the toilet and went home.

If you have a workplace war story about office machinations or an egregious betrayal, an inspiring leap of faith or a small act of heroism, please send it to esquiremag.com/war-stories. Pieces selected can be published anonymously.

Every time Rick Montoya unearths another artifact, he still feels the thrill of a boy finding an arrowhead. He's putting his archaeology degree to work excavating and preserving the rich history of his home state of New Mexico.



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THE Portfolio

By Ken Kurson

The S&P Surrenders!

My War's over. I won.

TWO YEARS AGO this month, I introduced My War, a model portfolio that has forced me to put my money where my mouth is. I started with ten grand, and after riding the moody bull of 1998, I finished the first year up more than 18 percent, with a portfolio value of $12,260. In 1999, the My War portfolio crushed its benchmark, the S&P 500, putting a goodly bit of folding money in my pocket, and so now I've decided to close the doors.

The portfolio may be booming, but as a means of illustrating investment strategies, My War has reached the point of diminishing returns. Readers who've seen Mobil and Oxford here for twenty-four consecutive months really aren't gaining any insights at this point, and I don't want to create news artificially by buying and selling just for the sake of shaking up the port. That's bad investing and bad journalism. The whole point of this exercise was to shed some light on the process of using real money to trade real stocks with real commissions. Two years have provided tons of lessons, and I learned as much doing this as I have covering any story or interviewing any great mind.

Beginning next month, we're starting a new feature that I think will be even more instructive and will provide greater utility to the reader who wants to get his hands dirtied in the public markets: building a diversified investment portfolio from scratch. For now, though, let's take a look back at what's been a crazy year.

THE 1999 MY WAR AWARDS

Best Trade Shorting 4Kids. I shorted KIDE at 59 ⅛ and covered five days later at 45. I'll take a 25 percent gain any week of the year, but it's particularly tasty to short a trendy stock in an up market. Sure, the stock's down to 32 or so as of now, but even a shorter can only be so greedy.

Worst Trade Bailing out of Valence. I bought VLNC at 3 ½ in late August 1998 and sold a year later at 5. The small caps were in a frightening funk, and I wanted to exit with a nice gain in at least one of my small positions—the 44 percent gain in Valence was the natural candidate. Almost immediately, Valence popped, and it's recently been in the low 20's. Ouch. Simply put, I lost my nerve. As soon as Don Wolanchuk, the market timer who'd originally alerted me to VLNC, saw my sale in Esquire, he phoned me up, screaming about what a pussy I was and insisting that VLNC was headed for the moon. Right on both counts.

Best Performer DoubleClick, hands down. Don't like to do math? Well, I bought this at around 21, and it's now up past 210. Doesn't take Ramanujan to know that adding zeros to the ends of trades means good news. It's a monster, and its nice, steady upward chart is my favorite kind of ten-bagger.

Worst Performer Summit Bank. Regional banks just can't seem to find their niche against the mega money centers. Lost 40 percent on this pos.

Biggest Disappointment Barnesandnoble.com. I don't quite get what's not working here. A massive brand name, a huge market, a well run site, tremendous buying leverage, the hottest sector. I guess in a completely speculative frenzy, perception is very important, and Amazon clearly has the jump. Runner-up: What gives with Pepsi?

Best Advice I bought Morgan Stanley at 70 ⅛ at the beginning of the year "because Sallie Krawcheck told me to." Sure, it's a little humbling to admit to taking orders from a suit, Sanford Bernstein *Institutional Investor* all-star or not. But a near double with consistently outsized earnings—it's worth a little razzing of the Peter-Brady joining-glee-club variety.

Most Pleasant Surprise Excel Technology quietly gained more than 80 percent in the year I've owned it. Sure, that's what the Nasdaq as a whole did, but the awful Nasdaq advance/decline line shows just how few companies participated in that 80 percent number. Excel was a nice exception.

The Lazarus Award WaveRider put some gray hairs on my head, drifting almost immediately from my 2¼ purchase to subdollar depths. On the first trading day after Xmas, it soared above purchase price for the first time since May.

The Troy Aikman Award You know how Aikman holds the pocket too

Tech Support



Still relying on a bunch of Yahooligans to give you the word about the latest personal-finance resources on the Web? Sorry, but Yahoo! just can't keep up. Literally—the directory processes and lists only about 10 percent of the sites (of all sorts) submitted for consideration, which gives the red-hot **Opeu Directory Project (dmoz.org/home)** a hell of a lot of room to play with. ODP, one of Netscape's savviest acquisitions, relies on a worldwide team of 20,000 registered specialist volunteers who comb the Web for cool new stuff, with 100,000 new sites added each month—which means total up-to-the-minute relevance. And when it comes to money info, ODP serves up plenty of links to hyper-useful sites—like FreeInfoNet Finance, WealthHound, and Deloitte & Touche's Personal Finance Advisor—that we might otherwise have never found.

You love your Palm PDA, but you hate—*despise*—Graffiti, the Palm platform's "state-of-the-art" handwriting recognition software. Yeah, it was easy to learn, but writing in that bastardized Graffiti alphabet somehow makes you feel less human. (And how annoying was it when that junior partner at your firm gave a presentation and *actually wrote on the white board in Graffiti*? Sheesh.) What you need is the **Stowaway** ($100; thinkoutside.com), the much-anticipated and now finally available full-sized portable keyboard that fits in your shirt pocket? Yeah, because it folds in three, like an accordion, and tucks into its own little clamshell case. Palm Computing likes this keyboard so much it's slapping its name on two models (one Palm V–compatible, the other Palm III/VII–compatible). Works with the new Handspring Visor handhelds, too.



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My War: The Scorecard

A final look at my real-money portfolio I started 1999 with $16 823

COMPANY (TICKER)	SHARES	AMOUNT INVESTED	PRICE 11/30	PRICE 12/31	GAIN/LOSS SINCE PURCHASE	VALUE 12/31
Advanta (ADVNA)	50	$669	17 7/16	18 1/8	$243	$912
Barnesandnoble.com (BNBN)	100	1,800	19	14	-381	1,419
Dell (DELL)	30	1,237	43	51	293	1,530
DoubleClick (DCLK)	10	211	160	253	2,320	2,531
Excel Technology (XLTC)	100	936	14 3/8	17 9/16	856	1,794
ExxonMobil* (XOM)	22	1,227		80 3/4	545	1,772
Lucent (LU)	40	1,499	72 7/8	75	1,501	3,000
Morgan Stanley (MWD)	15	1,062	120 1/2	142	1,079	2,141
Oxford Health (OXHP)	100	1,597	14 1/16	12 13/16	-328	1,269
Pepsi (PEP)	25	1,016	34	35	-135	881
Summit Bank (SUB)	20	1,038	32 1/4	30 1/8	-425	613
Sun Microsystems (SUNW)†	48	1,061	66	77 1/16	2,656	3,717
TEK DigiTel (TEKI)	350	438	1.38	1.57	111	549
Warner Lambert (WLA)	17	586	90	81 1/2	807	1,393
WaveRider (WAVC)	100	224	1.56	2.25	1	225
Wit Capital (WITC)	100	900	19	17	800	1,700
						$25,446
					CASH‡	$1,569
					PORTFOLIO NET WORTH AS OF 12/31	$27,015
					GAIN/LOSS SINCE LAST MONTH ($1,602)	+6.31%
					GAIN/LOSS FOR 1999	+60.59%
					S&P 500 TOTAL RETURN FOR 1999	+21.04%

* The Exxon-Mobil merger gave MOB shareholders 1.32015 XOM shares for each MOB share. We got 22 XOM for our 17 MOB, and for the remaining .44255 shares, we got a check for $36.30, reflected in the cash.

† Reflects 2-for-1 SUNW stock split (the second of the year) on 12/7, making 24 shares 48.

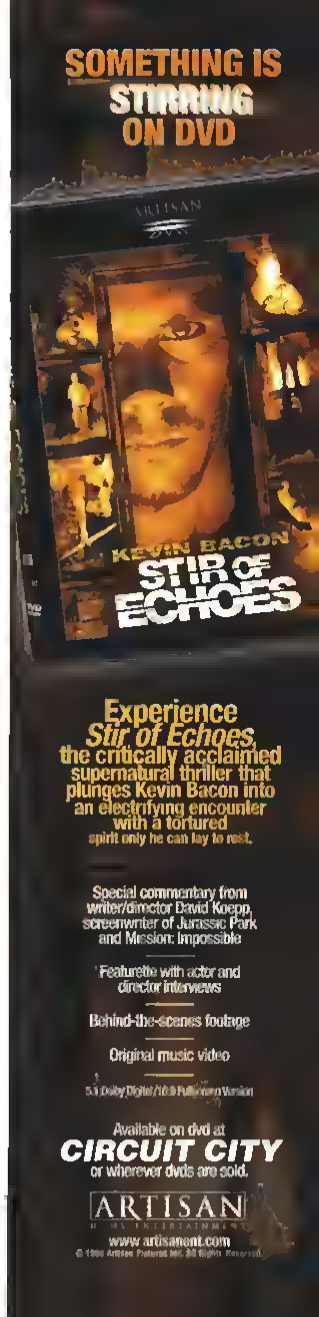
‡ Reflects dividends paid: LU $.80 on 12/1, WLA $3.40 on 12/10, ADVNA $3.15 on 12/14, XOM $9.19 on 12/14.

long, often choosing a concussion over dumping the ball? That's what happened with Oxford. I had (still have, dammit!) a theory that well-run HMOs are somehow going to benefit from an American public that realizes that living forever with every available medical technique is not only impossible but vain and gross. OXHP kept showing signs of proving me right, putting me in the black for several weeks at a time. Yet here I sit, with a little loss and a lot of heartache, both for my stock and for a populace that sues its tobacconeers while subsisting on Big Macs and television watching.

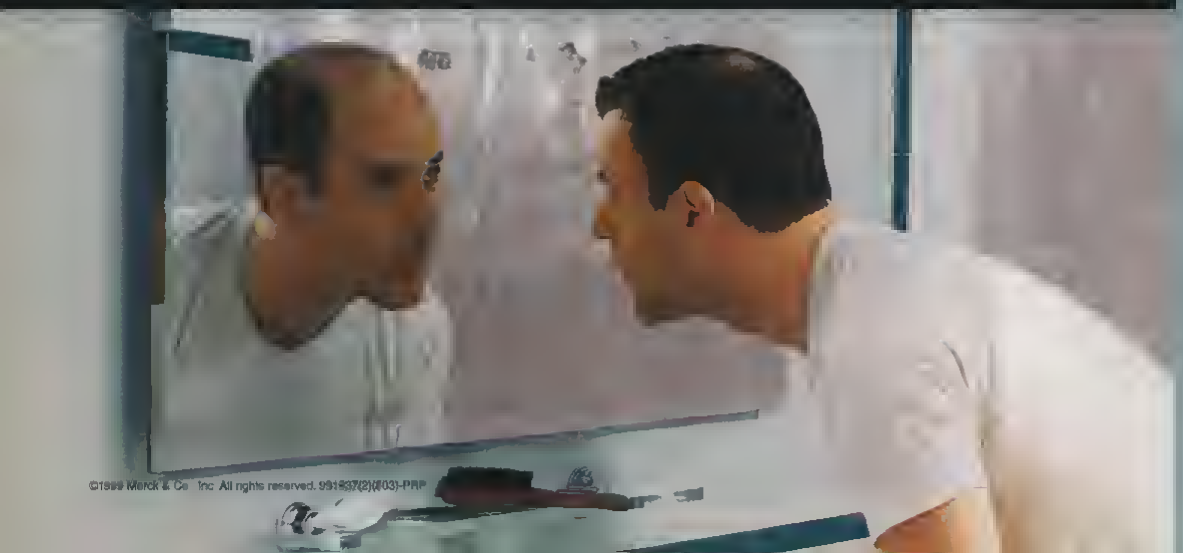
WHAT DO I PLAN to do with these stocks? Well, I'll probably continue to hold most of them—I'm no fan of capital-gains taxes. And of course, it depends on a continuing analysis of company fundamentals alongside my own instincts and values. Take Warner-Lambert, for example. I came into it via my position in Agouron, which was purchased by WLA, which is itself now in play. If American Home Products ends up acquiring WLA, I'll sell immediately. I wouldn't be caught dead holding shares of the company that also owns Wyeth-Ayerst, the maker of Premarin, an estrogen-replacement drug whose "secret ingredient" is the urine of pregnant mares confined to tiny stalls and kept constantly knocked up.

Whatever I end up doing with the individual companies, I know one thing won't change. I take investing personally. I'm not an "unemotional investor," and I'm happy not to be. I fall in love with some companies and grow to despise others. I'm disappointed, proud, angry, and thrilled when they do what they do. Some think that's not the best way to make a dollar and a cent. Well, I won't hold this past great year up as proof of anything long-term, but for now, this year, it's good to be the ax. ■

Ken Kurson can be reached at kenk@greenmagazine.com. Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell specific securities. The portfolio is for instructional purposes only.



IF YOU THINK LOSING MORE HAIR IS INEVITABLE, THINK AGAIN.



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The first and only pill clinically proven to treat hair loss in men.

PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough—the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive.*

- 83% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 28% with placebo)
- 66% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 80% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo)
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance

*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT and, in this way, appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of inherited male pattern hair loss in men.

Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair—not just peach fuzz—and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for **men only.** Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA.

So start talking to your doctor. And stop thinking further hair loss is inevitable. **CALL 1-800-344-6622** or visit our website at www.propecia.com today to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after" photographs. Please read the next page for additional information about PROPECIA.

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Propecia® (finasteride) Tablets

Patient Information about PROPECIA®

(Pro-pe-sha)

Generic name: finasteride
(fin-AS ter-eyed)

PROPECIA™ is for use by MEN ONLY.

Please read this leaflet before you start taking PROPECIA. Also, read the information included with PROPECIA each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember that this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROPECIA when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is PROPECIA used for?

PROPECIA is used for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid scalp area.

PROPECIA is for use by **MEN ONLY** and should **NOT** be used by women or children.

What is male pattern hair loss?

Male pattern hair loss is a common condition in which men experience thinning of the hair on the scalp. Often, this results in a receding hairline and/or balding on the top of the head. These changes typically begin gradually in men in their 20s.

Doctors believe male pattern hair loss is due to heredity and is dependent on hormonal effects. Doctors refer to this type of hair loss as androgenetic alopecia.

Results of clinical studies

For 12 months, doctors studied over 1800 men aged 18 to 41 with mild to moderate amounts of ongoing hair loss. All men, whether receiving PROPECIA or placebo (a pill containing no medication), were given a medicated shampoo (Neutrogena T/Gel™ Shampoo). Of these men, approximately 1200 with hair loss at the top of the head were studied for an additional 12 months. In general, men who took PROPECIA maintained or increased the number of visible scalp hairs and noticed improvement in their hair in the first year, with the effect maintained in the second year. Male patients or men who did not take PROPECIA continued to decrease.

In one study, patients were questioned on the growth of body hair. PROPECIA did not appear to affect hair in places other than the scalp.

How PROPECIA work for me?

For most men, PROPECIA may cause the number of scalp hairs, helping to fill in thinning or balding areas on the scalp. Men taking PROPECIA noted a slowing of hair loss during two years of use. Although results will vary greatly, you will not be able to grow back all of the hair you have lost. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works in the treatment of receding hairline in the temporal areas, nor both sides of the head.

Male pattern hair loss occurs gradually over time. On average, healthy hair grows only about half an inch each month. Therefore, it will take time to see any effect.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more before you see a benefit from taking PROPECIA. PROPECIA can only work over the long term if you continue taking it. The drug has not worked for you in twelve months, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit. If you stop taking PROPECIA, you will likely lose the hair you have gained within 12 months of stopping treatment. You should discuss this with your doctor.

How should I take PROPECIA?

Follow your doctor's instructions.

- Take one tablet by mouth each day.
- You may take PROPECIA with or without food.
- If you forget to take PROPECIA, do not take a extra tablet. Just take the next tablet as usual.

PROPECIA will not work faster or better if you take it more than once a day.

Who should NOT take PROPECIA?

- PROPECIA is for the treatment of male pattern hair loss in **MEN ONLY** and should not be taken by women or children.
- Anyone allergic to any of the ingredients.

A warning about PROPECIA and pregnancy.

- **Women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA**
  - **should not handle crushed or broken tablets of PROPECIA.**

If a woman who is pregnant with a male baby absorbs the active ingredient in PROPECIA, either by swallowing or through the skin, it may cause abnormalities of a male baby's sex organs. If a woman who is pregnant comes in contact with the active ingredient in PROPECIA, a doctor should be consulted. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

Taking PROPECIA and possible side effects of PROPECIA

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. In clinical studies, side effects from PROPECIA were uncommon and did not affect most men. A small number of men experienced certain sexual side effects. These men reported one or more of the following: less desire for sex; difficulty in achieving an erection; and, a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men who continued taking PROPECIA.

In general use, the following have been reported infrequently: allergic reactions including rash, itching, hives and swelling of the lips and face; problems with ejaculation; breast tenderness and enlargement; and testicular pain.

Tell your doctor promptly about these or any other unusual effects.

- **PROPECIA can affect a blood test called PSA (Prostate Specific Antigen) for the screening of prostate cancer. If you have a PSA test done, you should tell your doctor that you are taking PROPECIA.**

Storage and handling

Keep PROPECIA in the original container and keep the container closed. Store it in a dry place at room temperature. **PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.**

Do not give your PROPECIA pill to anyone else. It has been prescribed only for you. Keep PROPECIA and all medications out of the reach of children.

THIS LEAFLET PROVIDES A SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT PROPECIA. IF AFTER READING THIS LEAFLET YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR ARE NOT SURE ABOUT ANYTHING, ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

1-800-526-7395, Monday through Friday, 8:30 A.M. TO 7:00 P.M. (ET).

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Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	$ 103	$ 125	$ 145	$ 183	$ 205
40	$ 123	$ 158	$ 185	$ 238	$ 260
45	$ 190	$ 215	$ 253	$ 330	$ 385
50	$ 253	$ 290	$ 363	$ 460	$ 495
55	$ 360	$ 413	$ 550	$ 838	$ 1,018
60	$ 503	$ 608	$ 845	$ 2 138	$ 2 400
65	$ 775	$ 975	$1,593	$ 3,900	$ 3,900
70	$1 335	$ 1 600	$2 870	$ 7 220	$ 7 220
75	$2 275	$ 4,870	$5 820	$10 440	$12 420

Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	$ 123	$ 138	$ 165	$ 223	$ 253
40	$ 148	$ 185	$ 225	$ 288	$ 335
45	$ 225	$ 300	$ 360	$ 450	$ 513
50	$ 338	$ 455	$ 525	$ 730	$ 828
55	$ 500	$ 670	$ 768	$ 1 638	$ 2 330
60	$ 783	$ 940	$1 285	$ 3 630	$ 3 630
65	$1 330	$ 1 650	$2 693	$ 5 250	$ 5 250
70	$2 448	$ 3 175	$4 980	$ 7 790	$ 8 750
75	$4 400	$ 7,443	$8 600	$13 260	$15,030

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Isiah Thomas Is the End of College Basketball

Once he's done turning the CBA into a legitimate minor league, the wildly lucrative future of college hoops will be in his hands

By Charles P. Pierce



THE SMILE WAS ALWAYS the tricky thing, all bright ambiguity in which trust fought hard against reptilian calculation. It came from a heart with dark corners, a soul thick with clouds and fog. Fathoms deep, it brightened a room without warming it. Isiah Thomas always had a smile of cold fire, a smile that rarely made it all the way to his eyes.

"Nice to see you again," he says, smiling that sourceless, curious smile. "What you been up to these days?"

He works in an office now, just outside downtown Detroit, in an area for which some developer once had great hopes. The cobblestone sidewalks are still charming, and there is a renovated art deco movie house up the block, but plywood is beginning to blossom on all the corners of the little street. It is an unlikely place for a revolution, even a theoretical one, even a speculative one. It is here that Isiah Thomas, the sole owner of the Continental Basketball Association, is developing the ability to change the world in which he was formed and within which he prospered.

Isiah comes out of his office in a stylish suit, and there is the smile again, charged by something fierce and implacable.

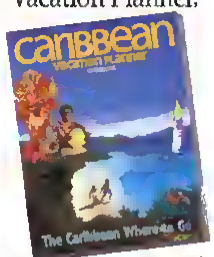
"Playing is the ultimate," he says. "There's nothing like playing on the court, you know, shooting the ball, competing one-on-one, because at the end of the day, there's a scorecard, and the people judge you by that. So there's nothing like that raw competition. Now, business is competitive, and there are a lot of different factors to it, but there's nothing like competing out on the court."

Nevertheless, there is still a sense of constant movement about him. Nobody ever hit retirement running the way he did. "I haven't stopped running since they were chasing me on the west side of Chicago," he says, and the smile comes back, bright and easy, its deliberate charm sharp and clear and cutting, using the casual brutality of his childhood to the same rhetorical effect to which John McCain uses his days as a POW, as the final trump card in any conversation.

He came from Congress Street on Chicago's west side, the youngest of nine children raised by Mary Thomas, who was so formidable a woman that Disney

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN SCHLES

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made a movie about how she raised her children. Early on, he saw life as an endless competition, a wilderness of scoreboards, and he threw himself into it. The smile was the way he masked how trackless were his travels there, how lost he could become.

He had that smile all during the thirteen years in which he carved out a small man's great career in the NBA, a career that, despite its pair of championships with the Detroit Pistons in 1988 and 1989, seemed oddly eclipsed at its beginning by Larry Bird and Magic Johnson, and at its end by the towering figure of Michael Jordan.

Thomas was a fierce and angry competitor. There was an element of danger to the way he played that was far beyond the carefully calculated woofing on which the NBA's corporate persona thrives. He always looked as though he were playing for blood stakes. That was what burned behind the smile—a champion's contentment grappling with a predator's joy.

At the end of his career, Thomas was admired but not liked, respected but not loved. Whatever was the case, he never stopped moving. In 1994, three days after his retirement, Thomas moved to Toronto and took the job of running the expansion Raptors. He also had a 9 percent ownership stake in the club. His was the most recognizable face that the franchise had in its early years.

But in 1997, after failing in an attempt to buy the team, Thomas left the Raptors, citing differences with the new majority owner, Allan Slaight. It was during his time there, however, that the Raptors built the foundation for their dynamic young team. "If you look at my body of work there," he says, "I did a pretty good job.

"I think why I was successful putting together that Toronto franchise was because I could put together the business side and the sports side. You understand how important that bus ride is to the game. It gives you a huge advantage when you can combine that with the business side of it, because the person you're competing with doesn't understand. I mean, he understands business, but he can never understand the emotions you feel when you're standing at the free-throw line with five seconds to go."

His ambition—that great blazing thing that gives his smile its dangerous charge—still drives him. Last August, Isiah Thomas paid $10 million to buy the Continental Basketball Association. Not a franchise, mind you, but the whole sprawling, ancient league, all nine franchises together—lock, stock, and Sioux Falls Skyforce. It's his now. And in that purchase, he may have found the challenge to meet the fire of his ambition.

In his grand design to remake the CBA into an authentic minor league patterned after baseball's apprenticeship model, Thomas has an opportunity to do more than raise the profile of a league that has seemed stuck forever in the Iowa permafrost. He has it in him to be the man who brings down college basketball, that revolving feast of fat things in which everyone gets rich except the unpaid adolescents who do the real work and who have become increasingly restive at being played for such conspicuous suckers by coaches, alumni, and the various hired larynxes of the television networks. It is an entertainment property standing on very thin sand, and Isiah Thomas knows it.

"We've had discussions with the NCAA about trying to find a way to work together," he says. "Because, clearly, if you were looking at it from a basketball standpoint and a business standpoint and you want to be a cutthroat about it, you could undercut it, yeah. So, instead of being cutthroat, I believe my business practice is win-win. There's a way everyone can win out of this.

"But all of my partners are saying, 'Let's just offer the kids a couple of hundred thousand, and they can come into our league.' Clearly, we have the power and the possibility to do that, if we so choose."

And then the smile comes again, and if I were any of the suits grown portly on the sweat of uncompensated teenagers, I would look at that smile and I would see all the way back to Congress Street on the west side of Chicago, and I would see the hunger and the ambition, bright as edged steel, and I would wonder about my future.

LAST OCTOBER, CBS paid $6.2 billion for rights to televise college basketball beginning in 2003. This was a staggering, loathsome amount of money, even by the standards for loathsome amounts of money that have been established in the marriage of sports and television.

The deal gave many people pause. (Everyone, that is, except for veteran CBS commentator Billy Packer, who long ago came to the conclusion that every college basketball player really works for him.) For years, the romantics among us argued that players were sufficiently compensated by the scholarships they were granted in order to represent the various institutions. This was a charming notion, and it obtained as long as college basketball re-



mained a pastime, like the glee club or the key society. It became a cruel joke only when college basketball became a job.

Today, the average player on a high-profile college team works a sixty hour week at a job that requires travel. This job enriches everyone but the player himself, who is forbidden by regulatory statute from profiting from his own work. Gradually, through the years, it has dawned on the players that the system's inequities increasingly outweigh its rewards, and they have become fidgety, rebelling against it in dozens of tiny ways, many of them unethical in themselves. Jefferson once wrote that people will suffer as long as evils are sufferable, but then he went on about long trains of abuses and usurpations, and the next thing that George III knew, he was short one continent on his empire.

(And, yes, education is important, and a college degree remains something everyone should have on which to fall back. It is also irrelevant to how one builds a basketball career. Given the proper motivation, a player can pick up his degree in his own good time. It took Elvin Hayes almost twenty years, but he did it. This past December, Antawn Jamison took a day off from the Golden State Warriors in order to graduate from North Carolina.)

There are signs of revolution everywhere. Several notable fundamentalists have talked openly about "stipends," which, no matter how much they or the NCAA would like to believe otherwise, are really a system of pay-for-play. It is surely impossible to argue that paying a player $200 per month is moral while paying him $1,000 per month is not. Engage a system of stipends and the war is over.

Elsewhere, the word is getting around among the employees that their position vis-à-vis the profits of their labors has become absurd. Every spring, there is much mooing in the land about young college players leaving early for the NBA, or even younger high schoolers skipping college altogether. However, given the situation, and given their available options, it is hard not to see these early entries as anything more than fundamentally revolutionary acts.

"I think those are the acts of revolt," says Isiah Thomas. "That's the act of crying out and saying, 'Hey, something's wrong here.' But that's the growth of the sport, and I just think that, with growth, there has to be change, and I believe, with the conversations we've had with the NCAA, that they understand that."

"Personally, and this is just my personal belief, I don't think that people should put all their eggs in one basket and play basketball and make money and not be educated. I think the two must go hand in hand. Now, my business partners, they think differently than I do. It's a good thing I'm out front."

Most significant, the NBA itself has reacted with conspicuous passivity to the several players who've come into the league straight from their senior proms, despite the consensus among NBA observers that the phenomenon has hurt the quality of play around the league. In part, this is because there's no legal way for the league to do much about it. But it also must be said that, contrary to popular belief, the high schoolers who've entered the NBA without playing in college historically have done rather well. Moses Malone will soon be in the Hall of Fame, and Darryl Dawkins might have ended up there as well if he hadn't been one of the NBA's transcendent loons, which would've been the case even if Dawkins had done four years at Cal Tech. More recently, Kevin Garnett has become one of the two or three best players in the league, and Kobe Bryant is a perennial All-Star. Al Harrington and Tracy McGrady are solid contributors in Indiana and Toronto, respectively.

"I think they're protecting college too much," says Rick Pitino, who coached for eight seasons at Kentucky before taking over the Celtics. "I think the professionals are worried about the college game. I don't know why. They're not worried about it in hockey or in baseball."

"The moral obligation is to the person. We seem to make the obligation to the TV viewer who loves March Madness or to the school. The obligation is to the person."

The current structure of college basketball cannot survive much longer. Its moral flaws are too obvious, too brightly gilded, to be ignored. The player's options are indefensible, being limited to (a) play for free, (b) play for whatever you can grab under the table, and feel cheap and sleazy, or (c) try to make the NBA.

"I never thought every basketball player should go to college any more than every musician should go to Juilliard," says one NBA scouting director.

Give them the choice, and there goes that $6 billion payday. If you ever wonder why Kobe Bryant gave so many people the vapors a few years back, it was because he dared take control of his own abilities. He declined to work cheap on behalf of Bob Knight, or Dick Vitale, or Billy Packer, or CBS, or the NCAA, or various shoe com-

theIndex

Four Things You Should Know

1 **A Web Site You Should Visit** Jeff [illegible] Jimmy Marshall. Maceo Baston. Earl Boykins. Victor Page. Ruthless Ellis? All former Division I college basketball stars, all currently earning their bread in the CBA for teams like the Quad City Thunder, the Idaho Stampede, and the Connecticut Pride. You can find rosters, league leaders, schedules, and some proud history at cbahoops.com. The official Web site of the up-and-coming league now owned and operated by Isiah Thomas.

2 **An NBA Game You Should Watch** It's almost too delicious. A slightly puny around-the-edges Pat Riley takes his Miami Heat team to the Forum to challenge Phil Jackson and the revamped Los Angeles Lakers. Apart from two egomaniacal coaches who despise each other, this game also features a whole lotta banging inside, with Shaq versus Zo, an intriguing matchup on the perimeter, pitting the sprightly Kobe Bryant against a revitalized Jamal Mashburn, and more than enough tattoos to go around. Tune in to NBC on Sunday, March 5, at 6:00 PM.

If You Miss This Game You Should Be Ashamed of Yourself Just as there is no such thing as a bad lobster or a bad bottle of 17-year-old Bowmore Scotch, there is no such thing as a bad Duke-UNC game. This year's final regular-season contest between the two ACC rivals takes place at Cameron Indoor Stadium and features one of the country's most overhyped players, Carolina guard Ed Cota, against one of the most promising freshmen, Duke guard Jason Williams (no relation). This war will be televised on ABC at 3:00 on Saturday, March 4.

4 **A Night at the Fights** On March 11 at 10:30 PM, Prince Naseem Hamed (33–0) defends his featherweight crown at Madison Square Garden against Brooklyn native Junior Jones (47–4). We know the Prince (right), at 25, can punch. He's a man the size of a jockey, but he does seem to have a hard time making sure his opponent's ass touches canvas more than his own. Jones, though at a wealthy 29, appears to be past his prime and will need serious help from the home crowd—along with some divine intervention—to pull off an upset. You can catch it on HBO.



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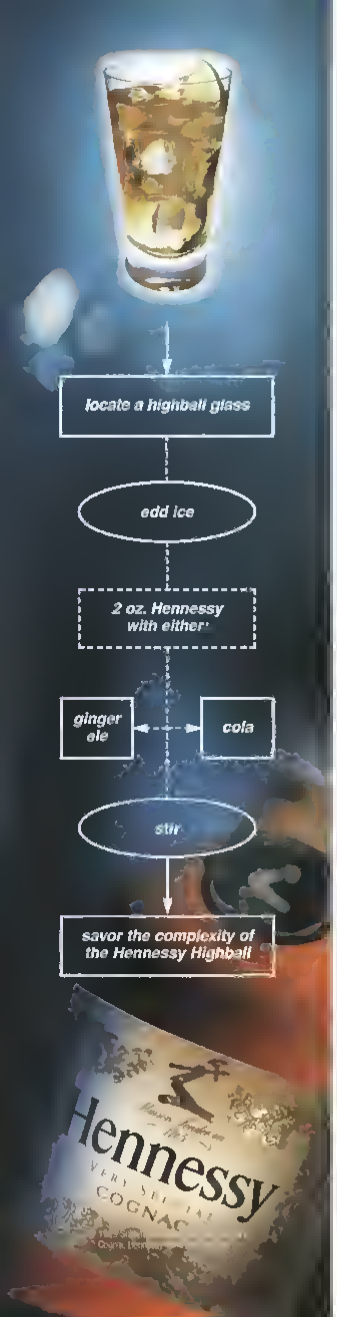
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panties, or everyone who enters an office pool every March. He declined the chance to take up residence in a whorehouse with an unusually high number of piano players.

"I think that if I was a college basketball fan or a college coach, which I was, I would rather have it that a player could serve an apprenticeship in someplace like the CBA," explains Pitino. "If they can make a good living, what's wrong with that?"

In the words of one of its consummate devotees in Boston, you can see college ball in the crosshairs—a fat, sleek, and increasingly slow-moving target. Isiah Thomas can bring it down. Anyone can. The only question is whether anyone wants to.

ADRIAN GRIFFIN IS drooping with exhaustion. Pitino has just run Griffin and the rest of the Celtics through a hard practice on a soft, foggy afternoon at the beginning of winter. Last season, Griffin was the Most Valuable Player for the Connecticut Pride, which won the 1999 CBA championship. Two seasons out of Seton Hall, Griffin averaged nineteen points and eight rebounds for the Pride, all of which got him an opportunity—and only that—to play in the Celtics' summer league. His rebounding and defense caught Pitino's eye, and Griffin became one of the NBA season's early surprises. He is a victory for the CBA, and one wonders how good he might've been had he started his apprenticeship there at eighteen instead of at twenty-two.

"I think everybody in [the CBA] is looking for the chance I got," Griffin says. "But the reality is that not everybody's going to get that chance. So, I mean, it's not bad. You're playing in the States, the game you love, for money. It's not great money, but still, it's money."

The CBA is nothing if not resilient. It is the oldest professional basketball league in the world. It survived the game's raffish beginnings relatively intact. It nearly folded in the 1980s. In recent years, however, the CBA has begun to act on the notion that it is a legitimate option for players who do not have the inclination to hone their skills in college. The percentage of former CBA players in the NBA has risen to 20 percent. When Isiah Thomas bought the league, then, the CBA already had begun to redefine itself, not as a second-rate league but rather as a farm system, just as Thomas had in mind.

"When you look at baseball, it has over two hundred teams playing in its minor league systems," he says. "Minor league hockey has over a hundred teams playing in its systems. Minor league basketball, which is the number-one sport in America right now, currently has nine teams."

It is clear that Thomas's goal is the construction of a coherent farm system. There would be a draft, most likely a territorial one, so that players would play close to home. There would be chains not unlike those in baseball and hockey. Everyone—players, coaches, referees—would move upward through the chain, toward the NBA. Thomas has designs on purchasing the United States Basketball League and the International Basketball Association, two smaller minor leagues, for the purpose of folding their teams into an expanded CBA.

"Let's be safe and let's say we'll have three CBA teams in Michigan," Thomas explains. "You can have those three teams in what we'll call CBA-1, and you can possibly have a couple of CBA-2 teams, and three or four CBA-3 teams, and so on.

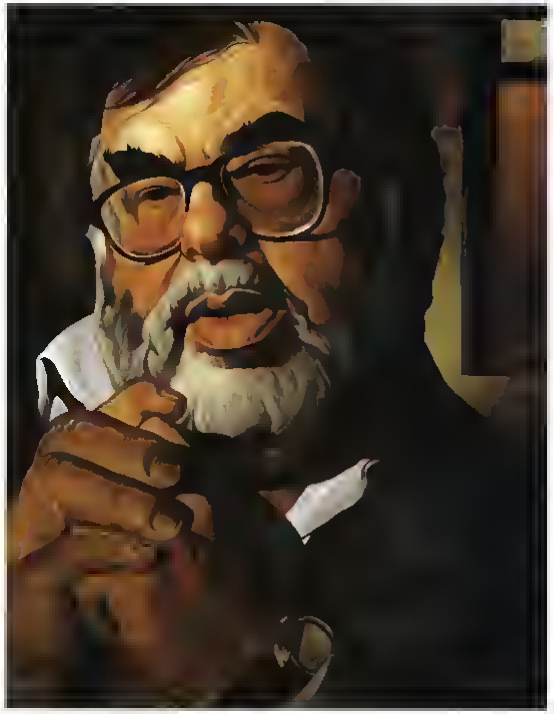
"Will there ever be one-to-one team affiliations like there are in baseball? I don't know, because that's a conversation that has to occur between the Players Association and the NBA. If they agree, we'll be glad to give them twenty-nine teams out of our system that they can use as farm teams."

The day wanes and the Christmas lights come on outside, shining red off the plywood that mottles what once was some developer's golden dream. He is moving through the quiet office again. "It's called understanding your business," he says. "And we understand our business." Then the smile again, and there is a new dimension behind it this time, all calculation and design.

Years ago, when he first came into the NBA from under Knight at Indiana, Thomas was an unbanked flame. He would take over entire games, and Detroit would not win some of them, and he never seemed to understand why. The smile would get bright and cold then. There was always a distance to it, as though he was puzzling out the world he was so driven to entertain. In his time, Thomas existed outside of the categories, always respected but never loved, and he thrived there, learning.

He has a goal now, just the way he had one in those days when he was all the Pistons had, and the clock was winding down, and the side of the floor was clearing, and he was alone. He could hear the sounds of his own life all the way back down the distance he'd climbed, all the way back down to Congress Street. And he would move then, and the game would move with him and only with him, win or lose.





The Next Francis Ford Coppola Is...

No, we wouldn't wish that on anyone. Reconsidering the inimitable career of a maligned master.

By Tom Carson

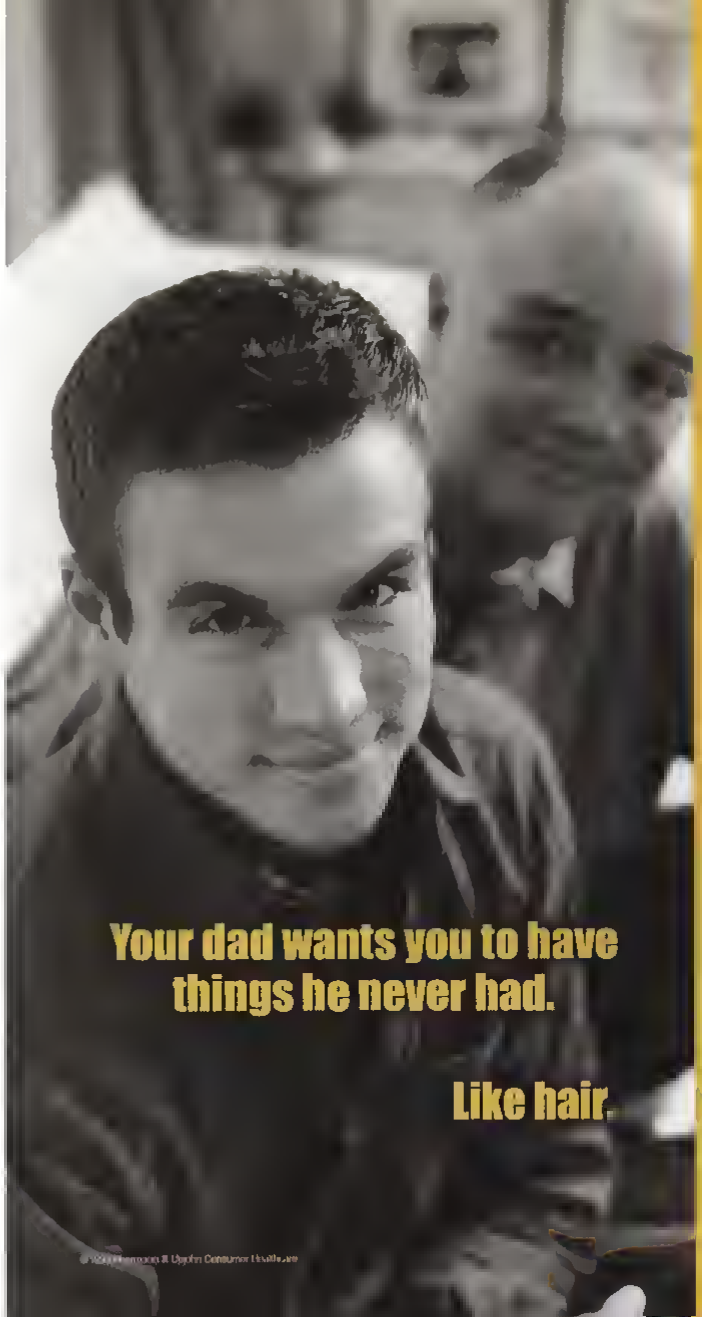
MIDDLE-AGED AND SAGGING, Scott Fitzgerald once lost it when a fan gushed over *This Side of Paradise* one time too many. "Mention that book again and I'll slug you," he snapped. By now, Francis Ford Coppola may feel the same way about the first two *Godfather* movies. If he'd only managed to get himself eaten by a tiger while making *Apocalypse Now* back in 1976, he'd be the most legendary director in Hollywood history. Instead, he's been blamed ever since for not having eaten the tiger himself.

All the same, something Pauline Kael said of Orson Welles holds true of Coppola: "In a less confused world, his glory would be greater than his guilt." To lament his chaotic career's failure to equal the Corleones' saga ignores the obvious fact that it was a miracle to pull off such a feat—American movies' greatest fusion of artistic reach and mass appeal since silent days—even once, let alone twice. A phenomenon like *The Godfather* gains meaning from the alchemy of popular response, and his mob epic appeared at perhaps the only time in the last century when, between Vietnam and Watergate, U. S. moviegoers were predisposed to appreciate tragedy—albeit of a peculiarly American sort, since the final effect is of evil redeemed by nostalgia. It's foolish to blame Coppola because this attack of maturity didn't last, it's also paradoxically limiting to assume that making great, mournful epics was his only purpose in life.

Not that his real one has ever been all that clear. Coppola's surfeit of ambitions suggests anxiety, not genius, like Mailer, he often seems to be willing himself into brilliance, acting obsessive and visionary not because he's got vision but because he thinks a great filmmaker should. He's wanted to be Welles *and* Jean Vigo—and David O. Selznick, too.

Considering what a synthetic, half-bogus sort of cinematic visionary he can be, however, it's remarkable how often he's lived up to the billing—less so in his seventies heyday, in fact, than in later projects that were ridiculed or ignored on release. The critical misperception that's hobbled his reputation most, despite sporadic encouragement from the director himself, is that he's a thinker—someone whose movies can and should pass intellectual muster, when they don't and needn't. When he consciously aims for profundity, he's a fake. Setting aside the glamour of its famously demented production, *Apocalypse Now* is

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balderdash, from its hard-boiled narration to its endless substitutions of eye-popping spectacle for genuine hell on earth, all cobbled together around a rogue-officer plot that, despite the fancy *Heart of Darkness* literary pedigree, seems recycled from a moldy *Star Trek* rerun. I'm also no devotee of 1974's much admired *The Conversation*, which strikes me as derivative and schematic even if a few of its images, the work of Coppola the movie poet rather than Coppola the ersatz idea man, have stayed with me for decades—that toilet overflowing with hallucinatory blood, for instance, or the weird private satori of Gene Hackman's wiretapper gently blowing on a plastic curtain just to see it move.

Those who fault Coppola for not living up to his promise may simply have misunderstood the kind of promise he had. Exhibit A is *Apocalypse*'s unlikely follow-up, whose failure mired him in debt for years. In 1982, people called *One from the Heart* a folly. Today, this stylized rhapsody looks exquisite, and not only for the fairy tale Las Vegas that Coppola insisted on building from scratch on a soundstage—a wonderland that has the paradoxical effect of being on a more human scale than the real thing. *One from the Heart*'s real raptuousness is its conviction that romantic transcendence is never more worth cherishing than when the lovers are inarticulate and unremarkable; for all of Coppola's notorious discomfort with women, few actresses have ever been photographed as tenderly as Teri Garr in this movie. (Teri Garr! If that isn't a proclamation of faith in humanity, I don't know what is.) Like its obvious model, Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, *Heart* is the kind of movie that lets you feel you're experiencing the essence of what movies were invented to do.

Along with the essence of why Coppola wanted to direct them. But while novelists can play possum at no great harm to their reps, the nature of the movie business makes it imperative for directors to simply keep working, even on crummy or uncongenial pictures when the right ones don't materialize. After *One from the Heart* bankrupted him, Coppola no longer had carte blanche; he had to do what people were willing to hire him for. Under the circumstances, it's appealing—but maybe a bit appalling, too—that he never became a cynic. What kept him vulnerable to critical scorn was that he never stopped trying to be good; you don't catch him treating shoddy material with contempt, and yet that just leaves him looking dotty in movies in which contempt would be richly deserved and his hopes for more seem naive. It took a director seriously gunning for lovable-nut status to try to find something wonderful in 1984's *The Cotton Club*. Billy Wilder would have taken one look, known that foofaraw this misbegotten was bound to be ridiculous crap, and sent a gofer for his paycheck midway through the wrap party.

Even so, movies are tricky. Some of the most superficially meretricious work that Coppola took on in the eighties and nineties wound up being more satisfying and audacious than the few projects that seemed to promise a return to glory. He'd been nursing a biopic of maverick car designer Preston Tucker since film school, but *Tucker* turned out bland and flimsy. And *The Godfather, Part III*, the movie that Coppola's fans had been hoping for since 1974, was worse; you had to be besotted with the Corleones past all rationality to appreciate it even as bathos. On the other hand, the two S. E. Hinton adaptations that he filmed back-to-back in Tulsa in 1983, which struck people then as blatant pandering to the youth market—and indeed were, but so what?—are often revelatory in hindsight. True, you could say that, between them, *The Outsiders* and *Rumble Fish* did more to launch a thousand Levi's ads than advance the art of film. But Levi's ads count as the art of film as much as anything does these days—and commercials were never so treacherous before they discovered beauty.

Unlike most critics, not to mention the director himself, I prefer the treacly schlock of *The Outsiders* to *Rumble Fish*'s darker, edgier schlock. The swoony visual and musical hyperbole of the first seems perfectly matched to the dopey story; I mean, that blazing church the teenage heroes save some cute tykes from is kiddie (and Technicolor) D. W. Griffith for real. However visually arresting, the bleak hand-me-downs from Buñuel and Larry Clark's photo book *Tulsa* that Coppola introduces in the follow-up suit its equally dopey plot like barbed wire wrapped around a Twinkie. Even so, aestheticizing the romance of teen alienation for its sheer cinematic poetry is probably preferable to the way ur-teen-flick *Rebel Without a Cause*, while doing the same, pretended to have sociological import as well, if nothing else, Coppola pinpointed a shift in the nature of the youth audience's sentimentalities about itself.

theIndex

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He wasn't always successful even at sentimentality. To point out that 1986's *Peggy Sue Got Married* is less manipulative and more genuinely wistful than *Back to the Future* isn't really saying much for it. The following year, however, he made *Gardens of Stone*, a movie that places second only to *One from the Heart* as the Great Lost Coppola Film. Even in the wake of *Platoon*, nobody wanted to see a Vietnam story set in Arlington Cemetery and featuring James Caan and James Earl Jones as crusty lifer NCOs overseeing burials. Visionary it isn't, the plot mechanics are banal, and it's sedately made—by a director so distraught over the death of his son Gio during filming that, according to Michael Schumacher's workmanlike recent biography, he barely remembers getting through it. Yet it's like a movie that John Ford never got around to, with a richly textured sense of the career Army as a family and Vietnam as its family tragedy. It's also got one of those tiny moments that remind you that Coppola is, after all, a great director—a young war widow (Mary Stuart Masterson; whatever happened to her?) flinching in such surprise that she stops crying for a second as a ceremonial rifle volley is fired over her husband's grave. Coppola's handling of Anjelica Huston here is another reason to rethink his alleged lack of affinity with female characters; maybe grieving gave him understanding. She's played so many viragoes since that it's startling to see her acting warm, intelligent, and emotionally exposed.

Even if you resist the conventional wisdom of Coppola's post-seventies decline and see the *Godfather* movies not as unsurpassable peaks but as the anomalies that, in a sense, they are, it's true that his most recent ventures have been disappointing. Not least because I can't stand Robin Williams, whose career has begun to make Danny Kaye's look like a paragon of flinty integrity, I couldn't even drag myself to see *Jack*. As for the painless but poky *The Rainmaker*, it may be the most anonymous movie that Coppola's ever done. Fittingly for a Grisham adapter, his major victory of late has come in a courtroom, not onscreen, in the form of a whopping judgment against Warner Bros. for squelching his projected live-action version of *Pinocchio*—which only left many observers wondering why he'd wanted to make one to begin with. Face it, shrewd taste has never been his strong suit.

What has been? Look at his best movie of the nineties—the one that put him back on his feet financially, although it didn't add much to his critical prestige. The reviews of *Bram Stoker's Dracula* mostly complained that it was silly, which it is, aside from the retro touch of rescuing the old neck-sucker from Anne Rice's revisionist clutches by keeping him adamantly hetero, it doesn't add a patch to vampire lore. But it's also gorgeous, overflowing with the idiosyncratic affection for the Edwardian age that *Titanic* lacks and out to celebrate the sheer movieness of movies in its impressionistic grab bag of old-fashioned styles and techniques. It probably came out a few years too shy of the millennium for people to recognize that *Dracula* was Coppola's envoi to the twentieth century, a time whose fabulous, primitive marvels included both movie cameras and monsters. He's happy just to show us wondrous things, crammed with emotions that don't need to cohere to resonate, that's true even of *The Godfather, Part II*, and it's why he's given moviegoers more moments of beauty than any other filmmaker of his generation. Contemporary aesthetricians take it for granted that beauty isn't enough, and right they are—it isn't. So how come it's always what lasts? ■

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Sexual Perversity in Copenhagen



This spring's hot novel is about the world's first transsexual. Would you buy it?

By Sven Birkerts

I CONFESS I WALKED INTO David Ebershoff's *The Danish Girl* with a stack of chips on my shoulder. Based on the real-life story of Einar Wegener, the young Danish painter who became the first transsexual, the novel deals with business I've always made a wide loop around. I won't pretend I have my fair share of unreconstructed male prejudices. And fears. Not only do I feel that there is something profoundly contrary to nature about the whole transaction of man into woman, but—well, there's the irrepressible imagining of the blade doing its work.

Still, a certain austere lyricism—some gust of impressions from the ancestral North—drew me on, and before I could calmly consider my options, the premise was already unfolding all around me.

Copenhagen, 1925. Greta Wegener, a portrait painter, desperate to finish a commission, asks her painter husband, Einar, to model the stockings and shoes of the absent subject, the noted Danish mezzo soprano Anna Fonsmark.

Einar agrees, but with a show of anxious reluctance, as if there is something more at issue. Which of course there is. Einar's whole sense of himself as a man has always been tenuous at best. Greta's request proves to be the igniting spark. "Standing on the trunk," writes Ebershoff, "Einar began to feel dizzy and warm. He looked down at his shins, the silk smooth except for a few hairs bursting through like

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the tiny hard fuzz on a bean. The yellow shoes looked too dainty to support him, but his feet felt natural arched up, as if he were stretching a long unused muscle. Something began to run through Einar's head, and it made him think of a fox chasing a field mouse; the thin red nose of the fox digging for the mouse through the folds of a pulse field."

As I read, I become aware of an uneasy fascination, a prickly anxiety. A quick self-check: Am I itching for a quick romp through my wife's lingerie drawer? No, I don't think that's it. But there is something about this feeling Ebershoff creates—of coming up to a borderline and pushing on through—that gives a frisson. If nothing else, I have a sudden sensuous apprehension of the divide between the genders, I register, as if from the inside, both the biological divide and what is known in the trendy idiom as the cultural "construction."

Slowly, with excruciating hesitations, Ebershoff takes us through what we must come to see as the most astonishing of all human transformations. The tormented Einar becomes a chrysalis, a vessel for his own strange fare.

Not long after their modeling session, Greta returns home one afternoon to find a new person—a demure, sweet young woman—seared by the window. Lili. A risky ploy for any serious author. We are a hairbreadth away from the parodic excesses of drag—"Lola" instead of "Lili"—but Ebershoff honors the layers of ambiguity and the subtle psychological torsions. He compels our immersion.

With the loving support of Greta, herself a genuine misfit, Einar navigates the often terrifying passage from Lili as the mere premise of an alternate self to Lili in the actual modified flesh. Indeed, it is Greta who in effect sacrifices her marriage by finding the German surgeon willing to undertake what is an unprecedented operation.

Midway through the novel, I am still at war with my inhibitions, still savoring the rubbernecker's guilty pangs. But somewhere in these pages, the lid on the mystery box of identity swings open and the whole metamorphosis starts to feel real. Ebershoff pulls off the head-shaking author's trick. He convinces us of this most curious reversal, the waxing of one original self at the expense of another, Lili fighting to create herself out of the ashes of Einar's ever-less-tenable maleness. As she steps more surely into her fate, the world that Einar configured—his marriage, his painterly preoccupations, even his memories—recedes. As he lives his last few hours as himself, wandering the streets of Dresden, waiting for his appointment at the clinic, we feel an almost hallucinatory pressure. Two identities squeezed into a single slight frame. An impending scalpel.

Then—voila—the whole inner scape of the novel is pulled inside out. Much as we have schooled ourselves to change, accepting the morphing of Einar and Lili, there is still a shock when the gender barrier is actually breached, when the newly made person emerges from her sedation. "Lili didn't know what had happened to her, not just then, not with the chloroform still swirling in her nostrils. She knew she was ill, and at first she thought she was a child with a ruptured appendix in the provincial Jutland hospital. . . . But this couldn't make sense, because Lili was also thinking about Greta, who was Einar's wife. It caused her to ask herself, nearly aloud: Where is Einar?" We ask it ourselves, suddenly aware that we are on the other side of the looking glass.

A novel that began with a trickle of silk on the skin has gradually spun around to become a sophisticated and searching meditation on the nature of identity. What are selves, and how do we have them? How much do our gendered physical bodies have to do with who we are? Really, *The Danish Girl* could not be more timely in this regard. On all sides now, we are hearing about fluid boundaries and personalities gone multiple. The postmodern "I" is regarded in many circles as a more provisional encampment than the fortified edifice of earlier eras, and to feel differently is to be guilty of "essentialism." How vividly the drama of Einar-into-Lili counters all this. If the boundary between their selves seems fairly permeable at the outset, the actual operation—really a transfer of souls—underscores the near mystical integrity of each. No tawdry outpourings on *Springer* or *Leeza* are likely to mar this recognition for me.

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theIndex

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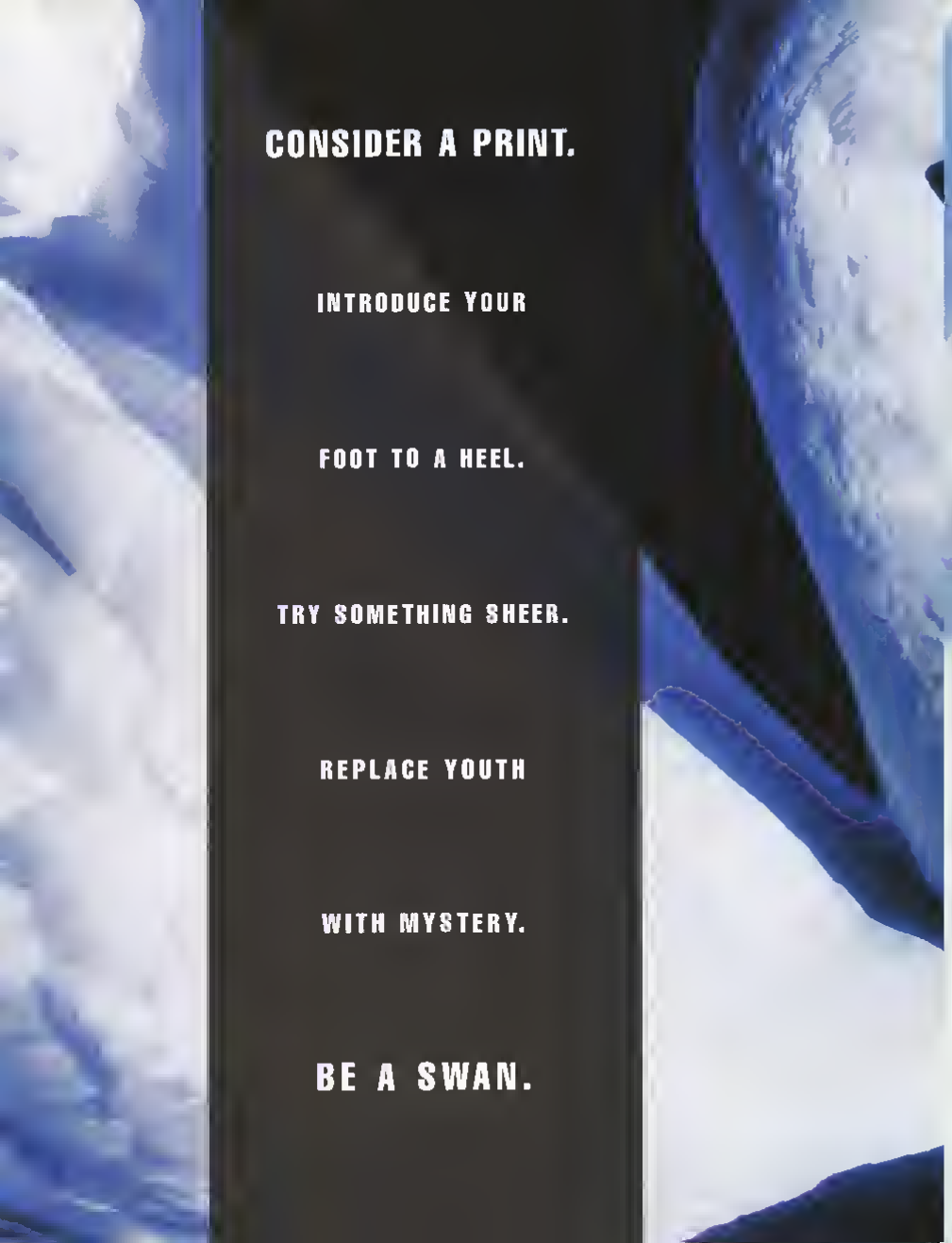
2 **A War to Read About** To package the 27 years of the Peloponnesian War in a book that's as popular fiction takes a certain amount of chutzpah, even if the author is a scholar of some serious research chops. Steven Pressfield does that and more in *The Tides of War* (Doubleday, $25). As he did in *Gates of Fire*, his best-selling account of the Spartans' courageous and suicidal stand against vastly superior numbers of Persians at Thermopylae, Pressfield serves up not just hair-raising battle scenes—as lovers of historical fiction know, nothing like a pair of sweaty [illegible] to make readers turn pages—but also a deep understanding of the Greeks' love of war and their fear of it. Pressfield's complete with political [illegible] impressively delivers a number of [illegible] reflections on [illegible]



4 **A Novel to Read** [illegible] century in his or her work right now? E. L. Doctorow gives in to the urge to get it all down on the page with *City of God* (Random House, $25). Ostensibly a novel about the disappearance of a crucifix from a New York church, the novel is really an excuse for Doctorow's endless ecstatic Whitmanesque [illegible] Witness: "As the earth's rotation sends the sea waters springing in opposite directions, westward in the Northern Hemisphere, eastward in the Southern, so that all water could [illegible] the earth would twist [illegible]"

A Bohemian Memoir [illegible] Powers's scene of the truly great music [illegible] and bell [illegible] life, has a much to [illegible] [illegible] world [illegible] account of her life in San Francisco from 1981–1990 veers dang [illegible] gran d zeitgeist [illegible] y would lead [illegible] gently [illegible] d squishy [illegible]

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Bruce Wayne had Alfred. Bertie had Jeeves. You? You can have a caddie.

The Last Manservant

By Tom Chiarella



FOR THE PAST MONTH I've been channel flipping past a scene in an old movie in which a Philadelphia blue blood gets a straight razor shave from his butler. This is one of those scenes that you stumble on and land again, caught, as it is, in the cruel rotation of the off-brand movie channel. After a minute or so, I move on. Why not? It all seems so far away, a mere relic of days long gone, when money ruled the earth and success was measured in possessions. That and I have to check my E*Trade account on my Web TV. About the fifth time I landed on this scene, I began to wonder what a butler would cost. A lot, I figured. I mean, they must have to go to a butler academy or something. They must need to be board certified. Finding a butler would be no slim trick. Expensive, too. Still, there had to be a low-end butler, a kind of guy Friday, one who drives you, dusts occasionally, grills effectively, and irons your khakis in front of *SportsCenter* while you sleep off a champagne hangover. The kind of guy who'd hand you the right bottle of wine, find the bon mot for your upcoming toast, who'd look past your various failures the way the rest of us ignore a midday drizzle. What would that cost? I got it figured at 65K plus three weeks' paid vacation and a 401(k). Bottom end. Health insurance, too. And a private room. Furnished.

So, like most people, I flipped past this scene, on to the other channels of consumption and desire. But it occurred to me that, as always, I was already getting a version of what I wanted from my time on the golf course. While I couldn't have a butler, I *could* afford myself a caddie. In fact, I could pretty much afford the very best caddie. Not every day, mind you—who wants that, really?—but often enough to know what it's all about. Maybe this guy wouldn't shave me while I plow through *The Wall Street Journal*, but a good caddie might hand me a 5-iron and give me a nod at just the right moment, at the downwind end of a 190 yard approach, at 3:15 on a Wednesday, a day when we both should be working and we both know it. Only he is and I'm not.

NO HUMAN RELATIONSHIP is so thoroughly one-way, so rightfully selfish, so unapologetically exploitative as that between you and your caddie. The caddie is the last manservant—expert, dignified, sunbaked. He puzzles you out. He examines your swing with the modest respect most brokers give to T-bills. But then he experiments, shaving yards here, adding a club there, until he knows you well enough to hand you the right stick without speaking, to make the distance without being asked, to urge you with just a glance to finish your swing.

Now, you might show this column to a female friend, who might read it and say, How very male! To want a relationship that's one way, in which the one person exists solely to anticipate the needs of the other. To which I reply, Manicurist!

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL ADEL

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Hairstylist! Therapist! Masseuse! Everyone wants this, a relationship that is oddly sexual in the way familiarity and anticipation are the core issues by day's end and regret perches itself at the eighteenth, when you hand your caddie fifty bucks and he moves on to the next John Doe.

Truth be told, the caddie is a rare pleasure, replaced at public and private courses alike by the squirrelly whine of the golf cart, with its drink holders, sun visor, and global positioning device. But the golf cart is a lame companion—it is bumpy, silly looking, and as grimly able as a Mormon. Play from a cart and you come to ignore the space between the shots. Play from a cart and you're constantly jogging back for another club. The truth is, play from a cart and no one gets much of a look at your butt-ugly swing. With a cart, you can run and you can hide.

The caddie doesn't have any cup holders. Hold your own damn cup. As for global positioning, no one on the golf planet knows his position better than a good caddie. Just ask him. He'll tell you in yards, or he won't tell you at all. He'll watch you, all right. He'll even pass judgment, but unlike most people, if you ask him, he'll tell you what he thinks.

SADLY, NOT many clubs have caddies. You can try to train your own. I did. I asked my neighbor's son, a skinny kid who mows my lawn, to carry my bag one Thursday. "There's twenty bucks in it," I said. He shrugged. Our whole relationship seems to be about me handing him twenties.

I drove him up to the course, went to the back of my car, and slid on my shoes. He peered into the trunk, sniffing at the bag, staring at my cache of new sleeves. I tied my shoelaces and turned toward the clubhouse. When the kid started after me, he did so without the bag. "You have to carry my clubs," I said. He looked hurt.

He carried the bag up to the clubhouse and dropped it loudly on the cart path. I cringed. "Stand it up," I said. "That's your job." He apologized and put his hands in his pockers.

My partners hadn't arrived yet, so I decided to play a few holes to warm up. I slaughtered my first drive, and as I left the box the kid said, 'Jesus!"

Good kid! I had nutted it. Behind me, he had tucked the bag behind his back. This had potential. We came over the crest of the first fairway and my ball was nowhere to be seen. "Jesus!" the kid said again.

I smiled. "I hammered it," I said. "It will be up ahead."

When I looked back, I realized he hadn't been talking about my shot. Now he was carrying the bag under his arm, like someone lugging a box of rugs through customs. "This thing is heavy!" he said.

I was about 130 yards out. This was his first test. "A 9 maybe," I said.

He started pawing through the bag. "Yeah, you have one right here."

I waited, but he wasn't handing me anything. He had his hands in his pockets again. I rattled around and grabbed my 9. Then I knocked it stiff to the back edge of the green. Another good shot. When I turned back to him, the kid was standing in the trees, twenty yards away, his back turned to the shot. He held his arm up in triumph. "Hey," he said. "I found a lighter!"

It went like that for three holes. I'd flip him a ball on the green, looking for a wipe-down, and he'd pocket it and say, "Thanks." When I asked him for my putter, he said, "Maybe you should carry that one yourself. You use it a lot."

He was done. I fired him and shouldered my own bag when my friends showed up. I realized that the problem was simple. He hadn't lived, he'd never had sex, never even begun to know what it is to anticipate the needs of another person. He had no idea how to charm, to serve, to challenge someone. I could teach him the game, I could not teach him the craft.

WHEN YOU DO IT RIGHT, you arrive at a course twenty minutes early. The caddies huddle near a shed, in the semicircle of the tobacco ritual. The caddie master throws someone your way, a guy who limps out, bolsters your bag, and reliably leads you to the practice green. He talks like a bartender and looks like a barfly.

You introduce yourself. You're Mike. He's Andy. You tell a joke. He laughs. He begins his work without your noticing, reordering your clubs, inventorying your supply of balls. You putt. He watches like an uncle, intent and curious, relaxed and ready to help. You might turn to him for advice or stare straight past him to the clubhouse. It's all the same to him, for, later, you will pay him.

You can hire a guy to fix your Saab, but he's loyal to the problem, to the circuitous solution, not to you. You can hire a guy to clean your house, but he'll just get pissed when you leave the can of cashews overturned on the glass table again. You might have an accountant, but the odds are he's telling you what you can't do with your money. These people are banking on your inabilities. Screw them. What you need is a team player, someone who understands what you *can* do. You need a caddie.

theIndex

Three Things You Should Know

1

Equipment You Might Use

bags that both light and ingenious

A Book You Should Buy

on the Pirates, bus tiers, hard luck stories

SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

2

A Place You Can Play

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the Sand Belt of Mel

Has social anxiety put your life on hold? YES NO

You are not alone.

Social anxiety disorder affects over 10 million Americans.

Social anxiety disorder is an intense, persistent fear and avoidance of social situations. This extreme fear of being judged or embarrassed can put a life on hold. Those who suffer may blush, sweat, shake, even experience a pounding heart, around people they think may criticize them. To avoid this embarrassment, some drop out of school. Some refuse to date. Some turn down job promotions or choose unsatisfying jobs beneath their skill level. Their anxiety can affect the decisions they make every day. Who they see, what they do, where they go. The question is not "what do I want to do?" but rather "what do I feel comfortable doing?" People with social anxiety disorder are at higher risk for depression, alcoholism, even thoughts of suicide.

PAXIL® is the only medication proven effective and approved by the FDA for the treatment of social anxiety disorder.

Once-a-day PAXIL helps correct the chemical imbalance that may be associated with social anxiety disorder, so that you may overcome anxiety and, in time, with your doctor's help, move toward recovery.

Prescription PAXIL is not for everyone. Tell your doctor what medicines you're taking. People taking MAO inhibitors shouldn't take PAXIL. PAXIL is generally well-tolerated. As with many medications, there can be side effects. Side effects may include decreased appetite, dry mouth, sweating, nausea, constipation, sexual side effects in men and women, yawn, tremor or sleepiness. Most people who experience side effects are not bothered enough to stop taking PAXIL.

For more information call **1-800-454-6163** or visit us at **www.paxil.com**

Do you suffer from social anxiety disorder?

For more information, talk to your doctor.

	Yes	No
1 Does an unreasonable fear of embarrassment cause you to avoid most social interaction?	☐	☐
2 Is the anxiety you feel around people so intense it sometimes feels like a panic attack?	☐	☐
3 Has this overwhelming anxiety significantly impaired your work or social life?	☐	☐

Answering these questions and discussing them with your doctor can help determine if you suffer from social anxiety disorder. Lesser degrees of social anxiety usually do not require medication.

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PAROXETINE HCl

PAXIL® (brand of paroxetine hydrochloride)
See complete prescribing information in SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals literature or *PDR*
The following is a brief summary

INDICATIONS AND USAGE *Paxil* is indicated for the treatment of depression, obsessions and compulsions in patients with obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD) as defined in DSM-IV. panic disorder with or without agoraphobia as defined in DSM-IV and social anxiety disorder, as defined in DSM-IV.

CONTRAINDICATIONS Concomitant use in patients taking monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAOIs) is contraindicated. See WARNINGS and PRECAUTIONS). Contraindicated in patients with a hypersensitivity to paroxetine or any of the inactive ingredients. *Paxil*

WARNINGS: Interactions with MAOIs may occur. Given the fatal interactions reported with concomitant use immediately consecutive administration of MAOIs and other SSRIs, do not use *Paxil* in combination with a MAOI or within 2 weeks of discontinuing MAOI treatment. Allow at least 2 weeks after stopping *Paxil* before starting a MAOI

PRECAUTIONS. As with other antidepressants, use *Paxil* cautiously in patients with a history of mania

Use *Paxil* cautiously in patients with a history of seizure. It should not be given to any patient who develops seizures

The potential for suicide attempt is inherent in depression and may persist until significant remission occurs. Close supervision of high-risk patients should accompany initial drug therapy. Write *Paxil* prescriptions for the smallest quantity of tablets consistent with good patient management in order to reduce the risk of overdose.

Severe hyponatremia has been reported, mainly in elderly patients, patients taking diuretics or those who were otherwise volume depleted. Abnormal bleeding (mostly ecchymoses and purpura), including a case of impaired platelet aggregation has been reported, the relationship to paroxetine is unclear.

Clinical experience with *Paxil* in patients with concomitant systemic illness is limited. Use cautiously in patients with diseases or conditions that could affect metabolism or hemodynamic responses. Observe the usual cautions in cardiac patients. In patients with severe renal impairment (creatinine clearance <30 mL/min), or severe hepatic impairment, a lower starting dose (10 mg) should be used.

Caution patients about operating hazardous machinery including automobiles until they are reasonably sure that *Paxil* therapy does not affect their ability to engage in such activities. Tell patients (1) to continue taking the prescribed dose of *Paxil* unless otherwise directed, (2) to inform physicians about other medications they are taking or plan to take, (3) to avoid alcohol while taking *Paxil*, (4) to notify their physicians, if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant during therapy or if they are nursing.

Weakness, hyperreflexia, and incoordination following use of an SSRI and sumatriptan have been rarely reported.

Concomitant use of *Paxil* with tryptophan is not recommended. Use cautiously with warfarin. When administering *Paxil* with cimetidine, dosage adjustment of *Paxil* after the 20 mg starting dose should be guided by clinical effect. When co-administering *Paxil* with phenobarbital or phenytoin, do not adjust *Paxil* dosage adjustment is needed after subsequent changes in or cessation of concomitant use of *Paxil* with drugs metabolized by cytochrome P_{450}IID6 (antidepressants such as nortriptyline, amitriptyline, imipramine, desipramine and fluoxetine; phenothiazines such as thioridazine; type 1C antiarrhythmics such as propafenone hydrochloride and some neuroleptic drugs) that might affect this enzyme (e.g., as a result may need to lower dosage than usually prescribed for either *Paxil* or the other drug, as a result concomitant use cautiously. An in vivo interaction study revealed that paroxetine had no effect on terfenadine pharmacokinetics. *In vitro* studies showed that the inhibitory effects of paroxetine on other IIA_4 substrates (astemizole, cisapride, triazolam and cyclosporine) was at least 100 times less potent than ketoconazole, a potent IIA_4 inhibitor. Assuming that the relationship between paroxetine and *in vivo* KI and the lack of effect on terfenadine as an *in vivo* clearance pathway no effect on other IIA_4 substrates, paroxetine's ability to inhibit IIA_4 activity should have little clinical significance. Use caution when co-administering *Paxil* with tricyclic antidepressants (TCAs). TCA plasma concentrations may need monitoring and the TCA dose may need to be reduced. Administration of *Paxil* with another highly protein-bound drug may shift plasma concentrations resulting in adverse effects from either drug. Concomitant use of *Paxil* and alcohol or unproven patients is not advised. Undertake concomitant use of *Paxil* and lithium or digoxin cautiously. If adverse effects are seen when co-administering *Paxil* with prophylaxis advice. No precautions done. Elevated theophylline levels have been reported with *Paxil* co-administration; monitoring theophylline levels is recommended.

In 2-year studies, a significantly greater number of male rats at the 20 mg/kg/day group developed testicular benign adenomas vs animals given doses of 1 or 5 mg/kg/day. There was also a significantly increased linear trend between dose groups for the occurrence of lymphoreticular tumors in male rats. Although there was a dose related increase in the number of tumors in mice, there was no significant increase in the number of mice with tumors. The clinical significance of these findings is unknown. There is no evidence of mutagenicity with *Paxil*

Rats receiving paroxetine at (5 mg/kg/day (2 times the MRHD on a mg/m² basis) showed a reduced pregnancy rate

Pregnancy Category C. Reproduction studies performed in rats and rabbits at doses up to 6 mg/kg/day, (1.1 (rats) and 1.8 (rabbits times the MRHD on a mg/m² basis have revealed no evidence of teratogenic effects or of select vs toxicity to the fetus. However, because deaths increased during the first 5 days of lactation when dosing occurred during this use a number of gestation and continued throughout lactation. The cause of these deaths is not known. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. *Paxil* should be used in pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. The effect of *Paxil* on labor and delivery in humans is unknown. Paroxetine is secreted in human milk, exercise caution when administering *Paxil* to a nursing woman

Safety and effectiveness in the pediatric population have not been established.

In worldwide premarketing *Paxil* clinical trials 17% of *Paxil*-treated patients were 65 years of age. Pharmacokinetic data revealed a decreased clearance in the elderly and a dose reduction is recommended. However there were no overall differences in the adverse events seen between elderly and younger patients

ADVERSE REACTIONS (adverse to Controlled Trials—*Commonly Observed Adverse Events in Controlled Clinical Trials.* The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of *Paxil* in the treatment of depression incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) asthenia (15% vs 8%), sweating (11% vs 2%), nausea (26% vs 8%), decreased appetite (8% vs. 2%), somnolence (23% vs. 9%), dizziness (13% vs 8%), insomnia (13% vs 5%), tremor (8% vs 2%), nervousness (5% vs. 3%), ejaculatory disturbance (12% vs 1%) and other male genital disorders (10% vs. 0%)

The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of obsessive compulsive disorder (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that of placebo) were, nausea (23% vs 10%), dry mouth (16% vs 8%), decreased appetite (8% vs 3%) constipation (18% vs 11%) dizziness (12% vs 8%), somnolence (20% vs 7%) tremor (11% vs. 1%), sweating (9% vs. 3%), impotence (8% vs 1%) and abnormal ejaculation (23% vs 1%)

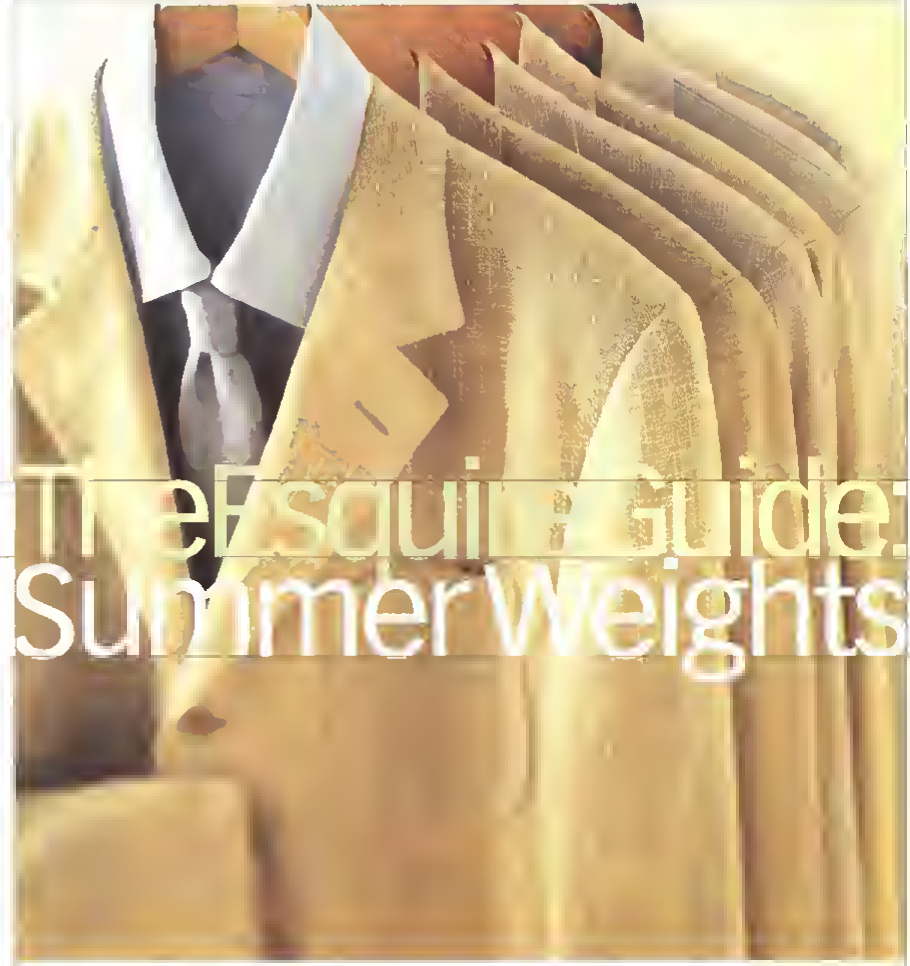
The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of panic disorder incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) were asthenia (14% vs. 5%) sweating (14% vs 6%) decreased appetite (7% vs 3%), libido decreased (1.2% vs 1%), tremor (8% vs 1%), abnormal ejaculation (21% vs 1%) female genital disorders (9% vs 1%) and impotence (6% vs 0%).

The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of social anxiety disorder (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) were sweating (8% vs. 2%), nausea (25% vs. 7%), dry mouth (8% vs. 3%), somnolence (5% vs. 2%) decreased appetite (6% vs 2%), paresthesia (22% vs. 5%) tremor (9% vs 1%), libido decreased (1.2% vs 1%), yawning (5% vs. 1%) abnormal ejaculation (21% vs 1%), female genital disorders (9% vs 1%) and impotence (5% vs 1%).

Twenty percent (1 128/5,145) of *Paxil* patients in worldwide clinical trials experienced sexual dysfunction (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) were sweating (8% vs. 2%), nausea (25% vs. 7%), dry mouth (8% vs. 3%), somnolence (5% vs. 2%) decreased appetite (6% vs 2%), paresthesia (22% vs. 5%) tremor (9% vs 1%), libido decreased (1.2% vs 1%), yawning (5% vs. 1%) abnormal ejaculation (21% vs 1%), female genital disorders (9% vs 1%) and impotence (5% vs 1%).

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The Esquire Guide: Summer Weights

Seasons change. So should your wardrobe. Granted, unless you're Amish, you probably live and work in climate-controlled environments and, as a result, wear a lot of the same stuff year-round. But with summer coming, you may want to reconsider that heavy gray flannel that was so cozy at Christmastime—bust it out in August and you'll be sweating more than James Brown at the Apollo. Fortunately, designers and textile mills have seen advances in technology that allow them to experiment with new fabric combinations and, borrowing a page from mad scientists, they're now splicing together blends of fabric that used to be impossible: wool with silk and linen, cotton with Lycra, linen that is treated to look like silk. With their new standards of breathability, structure, and texture, these lightweight champs will keep you feeling and, more important, looking pretty damn cool.

The charge of the light brigade. Wool-and-silk jacket ($1,725) by Ermenegildo Zegna. Silk-and-cotton jacket ($795) by Joseph Abboud. Wool jacket ($895) by Canali. Wool-and-linen jacket, part of suit ($1,750) and wool-and-silk jacket, part of suit ($1,295), by Paul Stuart. Stretch-cotton jacket ($1,320) by Burberry Prorsum.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES WORRELL

Summer

In days long gone you had only a few lightweight options. There was linen, which was perfect for those quick jaunts to Sucz, paplin, which came in terribleally exciting shades of tan, and seersucker, which was limited to men of a certain age and ideally a direct familial connection to Robert E. Lee. Now new varieties of suit materials allow for new choices as to what to wear with them. White and light blue shirts are no longer the only options—you can add a splash of color to the neutral tones of suits like these by adding some pastel shirts and ties to the mix.



a



b



d



c

a You don't have to blaze across the color spectrum when pairing a shirt and tie with this suit, a subtle variation in color almost monochrome bespeaks a certain unfussed elegance. Cotton polyester suit ($590) and cotton shirt ($59) by CK; silk tie ($98) by Holland & Holland.

b Summer weight suits are about a lack of pretense. Nevertheless, details like a ticket pocket and a light blue pocket square give this suit additional flair. Wool suit ($795) by Tommy Hilfiger; cotton shirt ($185) by Turnbull & Asser; silk tie ($98) by Holland & Holland; silk pocket square ($63) by Robert Talbott.

c On their own, wool can be a bit warm and silk a bit dressy, but when you weave them together and add a rich lavender shirt like this one, you get an easygoing yet luxurious combination. Wool and silk suit ($1 600) by Belvest; cotton shirt ($83), Polo by Ralph Lauren; silk tie ($125) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label.

d This suit blends the classic material of cotton with rayon, allowing it to keep its traditional feel while standing up better to the at times sweltering heat and humidity. Cotton and rayon suit ($395) by Nautica; cotton shirt ($185) by Turnbull & Asser; silk tie ($105) by Salvatore Ferragamo.

Suits: Lightweights









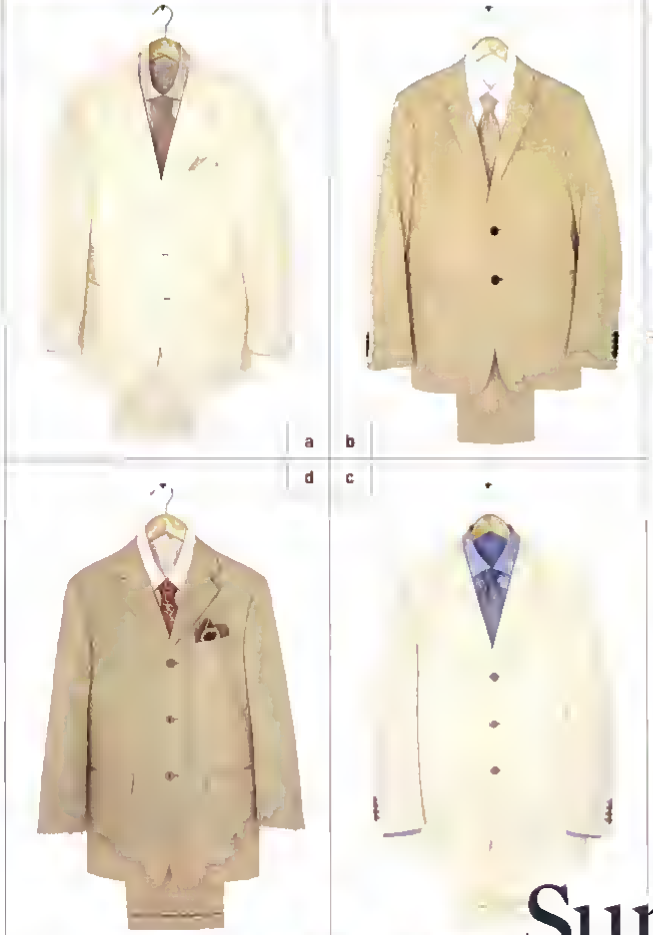
If you think a suit like this is only for tropical locations you're wrong—anywhere it's warm will do. You don't have to wear a tie with this suit—you just have to *not* look like Forrest Gump when you don't. A vest is not anathema to the lightweight suit, as worn here by Gregory Peck in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. If available it can lend an even greater versatility. While loose-fitting goes hand in hand with comfort, may we suggest that you do not use David Byrne as a template.



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Summer

A few things you should know about summer weight materials. Poplin can come in many forms, most often in cotton, silk, or rayon. Linen is perhaps the lightest of the fabrics available and yes, it's supposed to be that wrinkled. Silk is often used in blends with wool or cotton or by itself more than other natural fabrics. It holds its shape durably during warmer weather. Wool is weighed by the square yard. Eighteen ounces is considered heavyweight, while anything below eleven is called tropical weight.

a The original and still champion. The linen suit is light in weight but heavy in tradition—few things are more comfortable or more refined in the brutal heat. Wool and linen suit ($1,750) by Pal Zileri; cotton shirt ($57) Polo by Ralph Lauren; silk tie ($50) by Ralph Lauren; cotton pocket square ($40) by Thomas Pink.

b By blending natural and artificial fibers, Prada developed a "mutant" fabric like the one used for this suit. The combination yields two benefits: it's as soft as cotton but has a certain welcome elasticity to it. Stretch-cotton suit ($1,590) and stretch poplin shirt ($320) by Prada; silk twill tie ($120) by Chanel.

c Remember to keep it light all the way through. Lightweight cotton shirts, particularly in pastels and other pale colors, go best—as is the case here. Leave the tattersalls and heavier oxfords for colder months. Cotton wool and Lycra suit ($1,350); cotton shirt ($175); and silk tie ($85) by Canali.

d Single-breasted tends to work best with fabrics like these. You'll find double-breasted summer suits, but unless you're Joseph Kennedy, it's better to pass them by. Cotton suit ($1,130) and silk tie ($105) by Salvatore Ferragamo; cotton shirt ($115) by Fabio Inghirami; silk pocket square ($63) by Robert Talbott.



You might think that your linen suit, your Mediterranean elegance that Marcello Mastroianni had, you don't. These are not the kind of suits we're talking about. Neither is this. David Bowie understood that the appeal of a lightweight suit is its dashing flabbiness. But be careful—take it too far and you'll look less like David Bowie and more like Foster Brooks.

VALENTINO GARAVANI

VALENTINO

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS ROME MILAN NAPLES
PARIS LONDON MOSCOW ATHENS TOKYO HONG KONG

dress up or down

Yes, it's a suit, but it's not a navy blue chalk stripe, so you can have some fun with it. This is not about casual Fridays (by the way *nothing* is about casual Fridays). This is more along the lines of Slightly Dressed-up Saturdays (aka just plain looking good). With a change in shoe/shirt combination, you can wear these suits from the boardroom to the barbecue.

Suit This single-breasted suit distinguishes itself by employing peaked lapels as opposed to the standard notched. Furthermore, it's made from a blend of cotton and Lycra for added flexibility. Cotton-and-Lycra suit ($845) by Holland & Holland.

Up A cotton-and-silk straight-collar shirt with a serious jacquard silk tie puts this suit into the big leagues. Cotton-and-silk shirt ($250) and silk tie ($78) by Holland & Holland. Leather lace-ups ($245) by Johnston & Murphy. Leather belt ($45) by Tommy Hilfiger. Cotton socks ($9) by CK.

Down Turtleneck? We're not talking about some big ol' woolen job that would be great to catch herring in. This lightweight cotton version gives a softer, sleeker profile when times call for more casual attire. Cotton turtleneck ($195) by Holland & Holland. Leather loafers ($325) by Tod's.



Suit One of the more traditional cuts on these pages, a suit like this one would be perfect for that outdoor wedding or garden party you have to attend. Cotton suit ($1,075) by Ermenegildo Zegna.

Up Even for more formal occasions, summertime allows for a great degree of daring in the colors you choose, such as pairing this lime-green shirt with a complementary tie. Cotton shirt ($195) by Ermenegildo Zegna. Silk tie ($85) by Canali. Suede lace-ups ($380) by Salvatore Ferragamo. Cotton socks ($24) by Calvin Klein.

Down Play against type and add something sporty like this sweater, and you'll look as if you just checked in to the Mandrian. Zip-front cotton sweater ($380) by Ermenegildo Zegna. Leather loafers ($175) by Cole Haan.



PAL ZILERI

MILAN PARIS NEW YORK

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up

Suit: You've probably seen a fair number of summer suits from Armani. Even that he's one of the modern masters of the style. His Classico line has a slightly more tailored look than his other lines. Cashmere and linen suit ($2,225) by Giorgio Armani Classico

Up: We think we once saw Prince Charles in something like this. Even if that isn't true, it looks like a combination he *might* wear, which counts for something. Cotton shirt ($350) and silk tie ($115) by Giorgio Armani; leather lace-ups ($550) by Ralph Lauren Footwear; cotton socks ($24) by Calvin Klein; leather belt ($130) by Tardini

Down: While it's always best to keep it light, you can mix textures in your wardrobe to provide some variety, as is done here with a viscose V-neck sweater. Viscose sweater ($725) and leather loafers ($465) by Giorgio Armani



Suit This suit has a richness both in color and in feel. It's deceptively soft, and the color takes on almost a shade of peach when viewed up close. Cotton-and-silk suit ($2,995) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label

Up With a coordinated shirt and tie like we display above, this is an ensemble Jay Gatsby would have been proud to have called his own. Linen shirt ($195) and silk tie ($125) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; leather lace-ups ($425) by Ralph Lauren Footwear; leather belt ($195) by Ermenegildo Zegna

Down There's a casual extravagance to a suit like this matched with a sweater and suede shoes. It's perfect for going to check out the progress of your 12-meter at the boatyards in Bar Harbor, or if you just want to look as if you did. Cotton crewneck sweater ($195) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; suede sneakers ($275) by Hogan

STYLING BY LEAH LEVIN

down

For store information see page 245

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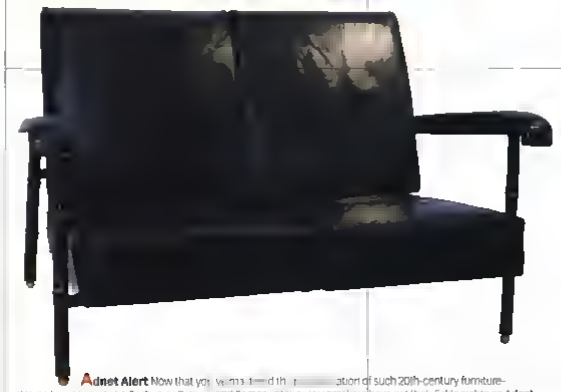


theinformation

The thinking man's A-to-Z guide to the coming popular culture, who to watch, what to wear, when to move, and where to be in the next six months

Spring/Summer 2000

A



Adnet Alert Now that yo[illegible] ation of such 20th-century furniture-design lum naries as Le Corbusier Prouvé and Eames, inter o iasemakers have set their fickle sights on Adnet. A celebrated visionary of the 1940s and 50s, Jacques Adnet handcrafted chairs, desks, and tables that bridge the gap between classic 19th-century French furniture fit for a quiet literary salon and more graphic mid 20th-century p ces that would be at home in a cutting-edge London hotel. You might want to plug Adnet's name into eBay before overzealous dealers jack the prices for his sumptuous modern furniture through the roof.



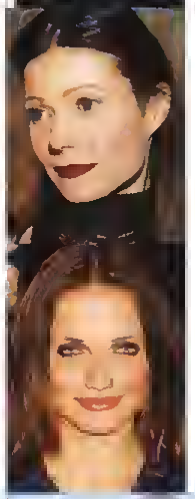
^ **Agent Provocateur** Not content to go where Victoria's Secret has gone before, London's sauc est lingerie shop, Agent Provocateur, has begun printing its catalog on the faces of playing cards. The latest deck features bra and panty wearing women frolicking in limbs. Unsurprisingly, the limited edition sales tool has become a hot collectible—not to ment on a prod[illegible] charg es whose[illegible] meaning is the en ase play ng[illegible]



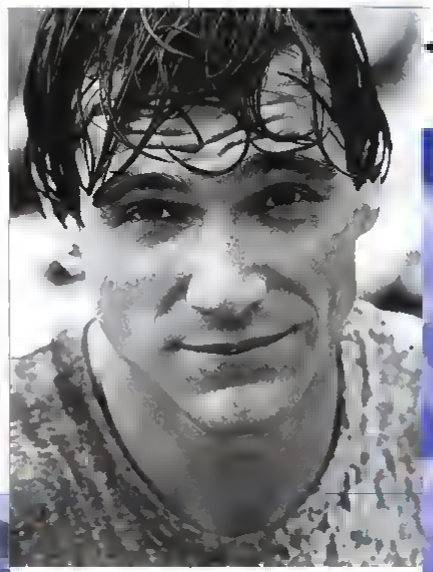
v **Baggage** Th[illegible] welc[illegible] k[illegible] ks rossby. The l[illegible] past. The trendy [illegible] on t anvas variety b[illegible] lass Louis V tton [illegible] scale makers of the[illegible]



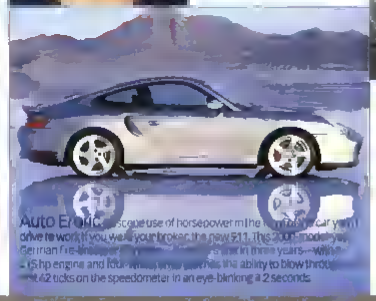
^ **Art?** Soanne auction [illegible] nces shutting you out of the [illegible] market? A new line of shoes can give you a taste of the collector's life. While Manolo Blahnik and Jimmy Choo, whose exclusive women's shoes have always been collectible, have just turned their attention to men's slicks, Icon has literally mixed art and soles. Its new shoes are covered in works by artists from Klimt to Warhol. An early shipment quickly vanished from Saks Fifth Avenue, though no one's sure if they were worn on the street or hung on the wall. (888-426-6746)



> **Brunettes** Do gentlemen prefer blonds? No, you don't at least not like you used to. Taking a cue from bodacious brown-haired Brazilian and model of the minute Gisele Bündchen, as well as that dark *Ray of Light* Madonna, formerly—though not necessarily naturally—blond actresses like Mena Suvari, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Cameron Diaz have all gone brunette, and by all accounts still have every bit as much fun.



^ **All Eyes on Billy** Critics have consistently lavished all over Billy Crudup, thanks to nuanced performances in *The Hi-Lo Country*, *Without Limits*, and *Inventing the Abbotts*. None of which you saw. You will, however, see America's most underrated actor in *Jesus' Son*, which knocked them out of their seats at the Telluride Film Festival last fall and promises to do the same to general audiences when it reaches theaters in June. Also on the mainstream horizon for Crudup is a *Jerry Maguire* sequel: a part he won from Brad Pitt—who demanded $15 million to his $1 million.



Auto Erotic [illegible] scque use of horsepower in the [illegible] car you'll drive to work if you were your broker, the new 911. This 2001 model-year German Fire-[illegible] [illegible] and in three years—with [illegible] 415-hp engine and four-[illegible] that pushes the ability to blow through 142 ticks on the speedometer in an eye-blinking 2.2 seconds.

b



Berlin Now that the seat of German government is firmly planted under a UFO-shaped dome at the Reichstag, reincarnated Berlin is hopping with architectural energy. Visitors can stay at the Hotel Adl[illegible] near the B[illegible] [illegible] pain[illegible] [illegible] reste[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ac[illegible] [illegible] se[illegible] lights un[illegible] [illegible] P[illegible], in forme[illegible] [illegible] Mitte [illegible] ring o[illegible]s of glass cur[illegible]gs has sprung [illegible] er shops like Quartier 206, buzzing restau[illegible] like [illegible] au[illegible] scores [illegible] lleries.

the information

> **Bourbon** Finally mastering single malt? Scotch? The new whiskey to write home about is, of course, the American bourbon. The taste for mash, which started when excellent big-city restaurants like Thalia and Judson Grill on Manhattan began offering Kentucky-flavored desserts, reached legendary late last year when a $20 bottle of 1990 Evan Williams beat out $200 bottles of 21-year-old Irish and Scotch hooch for *Spirit* Journal's Whiskey of the Year Award.





^ **Boffi's Bath** The lay[illegible] bath (also [illegible] for a fever. Taking a look at Claud[illegible] the Boffi [illegible] of their [illegible] equipment you can find many m[illegible] absence. Along [illegible] that look [illegible] on pedestals, Silvestrin's designs exude [illegible] much elegance to be all[illegible] sourced with a rul[illegible] 212 421 1800.

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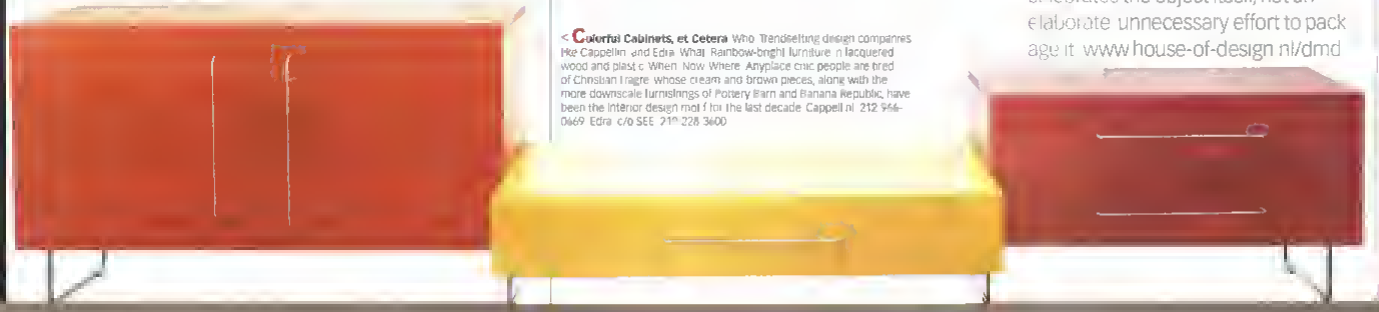
> **Blues** That lavender color of stylish men of diaper-wearing age baby blue is fast becoming the hue of choice for older guys who want to break up the blur of khaki, gray and black in their wardrobes. From Louis Vuitton's hand-knit cashmeres to cotton suits at Jil Sander, Ralph Lauren and Zegna, the icy color is suddenly very cool.





Civic Improvement

Thom Mayne, established architectural rebel of Los Angeles, brings new meaning to Case in point: his latest tribute to unconventionality, the Diamond Ranch High School in Pomona, California. Made of concrete and corrugated metal, its sharp shape is like no school you've had detention in, but the way it adapts to shifting light offers an environment meant to inspire the students within. Mayne has future municipal makeovers on the drawing board, including a federal office building in San Francisco and a federal courthouse in Eugene, Oregon.



< **Colorful Cabinets, et Cetera** Who: Trendsetting design companies like Cappellini and Edra. What: Rainbow-bright furniture in lacquered wood and plastic. When: Now. Where: Anyplace chic people are bred of Christian Fraging whose cream and brown pieces, along with the more downscale furnishings of Pottery Barn and Banana Republic, have been the interior design motif for the last decade. Cappellini 212 966-0669. Edra c/o SEE 212 228 3600.



Digital Brilliance The [illegible]ny AGX[illegible]uk has a water-based intercooler to keep its chips from overheating. An intercooler—like what they use in Porsche turbos. Perhaps it's starting—when all the XG19 has a steroided 650-MHz Pentium III processor, both a DVD and a rewritable CD-ROM drive, and an 18-gig hard drive. It also has a reflective paint job and a "privacy screen" that can be viewed only from straight on. 888-315 7669.

Droog Design

Droog is a hot Dutch firm that does its damnedest to reject traditional design. Its pieces, whether a laminated-felt sink, a jumble of drawers without a cabinet, or lamp shade lamps, fly in the face of the hyper-contrived works of '90s design celebrities like Philippe Starck. Using raw, at times unattractive materials, Droog, whose philosophy is outlined in *Droog Design: Spirit of the Nineties*, celebrates the object itself, not an elaborate, unnecessary effort to package it. www.house-of-design.nl/dmd





< **DiMaggio** John Joe used to insist that he be introduced as Baseball's Greatest Living Player, to which one could add Most Private. That all may change in June, when Richard Ben Cramer's long-awaited biography of DiMaggio hits stores. The Pulitzer prize–winning journalist and author of *What It Takes* has spent the last five years chronicling the life of the Yankee Clipper. Though he's certainly no Kitty Kelley, Cramer has hinted that he's found some "explosively bad stuff" about the man who so zealously guarded his reputation.

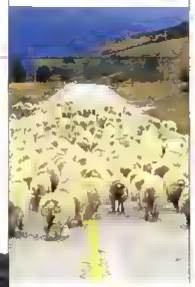
v **Denim News** Twenty-[illegible]y's CK was supposed to be all metallic suits and silver *Star Wars* uniforms, right? Apparently, wrong. For at least the last half of 2000, old-fashioned jeans have all of a sudden become the scene. While designers are using denim in everything from suits to shoes, a wave of new labels like G-Star, Evisu and Earl have given the dungaree a new-school spin. Levi's, not to be left behind, is rolling out customized 501's and ergonomically tailored pants in its new R[illegible]F www.[illegible]om.




GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

E

> **Escorial** With Wall Street having doled out $13 billion in bonuses last year you can bet your cashmere socks (that luxury fabrics will fly high in this one. Among designer toy Bluy Escorial which even as the weather turns warm is turning up in closets of quality hounds from Paris to Tokyo. High-end labels like Brioni are banking on this wool of a rare nearly extinct Maghreb sheep with its all natural appeal. It's as soft as cashmere lighter than pashmina, and as springy as Lycra.





^ **Fred Perry Style** You don't have to be guys who never got beyond polo and tennis shirts to be casual Friday? Your friend are the height of style. Earlier than an Agassi ace (him numbers with striped collars in the Fred Perry style (that's him above) took to the runway where the classic croc and polo-player emblems were replaced with less-traditional monograms like HL for Helmut Lang or DV for Donatella Versace. Meanwhile, looking to stay on center court of the game he practically invented, Ralph Lauren has updated his own signature polo with an ultrasoft wash.



^ **Finally!** Doesn't it seem like all those that the Next Big Thing in home entertainment couldn't even do all the things the old one did? This is why we like the engineers over at Pioneer who decided to reinvent the DVR. 1000 the world's first DVD player that also records, just like your old VCR. Able to store up to six hours (the DVR 1000 is already on sale in Japan for around $2,400. We can expect to record our favorite TV moments in crystal clarity later this year. 800-421-1404.

f

Film

APRIL *American Psycho*. That most misogynistic of books becomes a movie directed by a woman, Mary Harron. Stars Christian Bale and Reese Witherspoon. **MAY** *Gladiator*. Yes, it's a gladiator picture, but it's directed by Ridley Scott and stars Russell Crowe, who recently bit a guy in a bar fight. *Mission: Impossible 2*. Having accomplished the impossible once, Tom Cruise starts again. Helmed by Hong Kong action maestro John Woo. **JUNE** *Me, Myself and Irene*. In this Farrelly-brothers movie, Jim Carrey plays a park ranger with a split personality who falls in love with Renée Zellweger—twice. *The Perfect Storm*. This *Airport* on a boat reteams George Clooney and Mark Wahlberg. Also starring our favorite brunette, Diane Lane. *Gone in 60 Seconds*. Action mug Nic Cage heads up this Jerry Bruckheimer extravaganza. With Angelina Jolie, Giovanni Ribisi, Delroy Lindo, and Robert Duvall. **JULY** *Shaft Returns*. Cool director John Singleton. Cool cast: Samuel L. Jackson, Vanessa Williams, Christian Bale. Cool subject. **AUGUST** *Nurse Betty*. A dark comedy directed by Neil *(In the Company of Men)* LaBute. Stars Greg Kinnear, Chris Rock, Renée Zellweger.

Exhibitions

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, N.Y.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, N.Y.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, N.Y.

NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, N.Y.

MOCA, L.A.

L.A. COUNTY MUSEUM

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

WALKER ART CENTER, MINNEAPOLIS

HIRSHHORN MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MIAMI ART MUSEUM

v **Filth & Fury** The long and twisted story of the Sex Pistols is resurrected anew in the documentary *The Filth and the Fury*, which Fine Line Features will release this year. Front man John Lydon (aka Johnny Rotten), who consented to the cameras following him around, promises that people will see how the Pistols really lived and "not how you wanted it to be. In fact, Mr. Rotten even cries at the end. The offering includes never-before-seen footage of an interview with bass player Sid Vicious, who died in 1979.





> **Geometry** Euclid must be so proud. He's the hippest mathematician around, at least according to fashion designers who've brushed up on their rhombuses and are offering boldly geometric designs this spring. Leading the new math edge: Yves Saint Laurent and its asymmetrical color-blocking and Belgium's latest avant-garde export, Raf Simons, who made kaleidoscopic sweaters and even gave his models angular haircuts. Is this a good thing? Depends on what your tenth grade geometry class was like.



Food Trends

Predicting the future of your tastes, from Esquire restaurateur Marian... An explosion in the number of high-... seafood restaurants. And an implosion in the ... world of Las Vegas restaurants. That said, Emeril Lagasse will continue to open one new restaurant ... the year—nearly in anticipation of the Bam Bam Man... fat hegemony. restaurants promoting health, eating will find themselves with fewer and fewer ... On the other hand, Guastavino's, Sir Terence ...'s new place under the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge in Manhattan, will find itself with too many customers. Funny, they'll come from all those once trendy, ... which will be ...

g

Gardening

Designers have ... the potential of nearly every other product and pastime in search of profits, have finally ... botion. Literally. Witness the new garden tools from Hermès, which include a trowel, a transplanter, and a three-fingered rake. Just like the ones you'd pick up at the Agway except these have finely crafted leather handles and the ... own leather ... Hermès Herminy ... Carry ... tools and cost nearly $200 ... Meaning they'll never ... but since the only people ... really afford them ... someone ... on their gardening ...



Guggenheim ... the stylish designer ... the Guggenheim's ... on in this freshman year ... coming months the storied ... signings. First exhibition devoted ... hion. The show, the first full ... Giorgio Armani's career from ... American Gigolo to Gwyneth Paltrow ... Shakespeare in Love.

the Information



^ **Good Gang!** On ... wood food chain, scre... are plankton. Unless ... named Charlie Kaufman ... mind behind *Being John Malkovich*. See it! If you didn't already, as a prelude to Kaufman's upcoming *Human Nature* (in which one woman is in love with a man who's in love with another woman, all three of whom have a thing for a second younger man raised as an ape) and *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, which is a joke the Chuck Barris story.


GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

BLUETOOTH

MAPPING THE MIND

THE NEW AMERICA FOUNDATION

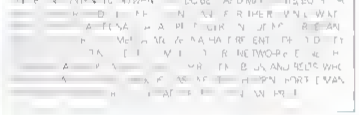
SPEECH RECOGNITION

H



^ **Hear This** The latest singer-songwriter whose first name ends in *ona* deserves all the acclaim and record sales that our last favorite one—Fiona Apple—has accrued. And advance word from critics is that Leona Naess will get it in spades. Or maybe platinum records. It can't hurt that Naess's stepmom is Diana Ross or that her Norwegian dad's a gazillionaire or that she's breathtakingly beautiful. But so are her voice and her music, and her inspired spring debut, *Comelusa*, will, we're told, make your ears tingle.

Head to Toe



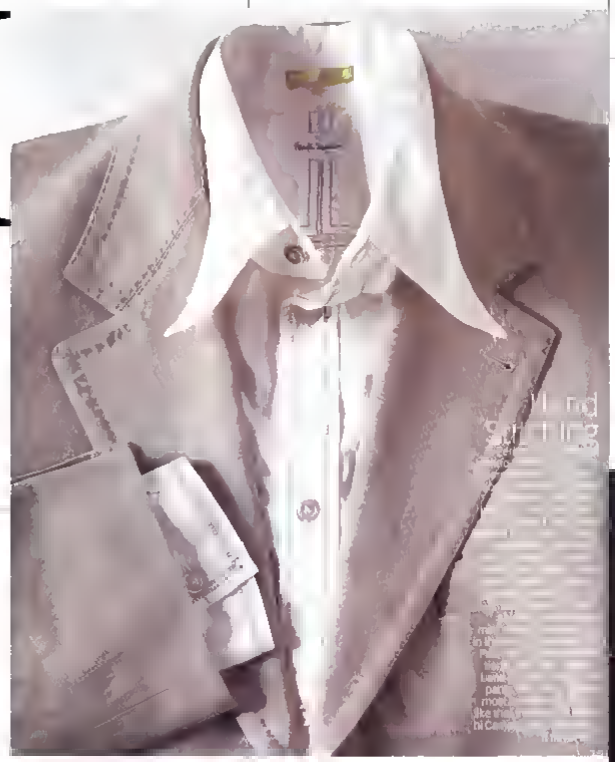
House Music



> **Holey Haberdashery** Buying new clothes? Don't bother. The new status symbol among the glam set is a garage sale look. Calvin Klein is even making new threads that look old. His range of "dirty" denim comes off the rack looking as if it's already been worn on and under a bull at the rodeo. Meanwhile in the pages of its catalog, Abercrombie & Fitch pushes broken-in sweatshirts and cargo pants, and Marc Jacobs's flea-market cords are plush to the touch but look plucked from a thrift store sale rack. A caution: None of the prices are secondhand.



Hanging Ten on Tar A couple of years ago, when the Pacific was too pale, Venice Beach surfer Neil Stratton took to the streets and created the Carver Truck, a surfboard-skateboard hybrid. Now it's the latest wave in extreme-sports sport. Thanks to the rotating front truck, a downhill ramp on land convincingly simulates riding time atop the surf. www.carverskateboards.com





^ **Haines Your Way** Now that Prada plays even in Peoria, a fancy label just isn't enough. Real status seekers want one of a kind glory. While Nike recently unveiled a Web site that lets cobble together a custom shoe, photojournalist Lisa Eisner, in her new book, Explores a rich, bespoke goods available to a man of means. It's a trend that goes beyond the body. The furniture that Billy Haines and other architects made for Los Angeles society in the 1940s and '50s is a currently hot collectible.



< **Literary Lagerfeld** Most fashion types don't place a premium on such mundane pastimes as reading, but Karl Lagerfeld has become a rabid exception. The evidence: a new Paris gallery and bookshop, 7L, at 7 rue de Lille. The bookstore, complete with pulpit-style reading tables, is a kind of cultural convenience store for his favorite art and photo books and CD-ROMs. The store introduces a new volume a day and includes ones from Lagerfeld's own imprint. The name of the shop, by the way, has great significance for the fan-flutter-ing designer. Seven is his lucky number and he lives in Paris's Seventh Arrondissement. It not only stands for Lagerfeld, of course, but it's also the first letter of *librairie*, which means "bookstore" in French. To request the newsletter, e-mail L7L@club-internet.fr.



^ **Internet Art** While old-fashioned painting will take center stage in the Whitney Museum of American Art's celebrated 2000 Biennial Exhibition (March 23–June 4), technology's never been more important. In addition to the usual fare in this year's showing—which, for a change, is being New York–centric, has employed six curators from elsewhere in the country—offers the first major survey of Internet art, as well as an audio tour of its halls with handheld MP3 players. Visitors will hear interviews, personal statements, music, and ambient sound provided by the artists to correspond with what's on the walls. 877-944-8639.

K


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LE COLLEZIONI


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Listen

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG (our Okay, so there's the chance people will be calling this the "CSNY bother" tour this summer, but it's an opportunity to see the last of a breed.) **D'ANGELO** tour. Fresh off his latest hit opus *Voodoo*, D'Angelo will flex his soul this spring in an arena near you. **STEVE EARLE**. With two critically acclaimed albums under his belt, *The Mountain* and *El Corazón*, Earle is at work on a new one scheduled for April. **MADONNA**. She's back in the studio with *Ray of Light* producer William Orbit. **OASIS**. The Britpoppers we love to hate, claiming that this record should be a lot better than their last, are set to release album number four in March. **RADIOHEAD**. In May, the music phenom of the last four years is set for a new release said to be as good as its influential *OK Computer*. **SMASHING PUMPKINS**. They'll also claim this record is better than their last one. **ELLIOTT SMITH**. The hauntingly simple crooner will follow up *XO*, one of last year's critical gems, in late April. **U2**. Expect the debut of the group's first album for the Interscope label by summer.

London Hotels Check in and check it out. On the heels of One Aldwich and the St. Martins Lane Hotel—the Ian Schrager–Philippe Starck collaboration that opened last year—comes a handful of great new flops in Foggytown, long a cool destination but with no vacancy for comfortable and modern accommodations. Reopening this month under Sir Terence Conran's supervision is the old Great Eastern, whose 267 renovated luxury rooms are furnished by Jacobson and Eames. And coming soon to the West End is another Schrager shack, Sanderson, which the hot hotelier is calling an "urban spa," as well as Peter Tyrie's pending transformation of the old Midland Bank into a hostelry that has people talking even before it has a name.

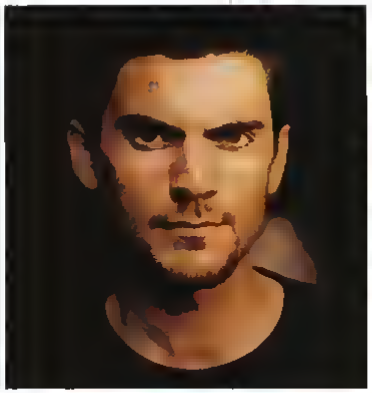


^ **Multifunctional** Taking a cue from Swiss Army knives and one-man bands, designers are suddenly banking on the allure of added value with clothes that have devices built into them. C. P. Company has rigged up a jacket that turns into a sleeping bag (above). Polo Jeans Co. cargo pants zip up into rugged bags, and Nel Barnes's anorak has headphones built into the hood. Coolest of all: Italian coat maker Allegri, perhaps looking to hike its J. D. Power safety ratings, has installed air bags in its motorcycle rain slickers.



Loose Oh, you lucky, lazy man. It's finally safe to cut down on the gym time, now that "body-conscious" shirts and slim trousers are on the wane this spring. On the MTV-ex treme end, Versace is sending hip hop pants and billowing coats to stores. But even less rock 'n' roll labels like Giorgio Armani and Costume National are giving their guys some breathing room with fullar pants, suits and coats.

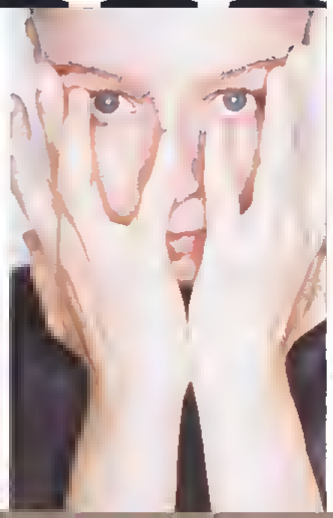


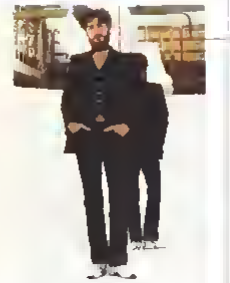




In

^ **New Faces on the Silver Screen This Spring** **Chris Klein**, who played the football himbo in *Election*, takes on Leelee Sobieski in *Here on Earth* (an updated version of *Love Story*). In March, then in late spring, he falls for Heather Graham until he mistakenly believes she's his sister in the Farrelly brothers' *Say It Isn't So*. *American Beauty*'s dope-dealing amateur pimp **Wes Bentley** will be back this summer in *Soul Survivor*, as a college student traumatized by the memory of a fatal car accident à la *Sixth Sense*. After starring in both *Halloween: H20* and *The Faculty*, **Josh Hartnett** breaks free those teenybopper chains in Warren Beatty's *Town and Country* and Sofia Coppola's very grown-up *The Virgin Suicides*. In June, **Samantha Morton**, the convincing mute in Woody Allen's latest, *Sweet and Lowdown*, will play a heroin addict opposite Billy Crudup in *Jesus' Son*.





P/E 2000

^ **Mystery Man** You didn't think he was George W. the way the photo. ph ob c Pa ris-based Martin Margiela avo ds talking to the press. Nonetheless, the labelless designs (his clothes are numbered instead) has become one to watch. While his experimental designs (backless suit jackets, anyone?) are cult favorites, his more commercial work for Hermès and Allegri has translated his rebellious message into familiar items. And even in the reclusive designer's men's collection, the intrepid shopper can find user-friendly items like cashmere soft recycled denim jeans and expertly tailored jackets whose linings are sewn out of three different fabrics. Margiela is sold at Barneys New York.



^ **Makeover at YSL** Seismic tremors continue at the house of legendary designer **Yves Saint Laurent**. It started three years ago, when an unknown twenty-something named Hedi Slimane redesigned the company's men's collection, turning it from dowdy to drastically cool. Now the hallowed French fashion house is about to be overhauled. Gucci-style Gucci designer Tom Ford and his CEO, Domenico De Sole, have grabbed the YSL reins from longtime boss Pierre Berge. What's next? Rumors abound concerning Ford and De Sole's plans for the company, which may include installing Ford himself as ready-to-wear designer.

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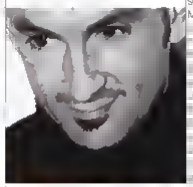
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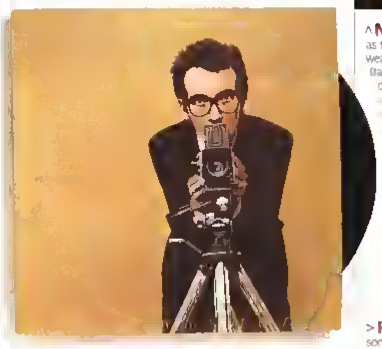
Metro-Polishing Long a symbol of inner city decay, Newark, with a just opened performing arts center and minor-league baseball stadium, and a basketball and hockey arena on the drawing board, is now the poster town for the New Urbanism, the renaissance in America's once-forgotten cities. Proponents of the downtown lifestyle, like planner and architect Tony Goldman, imagine old buildings converted into vibrant residential areas full of suburb-fleeing families and the businesses, services, and culture they need. If you're interested in real estate speculation, you might want to check out these cities on Goldman's radar: Philadelphia and Camden

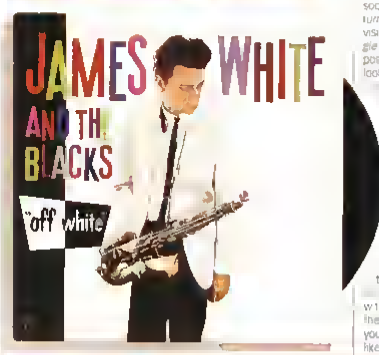
No Telling

Ps [illegible] m Serge sent you That's practically what you have to [illegible] n entrance to Paris's hottest store Panoplie, wh [illegible] dden in a private courtyard behind a wooden door m [illegible] ny by a buzzer on the rue d'Argout The shop is favored [illegible] the-know Parisians who crave designer basics like [illegible] ewnecks from John Smedley and protection sports [illegible] y Vexed Generation It's the newest label in the store [illegible] that has people talking Each piece of skim com [illegible] kining is emblazoned with a large serial number that functions as an ID As a wearer you can register your particular number on the collection's Web site so interested strangers who've spotted you on the street and jotted down your tags can get in touch 011-331 4028-9035

Neo-New Wave Gentlemen it's time to confront the true Y2K bug the beginnings of an early-eighties revival Wh [illegible] le trim suits with pushed up sleeves and pointy shoes have become recent fashion show staples music by the likes of Elvis Costello and James White blares at Reagan era revivals like Culture Club in Manhattan and all other hangouts across the land What does it all mean? Who knows but you might want to get that skinny leather tie out of deep storage.







A Nell Barrett Aft [illegible] t [illegible] as the designer of Prada's men's-wear line, Englishman Nell Barrett [illegible] s winning kudos for his own collection Barrett's take [illegible] on sportswear wh [illegible] ch mixes [illegible] mingly incompatible [illegible] like nylon and wool [illegible] ir driving force behind [illegible] and A signature piece [illegible] season a motor [illegible] jacket that comes with built in sunglasses and a detachable helmet.

> Pimp Style Is it Sam Jackson's Am [illegible] wardrobe in the soon to be released *Shaft* Remakes? Maybe it was leftover visions of Mark Wahlberg in *Boogie Nights* Of course there's a possibility that the Iotharlo-like look that populates this spring's collect on came from Ford's own late-'70s clothes Whatever the case, h [illegible] w slung snakeskin belt [illegible] rroms si thery silk chartreuse shirts and barely there floral print bikini sw [illegible] su ts aren't the only pimp friendly clothes in town Donatella Versace also got in on the action [illegible] p hugging swim [illegible] ks printed with palm fronds and trimmed with gold studs, while Alessandro Dell [illegible] qua added a Latin lover's spin with handkerchiefs knotted at the neck Are these clothes for you? Depends on how much you like Barry White.



Ne Phone Ultra Wh [illegible] te more than 125 countries go along with one phone standard (GSM) American calls work on a confusing jumble of competing formats that render them noth ng more than fancy paper weights on foreign so l To the rescue, Motorola's i2000 in [illegible] s spring, [illegible] work on both [illegible] M standard [illegible] DEN (Motorola's [illegible] st rated American friendly net [illegible] rk, wh ch also [illegible] ws for person [illegible] person rad o [illegible] mmunication) [illegible] 000 also can [illegible] text messages and conduct three way calls and has a built in speaker phone for hands free operation www motorola co









A Painting Popularity After too many years of installations video performances and multimedia extravaganzas, art is returning to its painterly roots Leading the charge is John Currin whose bosomy canvases were the most buy at Chr she's recent contemporary art auction Other new artists taking to the brush and easel Matthew Ritchie Lisa Yuskavage Damian Loeb, Pedro Barbeito, Ellen Gallagher and Cecily Brown many of whose works will hang in this spring's Whitney Biennial

Politics

All poli [illegible] ics might be lo [illegible] ful but never so much as when the national con- [illegible] ditions are in [illegible] town and [illegible] stand less o [illegible] ance of get [illegible] n dinner [illegible] servation than [illegible] lan Keyes does of getting to be [illegible] esident Time [illegible] ove old Philadel [illegible] July 31 to [illegible] 3 when it [illegible] [illegible] es over [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] Center [illegible] to [illegible] L A Always [illegible] [illegible] but especially from Ar [illegible] 17 wh [illegible] Dems [illegible] Staple [illegible]

Oh Hilary

[illegible] be- [illegible] lief that Pat Mor [illegible] constar's career Attract ve ac [illegible] ress Hilary Swank once upon a t me the kid n the fourth *Karate Kid* movie, has won practically every award known to Hollywood for her portrayal of a young girl trying to pass as a guy n last year's much adulated *Boys Don't Cry* Unlike that other Monta veteran Ralph Macch o, Swank s recent absence from the screen is well imposed While she watches her stock rise, she s mulling over script offers Wh chever one this 2 year old picks next, expect it to bri [illegible] ng big as her paycheck.


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Marc Newson
Chris Ware
Glenn Murenbeeld
Tom Tykwer







> Racing Chauffeured designer types have long come to terms with Middle American rabid pass on the burnt rubber beat engines and the way Steve McQueen used to dress. Prada's pants and cropped jackets are tailor made for 700-horsepower Nascar joyride while Burberry has turned out a line of leathers and DKNY is making sleek biker gear for Ducati. Meanwhile, Tommy Hilfiger has just sponsored Ferrari on the Formula One circuit.

A Prints Proud owners of Hawaiian shirts rejoice. All manner of prints are in style this spring. German-born Jil Sander was inspired by the reconstruction of Berlin so she anointed her stark clothes with drill-bit designs. Meanwhile, Paul Smith and Byblos joined Dolce & Gabbana and Versace who made colorful florals reminiscent of Reyn Spooner's fifties aloha designs, though they mixed their shirts with leather jackets and snakeskin pants.

Really

TELLME.COM

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E THE

PEOPLE.COM

BELIEFNET.COM

INSIDEDOPE.COM



Restaurants

Most aren't taking reservations quite yet, but these are the eateries at which you'll be fighting for a table in the next six months. Rising star Jake Klein opens **Jake's,** bringing Asian-influenced cuisine to Coral Gables, Florida. Frank McClelland, whose L'Espalier has been serving fine French to Bostonians since 1988, will open **Sel de la Terre,** a casual Provençal cafe on the waterfront. Fine dining comes to Santa Anita racetrack in Arcadia, California with the official opening of **FrontRunner**—a contemporary Californian overlooking the finish line. In New York, it's the second life of **Minton's Playhouse,** the historic jazz joint at 118th Street in Harlem will open its doors for the first time in 26 years. In Philadelphia, the phenomenal Neil Stein of Striped Bass fame will open **Avenue B,** which promises American. Gerry Klaskala, Atlanta's favorite son (Buckhead Diner, Canoe), reopens **Hedgerose** (under a new name) offering food, music, design and local artists' works, all under one roof.

S



A Stan Smith's Spawn The space age Nike Air Max, the Energizer Bunny of running shoes, may finally be maxed out. Athletic footwear companies like Adidas, Puma and Converse are benching many futuristic kicks in favor of low-tech Stan Smith and Chuck Taylor–style sneakers that could have walked off a 1960s court.



> Raincoats April—and with it come those pesky showers. Fortunately, designers have sprinkled their collections with plenty of sleek raincoats, from detective worthy trenches to standard Scottish Mackintosh styles. Both for signature line in New York and his collection for Louis Vuitton in Paris, Marc Jacobs trim shortish slickers out of rubber-coated water repellent cotton. Giorgio Armani, Valentino and, of course, Burberry also look to turn with the practical and foul weather gear.

the information



Showing the Guns While loose clothes are cropping up in some quarters, body-conscious clothing is in and rely gone. Cheesy muscle T-shirts are getting a makeover as sleeves pull a vanishing act in many designer collections this spring. Not only have avant-garde designers like John Bartlett and Raf Simons made sleeveless shirts and coats respectively more classic houses like Calvin Klein, Versace, and Yves Saint Laurent have, too.

Style

Having spent years apprenticing to the likes of Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein as the head of their men's divisions, John Varvatos might very well be the best new (and best qualified) designer America has produced in decades. The first collection to bear his name—a head-to-toe range of men's wear, the fabrics and materials for which he has meticulously developed himself—consists of pieces that have an Old World sensibility in details and quality but a contemporary attitude in fit and silhouette. Watch for it at Neiman Marcus this fall.

> Stain Boy Marc Jacobs had onlookers at his spring show scratching their heads at the sight of a gaudy T-shirt emblazoned with a dirty looking pencil drawn figure among otherwise indulgent cashmere T-shirts and $1,000 cotton windbreakers. Turns out that the figure, called Stain Boy, is a character from Tim Burton's grim collection of twisted children's fables. And its relation to the show isn't all that mysterious. All proceeds from the sales of the T-shirt, which costs $150, will benefit the Pediatric AIDS Foundation. 212 343 1490.



Sports Couchtime Calendar

APRIL 3 — APRIL 4–9
APRIL 7–9 — APRIL 9
APRIL 11
APRIL 22–29 — JUNE 8
JUNE 9–17 — JULY
1–23 — AUG 21–27


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> Suits If you fall asleep before *Letterman*, you probably haven't seen a double-breasted suit since the last time HBO ran *Wall Street*. All that's about to change, however much to the detriment of the short and stout. This spring, razor-sharp four- and six-button DBs get serious endorsements from tastemakers like Gucci, Prada, Jil Sander and Burberry.



> Techno Togs Synergistic business practices are becoming commonplace in the fashion world as expert luggage-manufacturing companies like Samsonite, Mandarina Duck and Coach apply their bag-making skills to new clothing lines. Samsonite, home of the espionage-chic silver hard case, offers new high-tech nylon clothing with functional details like rubber straps to hold sunglasses and inflatable neck pillows for travel comfort.



< Utilitarian Furniture Finally, put your Sullivan-Eames mug? Sell it and in its place, put some traditional previously embodied in pieces such as bankers' lamps as well as office desks and chairs that have been stripped of their paint to show raw metal. Look to woodsy flea markets, tony vintage stores like Colette or A. Strongarm in Paris—and recoup in pennies on the dollar of course urban prices.



Vacation Destination

GUBBIO, in UMBRIA, [illegible] SHANGHAI, [illegible] CHINA [illegible] LISBON, in PORTUGAL. Play [illegible] the temples of PAGAN, MYANMAR. [illegible] RED SEA in ISRAEL. [illegible] BARILOCHE, in ARGENTINA. [illegible] COCHIN, in INDIA. [illegible] MACAO, CHINA.



^ Virgin Suicides After her wooden turn in *The Godfather: Part III*, Sofia Coppola redeems herself in April with the release of a brilliant screen adaptation and directorial debut, *The Virgin Suicides*. Based on the Jeffrey Eugenides novel, the dark comedy recounts the fall of a family of teenage sisters after the youngest commits suicide. With it, Coppola poetically proves that at least when it comes to work behind the lens, the apple did not fall far from the tree after all. www.virginsuicides.com

Vizsla Walking down the most fabulous streets this year, the most fabulous people will have one accessory that everyone in the know won't be without: the vizsla. No, it's not the new pashmina, it's a Hungarian hunting dog that's getting scooped up as fast as the bitches can turn them out. They're gentle, they're trainable, and a breeder will outfit you with one for $1,000.



> Tate Modern The latest extension of the century-old Tate Gallery in London takes up residence this May in a converted 50-year-old brick power station on the south bank of the Thames. Redesigned by the Swiss architectural team of Herzog & de Meuron, the new museum is remindent of the facility on the cover of Pink Floyd's *Animals*. The $220 million-ed fice will house works by Bacon, Gilbert and George, and the Bi- peck that caused [illegible] sensation in "Sen- tion"—Damien Hirst, Tracey Emin, et a- www.tate.org.uk





^ Toys Now that you can't swing a dead cat without hitting an S-class Mercedes, upper-upper-crust status symbols are increasingly scarce. Which is why designers now sell the truly unnecessary: toys. Hermès has printed playing cards. Gucci's got a logoed slingshot, and Prada's checkers are a must-have. New York's Visionaire gallery reaches the pinnacle of dull playthings, however, its recent charity auction featured an adult-sized Chanel stroller and a Louis Vuitton boat.



Watch to Watch Some people collect Beanie Babies, which's fine. More sophisticated types collect watches, and right now the princess (bear of timepieces is this: the Casablanca from Swiss maker Franck Muller. With a smartly simple face, an exquisitely shaped [illegible] and a platinum movement, it's become the only watch Concorde passengers reserve on landing. 212 730 8788.



X-Men

Video David Fincher (Seven, Fight Club) made [illegible] from MTV to the multi-[illegible]-grossing Hype Williams [illegible] and, more recently, **Spike Jonze** (directing John [illegible] to Man on the Moon video [illegible]. If the average [illegible] geeks who couldn't hack [illegible] blood are now the [illegible] into pop operatives [illegible] expect to see [illegible] the big screen [illegible] of the four [illegible]s such as REM's [illegible] Ry Russo-Young, director [illegible] Chris Sugar [illegible] MTV (Charlie's [illegible] and Steve Carr (West [illegible] time med videos [illegible] Timbaland.



Wash and Wear Always searching for ways to wed traditional quality with textile innovation, Ermenegildo Zegna has engineered a wash-and-wear two-piece that will let you kiss those suit-and-dry cleaners goodbye. And while the idea may bring to mind a cheesy stay-pressed polyester, the Zegna suit is anything but. The $1,075 three-button travel-friendly garment is cut from cotton and hides its high-tech washability underneath the plush-on-house's typical patina of Italian excellence. 888-880-3462.

Youth Culture

MAKING MOVIES

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zzzzzz

Even as Spaniards—at the mercy of the workaholic EU—are cutting back on their beloved siestas, a posthunch nap is poised to become the next new employee perk statewide. Thanks to a new book, a series in *The New York Times*, and a host of recent medical studies all extolling the virtues of 40 winks, American companies are starting to sanction napping on the job. And more progressive ones—egged on by research that found that brief sleeps significantly improves workers' alertness and performance—have even installed "nap lounges," with recliners and blankets and 20-minute alarms.



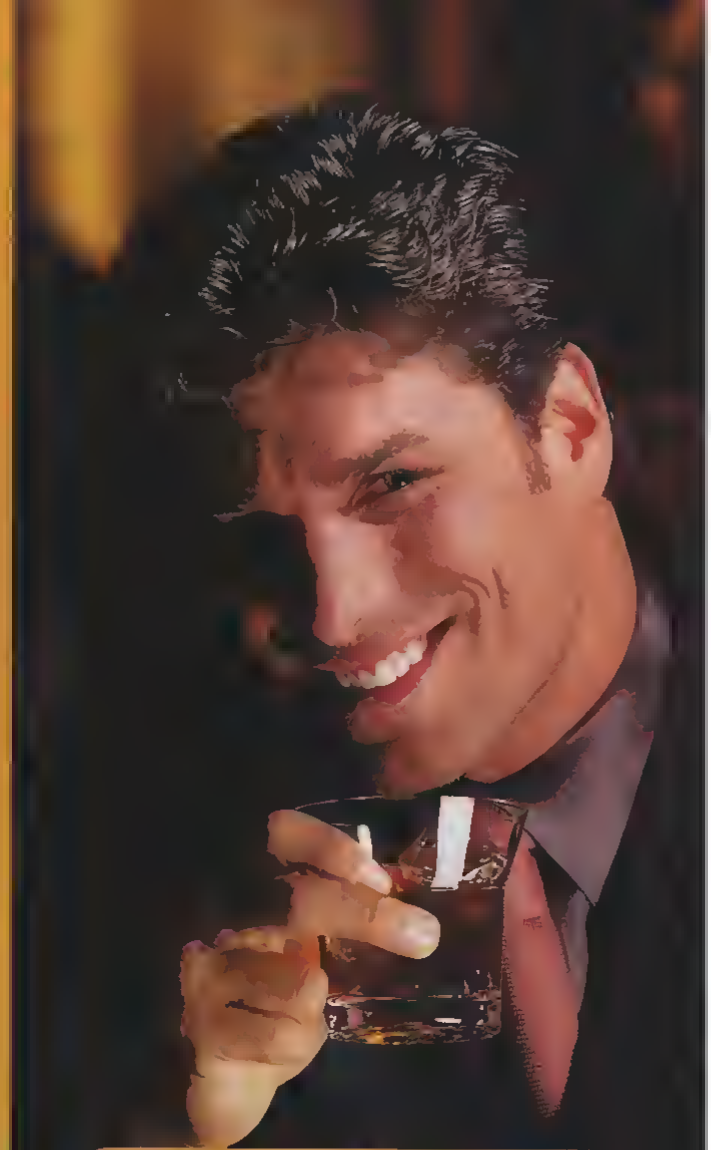
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March

Esky



IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE, you'll find our spring fashion forecast, and we think you'll be pleased with the advances in textile technology that have been incorporated into the 2000-model clothes. Dow Corning has fixed that glitch in its solar-powered Corning Wear line, and promises that enabling the cooling function on its Summersuit will no longer freeze the wearer solid, as often happened with the 1999's. Texas Instruments is introducing a new Compushoe that is guaranteed not to crash, even while trudging through the polar-ice-cap slush of Manhattan or the swirling desert sands of the Mojave. The look this season is, of course, unitard, unless you're an elder, and the colors once again are silver, royal-blue, or brown, depending on your designation.

This is the future, after all.

Although, alack, not that one. The future we find ourselves in is considerably less futuristic than the one we envisioned for ourselves not that long ago. Unitards have not caught on outside of the sci-fi conventions. We are not yet able to "press a button to formulate our clothing," as one designer predicted in 1981. ("Do we want it to be opaque, should it give off steam, do we want it to light up, do we want it to glow in the dark?" he enthused, even as disco was breathing its last.) And despite *Science Digest*'s 1967 prognostication, "discarded crayon underwear" is not being "bought by chemical factories and converted into candy." As far as forecasting fashion goes, we aren't much more accurate from a short distance. "I'm thinking a lot about the year 2000," David Wolfe, who was something called a "lifestyle forecaster," told the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1990. "I think fashion as we know it now is going to be absolutely dead because I think the fashion system is going to be dead, because it's built on female inferiority complexes."

The future we were promised seems to have eluded us in so many ways. In a 1966 issue of *Vogue*, Arthur C. Clarke foretold of flying houses that would allow "whole communities [to] migrate south in the winter." A 1950 *Popular Mechanics* predicted that by century's end, all furniture would be made of plastic and rooms would have drains in the floor, so you could clean the house by simply turning on the hose. Even better, *The New York Times* prereported in 1966, "by the year 2000, housewives . . . will probably have a robot maid." Also, "machines would be producing so much," *Time* assured us that same year, "that everyone in the U.S. will, in effect, be independently wealthy."

We didn't even get the satisfaction of the End of the World as We Know It, which seemingly everyone was predicting up until the final days of the Y1K's. "I feel cheated, betrayed, misused, abused, deceived and everything else!" one disgruntled apocalyptico posted on 01/01/00, perhaps as it dawned on him that there would be no pretty ladies banging on his bunker door, offering to do just about anything for a cup of potable water.

And so this is the way the world doesn't end, not with a bang but a whimper.

Here we are, actually living in the year that for so many years stood at the end of time, beckoning us with the promise of the impossible, and the elastic has gone out on our underpants. Underpants, mind you, not composed of some fantastic nougatlike polymer but of simple cotton—a *crop*, for god's sake. Our house isn't going anywhere. While we certainly own more machines than we once did, we are working more than ever.

And that's just fine. The one thing futurists often forget about the future is that we're going to be in it, most likely, and we have a stubborn fondness for doing things in old ways. We use our machines to work more because we enjoy producing, not just the end product. We could buy plastic furniture if we wanted, but, seriously. There's something about a stationary house that makes it seem like home. And the fashion for well-dressed men may be suits for the hundredth year in a row, but we look good in a suit. ■



It didn't die with Cooper, Bogart & Grant. It just became more difficult to define.

In Search of American Style

BY TED ALLEN

Lincoln, Nebraska, November 1999. You can just see the old coot, stock-straight at the sink in his clapboard house, jutting out the chin, whipping up the lather in an Old Spice cup, splashing on the kind of aftershave that stings, and loving the sting. He smooths the silver hair, cinches the Windsor, checks the hall mirror to assure himself that he is dressed—*dressed*—before he presents himself to the world. Friend, I give you elegance on the prairie, in the person of a man pushing seventy.

A man, I should add, who is under attack.

For out in the hall there is his wife—in a track suit, on the telephone. To KFOR 1240 AM, where the coauthor of a little book on men's fashion (me, actually; *Esquire's Things a Man Should Know About Style*, $10.95 at bookstores everywhere) holds forth on the fine points of cowboy boots and alligator blazers and argyle, and this woman, she states her grievance. "My husband insists on getting dressed up for every little errand," she grouses. "He wears a *tie* to Wal Mart! Why can't he wear sweats like everybody else?"

I can just see the poor woman stuffing the Crown Vic trunk full with the dry cleaning. And yet, I must venture, "Ma'am, you could have worse problems."

We speak of Mr. Lincoln, Nebraska, not because he is to be admired for holding fast to his notions of propriety, although he is. We examine him here and now because he is unwittingly symbolic of a uniquely American

PHOTOGRAPH BY RODNEY SMITH

In Search of AMERICAN Style

style philosophy. He dresses as he dresses not because the world demands that he do so, as it once did—quite the contrary, what with his lovely bride assailing his sartorial dignity on AM radio—but because he *wants* to be stylish, because he knows who he is and he shall present himself that way, however formidable the attacks on his way of life. He won't be having the Man (or, in this case, the Woman) telling him what to do. And neither will the rest of us.

Much ink has been spilled—desperate ink, snobby ink, curmudgeonly ink—on the decline of style and standards among American men. Outraged traditionalists, stodgy haberdashers fearful for their livelihood, fashion mavens glimpsing their waning importance, they persist in wheezing, wheezing against the dying of the suit, well, begone! We are not here to gnash our teeth nor rend our tunics over the tired subject of Workday Casual, an experiment that was taken to extremes by many and that, as a result, is on the wane in some quarters (while waxing curiously among Boston attorneys, more on which later).

We are here to take this conversation a step further. We have searched the nation on your behalf, and we're here to say that American style lives. In fact, that American style not only lives, it flourishes, even if not everyone—people who watch *The Man Show*, for example—abides by it. That more men than ever understand quality and demand luxury, and are applying that knowledge even to informal apparel. That there's a new generation of high-tech fabrics that make everything from dinner jackets to T-shirts more comfortable. That the selfsame democratization of taste now permeating the design of everything from armchairs at Crate & Barrel to spatulas at Target has also struck the rag trade, most visibly via a handful of midpriced retailers spreading passable knockoffs of better-quality designs to the farthest hamlets. That some rules still hold sway—the better rules, mostly—and that many of the rules we've jettisoned for precisely what they deserved. That the American hegemony over world culture in language and media and amusement parks now holds true for dressing oneself, and that that's actually good news, sweatpants excepted.

American style is about freedom and unpretentiousness and tempered bravery. It's about dressing to get lucky and to get ahead and to feel like as much of an individual as you are. And in some ways, it always has been.

TIME WAS, THE AMERICAN man knew exactly what to wear. He was told, and in no uncertain terms. In some Manhattan office buildings in the forties and fifties, a man without a hat was shown the side entrance. "In my dad's generation, all the men wore the same gray suit," recalls Cincinnati-bred designer John Bartlett, whose men's wear plays off archetypal macho imagery, notably uniforms. "Nobody wanted to stand out; everybody blended into one gray blur." Which, of course, was the idea.

Early in the century, curiously enough, American style was in large part about what was being worn by an Englishman, the Duke of Windsor. Esquire referenced Edward VIII so often that the editors at times apologized for relying so heavily on the man they came to abbreviate as, when he was Prince of Wales, "the P of W." But before long, the American look was coming from movies. Witness the elan with which Cary Grant comports himself in 1957's *An Affair to Remember*, leaning suavely against the cruise-ship railing in a gray three-button jacket, light-gray tie, and French cuffs, charming Deborah Kerr into dinner. (God knows what cruise-ship passengers wear these days, but I'd submit there's a reason the biggest line is named Carnival.)

The kings of Hollywood built upon Euro traditions—they dressed well and they dressed up; they accessorized with hats and pocket squares, watch fobs, cigarette cases, and money clips. They were clean shaven and spit-shined, their jackets brushed and pressed, their hair cropped short. Of course, they had a whole wardrobe department to help them do it, but at least the regular man had an ideal to which he could aspire, he had guidelines. He knew what was appropriate for the office, and for the opera, for tennis, for cocktails, and for riding, even if he was more likely to spend a Saturday bowling than steeplechasing. He wanted to be Cooper or Bogie, Grant or Sinatra. And he sort of was.

Of course, it's facile to argue that people dressed great then, that style is dead now, and that the Gap is to blame. American style has always been peculiarly, well, *American*, always bringing to bear a fundamental insistence on practicality and comfort and a rejection of puffery. One couldn't very well tame the West, blaze the frontier, and keep the world safe for democracy in a morning coat. When we look back from the beginning of the twenty-first century, the middle of the twentieth looks so regimented. In reality, even the icons of Hollywood (*particularly* the icons of Hollywood) were experimenting. They were shockingly informal compared with their European peers. Men's men from Hemingway to James Dean adopted the American military's cotton khakis and bomber jackets for knocking about. John F. Kennedy, nearly as famous as his wife for being a trendsetter, was photographed barefoot, wearing chinos and an open-collared shirt, as often as he was pictured dressed for work. Fred Astaire wore a necktie as a belt. Gene Kelly sported white socks with his suits to draw eyes to his feet. Even in those eras, American style was more playful, more comfortable than those from across the pond, where a pastime as rugged as hunting required a necktie.

Sure, there's something sad about the recent unfashionability of Fred Astaire–like formality. (Of course, there's something wonderful about the fact that nobody makes musicals anymore.) But Americans have thrown out many of the rules because many of the rules were arbitrary, elitist, impractical, effete—in short, un-American. Tailcoats? Even in a Merchant Ivory picture, nobody looks good in tails. Ascots? Wing collars? White gloves? Useless. Even fedoras, sleek and cool and insulatory though they are, mess up your hair. One could go on.

You see, getting dressed used to be an artifact of fear—people dressed *correctly* because they had no other choice. People who are stylish now are stylish because they *like* to be. People are smarter now, and they're freer now. Plus, their feet are less likely to hurt. They can also make ever more extravagant mistakes—they might wear floor-length chinchilla coats if they happen to be Sean Combs. Such is the cost of freedom. My fellows, my brothers: We must bear this cost.

DECEMBER 1999. At the VH1 Fashion Awards, before a houseful of fabulescenti and an unsuspecting television audience of millions, someone inexplicably hands a microphone to Steven Seagal.

You know, the actor?

The ponytail—it persists. Worse, having affected Buddhism, Seagal insists on wearing a kimono-y-looking thingie in public—in this instance, a silky, brown, embroidered one. Later in the interminable proceedings, *Saturday Night Live*'s Chris Kattan (in character as the androgynous performer Mango) takes the podium and asks just the question I wanted to ask:

"Steven Seagal?" Kattan keens. "What are *you* doing here?"

It came as some relief to learn that the erstwhile action guy was introducing the Foo Fighters, not receiving some fashion kudo. But even some of the actual nominees for best-dressed male celebrity are a bit confusing (Ben Affleck? Jim Carrey?) and raise a troubling question: To whom, exactly, in this day and age, is a man to turn for inspiration and instruction? Sean Connery? Pierce Brosnan? Their savoir faire is inseparable from their Bond roles and thus is a relic of the sixties. JFK Jr., he is gone, and though he was good-looking he also wore a beret. Mr. Blackwell of the famous lists, he suggests John Travolta, but Mr. Blackwell is a 173-year old dressmaker. The people at Armani, they suggest Ricky Martin (Ricky Martin?), because he wears Armani. Leo? He and "the Posse," they're a T-shirt crowd. James Van Der Beek? Does Mastet Van Der Beek own a suit without attached footies?

What has happened here is that Hollywood has abdicated its taste-making responsibilities. It has let us down. Again. "Once somebody gets to Hollywood, either they never had any taste or their taste is sapped from them," says designer John Bartlett. "The taste level has gone out the window."

Today, the stylish aspirant finds himself awash in a conflicting sea of influence from which he must somehow limn the truth. MTV's *TRL*, fashion advertising, the growing-if dimly aware acceptance of gay culture (*Will & Grace* zebra-skin rug, yay or nay?), Bill Gates and his cotene of vengeful nerds, the flashy commercial ephemera of dot-com culture. This constant assault of images is more confusing than helpful.

The search, then, is for who, what, and where define us as practitioners of something you could call a coherent look, an American gestalt. We seek the center, we must become grounded in sense.

WE HEAD LEFT TO Portland, Oregon—a good town, a regular-guy American kind of town, in a region where the family-owned Mario's has set the style agenda since the seventies (and perhaps is best known for making over those Microsoft boys). This remains the kind of store with a philosophy—the very best kind of store—a belief system applied to its customers, who should be grateful.

If a guy is buying better suits these days, says owner Mario Bisio, he is buying better suits, and fewer of them. "He wants something great because he's not wearing it as often," Bisio says. Since most often he is not buying suits, the Mario's man is gradually being weaned from pleated pants. (Like many American men, he erroneously believes that pleats disguise girth.) He is finding pleasure in high-tech fabrics, and not just cotton-and-Lycra-stretch blends but lusher materials like, say, waterproof cashmere—yeah, cashmere—employed by the luxury mill Loro Piana in a rain jacket. There are soft jackets, knits, polos, and merino sweaters (still). "Then there's this whole weekend thing," Bisio enthuses. "A great plain-front pair of pants and a T-shirt and a high-V sweater and a leather jacket and a cool pair of tennis shoes. I mean, that's a real American kind of look, and it's definitely coming back."

We check in with Chicago—perhaps the *ultimate* regular-guy kind of American town, only the regular guys are, well, big. Like Joe Silverberg, who, with his brother, Gene, built the Bigsby & Kruthers chain of men's stores. For the Silverbergs, relaxing their stance on the business suit has been slow going. "Let's face it," says Joe, a man whose shape is more akin to a barrel than a V, "if someone my size goes to the office dressed casually and my stomach is hanging out over my pants, I'm halfway to looking like a shlump. Put a blazer on me and I'm gonna look a thousand times better."

But this doesn't mean you're without options. "It's a sophisticated, casual type of sportswear *as well as* suits. We'll have customers come in and say, 'Look, I don't care what he's wearing, if my partner's gonna have a wrinkled pair of khakis on and a pilled polo and a sweater and scuffed Top-Siders, the way he's gonna wash his car on a Saturday morning, I wanna look ten times better than he does.'" Joe's prescription: light wool trousers or something with some stretch, as comfortable as khakis but tailored. Something cashmere on top, and don't forget the blazer.

Still, some self serving but heartfelt information that Joe wishes to impart. One day not long ago, Bigsby's invited a group of women to view a fashion show featuring ten men. "First we did sportswear, and then we did suits, and we had women tell us which looked sexy. And every single woman said the men that were dressed in suits."

Finalmente, we turn to New York, where Simon Doonan, the creative director of Barneys, sees in American men a conflicting desire—on the one hand to look sharp and on the other to dress for that which needs to be done—and he finds that the latter impulse wins. "If you look around London, a window cleaner, a taxi driver, everybody is starting to look a little groovy in a designer way, and I'm getting a little tired of that," Doonan says. "In the States, it's an earnestness, a less phony look, maybe a Hickey-Freeman look, to dress in a way that might open up the possibility of a promotion rather than someone dressing so self consciously."

In the gleaming salons of Barneys one afternoon, Doonan spies an exceedingly good-looking man in his twenties trying on conservative suits. The lad is clearly moneyed, aggressive, and hip, and Doonan suggests that he might like to try something in a nattier side vent.

Replies the man, "I work in a law [*continued on page 240*]

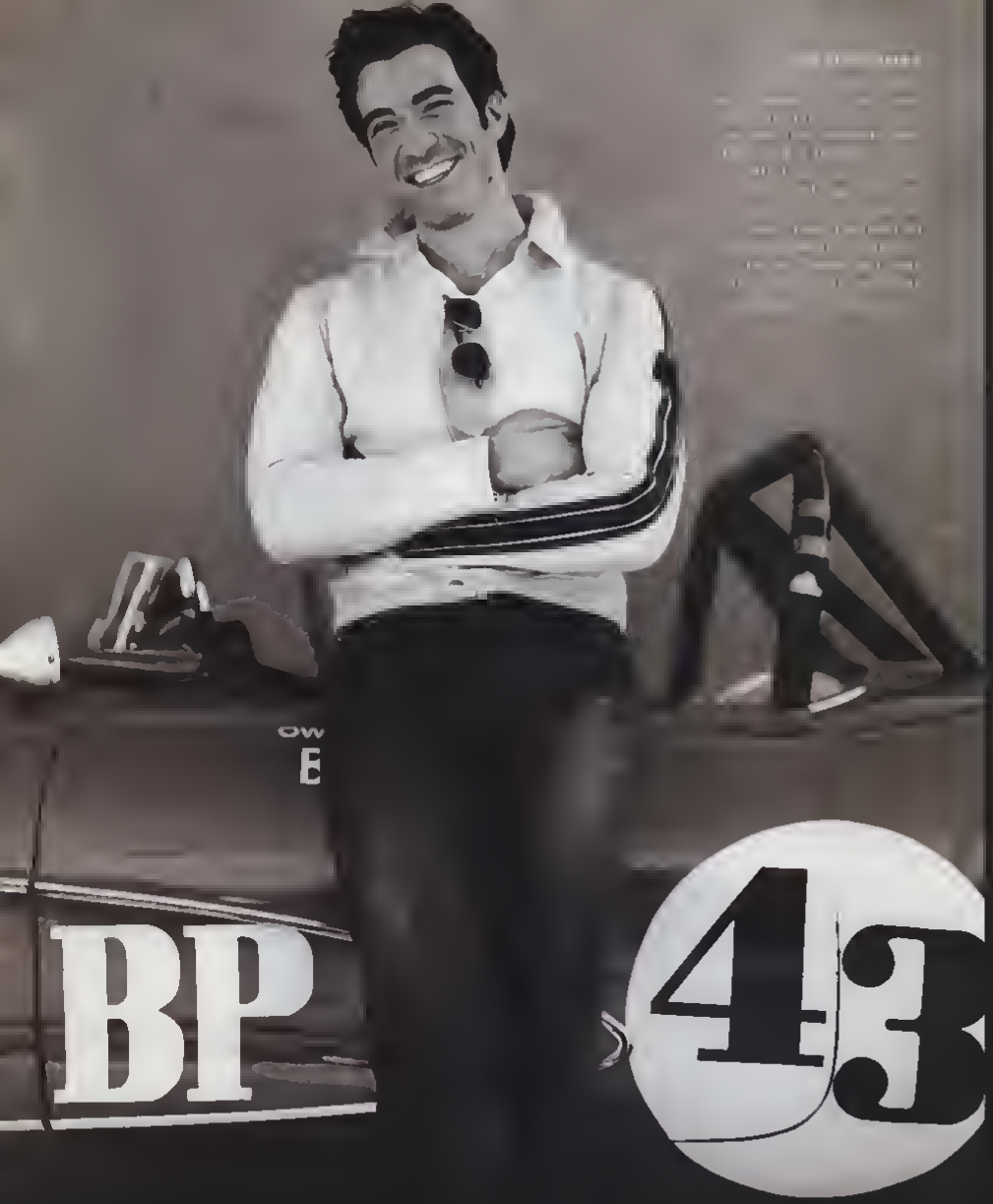
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM JONES

In Search of Dylan McDermott

THE MAN YOUR GIRLFRIEND THINKS ABOUT WHEN YOUR GIRLFRIEND THINKS ABOUT MEN

Three days changed Dylan McDermott's life unalterably. Today is not one of them, but it is a very good day. ¶ Right now, he is sitting alone in the living room of his recently purchased Brentwood house, a 1920s Spanish mansion just off a coral tree–shaded jogging lane. The move here late last year, to the house previously owned by Melanie Griffith and Antonio Banderas, confirmed that McDermott has finally found his place in Hollywood. He is in his fourth season as the star of the legal drama *The Practice*, and in the spring he will star in a movie he's very proud of, *Texas Rangers*, a gritty western in which he plays a Confederate soldier turned lawman. ¶ Yet at this excellent moment in his life, he looks a little grave. In part, that's because of his strong, dark features—a face brooding enough for a long career in cigarette ads. But it's also because he is pondering a different time. "I came out here," he says, looking back fifteen years to when he first moved to Los Angeles, "went to a party, and Jack Nicholson is there. You see the guy who's made it, and it's like, Oh, shit, this is gonna take a while. Certain actors, they just show up and—boom!—they've arrived. But I was never that guy." He turns quiet and seems slightly ill at ease. ¶ Then the women enter the room. There is a flash of golden hair, wild and curly, as his three-year-old daughter, Coco, bounds awkwardly around the couch, a tiny hand up at her face, the other tightly clutching a piece of construction paper. "She's got something in her eye," says his wife, Shiva, rushing in after her daughter. Shiva is thirty, exotically beautiful in a half-Persian, half-Irish way. "She won't let me see." ¶ "Lemme see your eye, baby," McDermott says, gently pulling away the little fingers. "I know. . . . I know. . . . We have to, baby. . . ." he says, looking to find the source of his daughter's pain. "I know, . . ." Suddenly Coco sits up straight, blinks three







"Style is innate to who I am. My father gave me a picture the other day. I must have been about seven, and I had on wing-tip shoes and some cool pants. I thought, Wow! Where the hell did I get those wing tips at seven years old?"

THE RAT PACK
"My dad was kind of a pool shark and had a Frank Sinatra–Dean Martin thing going on. I've always been fascinated by the fifties because of him. There was a hip, cool anything goes atmosphere back then, but looking good was still a priority. People really wanted to look their best all the time, and the whole ensemble—including the hat—was important." Two-button single-breasted suit, shirt, and tie by Dolce & Gabbana; loafers by J. M. Weston; vintage ring from Fantasia; vintage hat from Palace Costumes



THE CLUBBIN' COWBOY
"New York had a big influence on me growing up, and I was really part of the club scene—the Mudd Club and Studio 54. When you're living in New York, you are just bombarded with style—trying to figure out how to be cool and how to feel relaxed at the same time. Back then it was harder to have style. I had no money and had to go to St. Marks Place to try to find the perfect vintage outfit. Now it's a lot easier. But I'm still into mixing vintage with modern day. I mix it up as best I can." Silk shirt and leather pants by Gucci; cuff links by Verdura; sunglasses by Cutler and Gross. *For store information see page 245*

times, and it is over. She thrusts the construction paper into the air. "I have my Barney," she says, smiling, and bolts off the couch and out of the room.

Shiva pauses before chasing after her. I mention that for three people, this is a big place. She nods. All the same, Shiva says, "When we looked at this house, I really wanted to be sure that the master bedroom was small, because I had a feeling that the bigger the bedroom, the shorter the marriage."

"It's very similar to my theory," McDermott says, "which is, the bigger the ass, the shorter the marriage."

Shiva scolds him and laughs on the way out. We talk again about how well things seem to be going in his life. "It's good now, but you can self-destruct in so many ways," he says. "And it's so easy to throw it away."

HE WAS FIVE YEARS OLD the first time everything changed. It was February 9, 1967. "It shapes you forever," he says of the sudden death of his mother, "and you don't get over it."

Diane Marino was fourteen when she met Richard "Mac" McDermott, a pool-hustling high school student in the tough mill town of Waterbury, Connecticut. The next year, in 1962, they married and had a son, Mark (now Dylan). "They were like two characters out of a fifties movie," says Dylan. "Two people who were destined to meet and, I guess, have me." So, many years afterward, he still smiles as he imagines them riding off in an MG with the top down.

The circumstances of Diane's death remain mysterious. By 1967, she had separated from Mac and, along with Dylan and his younger sister, had moved in with her mother. One afternoon, according to press reports at the time, Diane was peeling potatoes in a small pantry while a man police called her boyfriend, a local heroin addict with a record, was in the adjoining kitchen cleaning a .32-caliber pistol. The man later told police that he put down the gun to make a phone call. Diane came out of the pantry, still holding the paring knife in her right hand, he said, she picked up the gun with her left hand, and as she walked away, it fired. A single bullet entered her skull behind her left ear and exited above her right eye. She fell to the floor, still clutching the paring knife. Diane was twenty years old, and she was dead. The medical examiner ruled her death accidental.

Neither Dylan nor his father will talk about that awful event. Diane's mother took over raising Dylan and his sister while holding down two jobs and living in a neighborhood so rugged, he recalls, that a burglar once stole the underwear out of his dresser drawers.

As a teenager, Dylan started to steal away to New York to be with Mac, who was pulling pints in Greenwich Village bars. Together, they went to movies, favoring loud films that starred Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, or Clint Eastwood. "You'd see those movie stars on the screen," Dylan recalls, "and say, 'I want to be *that* guy.'"

He would help his father out, working the bar, breaking up fights, serving drinks to the hard cases. He poured their 8:00 A.M. beers, bused their tables, and watched them vomit. "They were Chesterfield-and-bourbon guys," he says. "Guys that took a shot and puked, then took the next shot. It was like *The Iceman Cometh*." For fun, he'd hitchhike to Kiss concerts, wearing his jeans and leather jacket and saving the ticket stubs under glass. In the city, he'd don "two-tone brown shoes, powder-blue pants, an acrylic shirt" and talk his way into Studio 54 or the Mudd Club.

More like an older brother than a dad, Mac struggled to advise him. "He asked an awful lot of questions," Mac recalls with a laugh. "I used to worry he must think there's something wrong with me, because I didn't know any of the answers."

DYLAN WAS FIFTEEN ON THE NIGHT in 1977 when his father took him to dinner at a steak restaurant downtown. Mac had waited nine anxious months before he introduced his son to the woman who would become his third wife: Eve Ensler, a twenty-three-year-old playwright who'd carved a rich creative life out of a turbulent childhood.

Five minutes after meeting Dylan, she suggested—insisted is more like it—that he become an actor. Eve filled Dylan with her own passion for theater. She took him to acting classes and even wrote roles for him in her own plays. "She was that one person who changes your life," he says. "I didn't even know who I was, but she got me, and we got each other. I'm totally grateful to her, because I feel like I'm her Frankenstein."

Her relationship with Dylan would transform them both. "I identified with Dylan, the degree of his suffering and his vulnerability," she says. "He needed to know there'd be somebody who wouldn't leave him." Although she was only eight years older than he was, Eve decided to prove her constancy by legally adopting Dylan after she and Mac divorced a few years later. "It was the great moment of my life," she says.

DYLAN CAN DATE THE THIRD great change in his life as well—August 19, 1992. It began with his getting the news that he'd been cast alongside Eastwood in *In the Line of Fire*. Then he was grabbing a coffee at Venice's Novel Cafe and he looked up. "I knew from that moment," he says. "I said, That's her—that's the woman I've been searching for my whole life."

Shiva Ashfar was an art student at UCLA and an actress. She was not as impressed as he was at first. But by the time the movie was released a year later, Dylan had made his biggest impact as an actor and was engaged to be married.

As it happens, Shiva was on her way to having the most famous vagina in Brentwood, courtesy of Dylan's adoptive mother. Eve Ensler created an off-Broadway sensation last year with her one-woman play, *The Vagina Monologues*, part of which graphically re-creates her experience witnessing the birth of her granddaughter Coco. "I don't know if I wanted to share it with the whole world," says Shiva, smiling, "but it's a little late now." Besides, she and Dylan have a running joke that "if I ever leave him, I'll run off with his stepmom, because she's so wild and cool."

So these are very good days for Dylan McDermott. He spends his workweek dressed in Zegna suits on the set of *The Practice*, Shiva spends her nights acting in no-budget independent films, putting on makeup in a parked Pinto, and Eve spends her evenings in a New York theater, acting out the birth of Coco.

Now, sitting together in their living room, Dylan listens as Shiva describes how she finally fell in love with him after a few reluctant dates. "We went on a boat ride," she says, "and he gave me these Chinese herbs because I had a hangover. I took one—and I'm not kidding, some kind of magic took place. The water was so blue and the sky was so blue and his eyes were so blue, and it was just so romantic. We had a kiss, and then it was like, Wow! It just hit me like a thunderbolt."

"The trouble is," Dylan says, leaning in with a smile, "I have to keep feeding her these herbs." ■

Ensemble Style

DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WEAR WHEN IT COMES TO CASUAL? AS THESE GROUPS OF L.A. MEN DEMONSTRATE, SOMETIMES IT'S BEST TO PLAY TO TYPE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNE MENKE



CASUALS

These martial artists care more about freedom of movement than that of expression. As with their sparring uniforms, these SIMPLE COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS fit loosely and comfortably. But in crisp, heavy cotton, they're flexible without being sloppy. From left: Pants by DKNY Pure ($125); Kenneth Cole ($79); Michael Kors ($350); Nova USA by Tony Melillo ($109); Nautica by David Chu ($69); Louis Vuitton Cup ($250); Tommy Hilfiger ($50); and Matt Nye ($280).



BIG TIME OPERATOR SWING BAND HOLLYWOOD

Why did the big band cross the road? Judging from the classic casual musician's uniform—NAVY WOOL SPORT COAT white cotton shirt and appropriately hip dark-rinse Levi's—to get to a gig we're guessing From left: Sport coat ($1,025) and shirt ($215) by Ermenegildo Zegna dark denim jeans ($54) here and throughout by Levi's sport coat ($795) and shirt ($135) by Corneliani sport coat, part of suit ($798) and shirt ($228) by Emporio Armani sport coat and shirt by Salvatore Ferragamo sport coat ($1,295) and shirt ($160) by Vestimenta sport coat ($425) and shirt ($95) by Burberry sport coat ($275) and shirt ($40) by Geoffrey Beene sport coat part of suit ($1,450) and shirt ($155) by Paul Smith sport coat ($1,650) by d'Avenza shirt ($50) by Tommy Hilfiger sport coat ($2,700) and shirt ($275) by Ermoni



DRIVERS FOR UNITED PARCEL SERVICE
WEST OLYMPIC BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES

In their familiar dark-brown fatigues the men of UPS are an army of drivers who are easily recognizable on the street. Add a classic COTTON KHAKI EISENHOWER JACKET and you've updated the uniform without losing the look of an enlisted man. From left: Jackets by John Bartlett ($625), Kenneth Cole ($138), Tommy Hilfiger ($175), Canali ($725). Slates ($95). Triple XXX ($94). Polo by Ralph Lauren ($125). Dickies ($35). DKNY ($145), and Club Monaco ($129). *For store information see page 245*

Casting and production by Barbara DeWitt
Grooming by Eric Gabriel for Rex L. A.

By Robert Kurson

my favorite teacher

Sometimes, role models do bad things. Very bad things.

ONE NIGHT TWENTY YEARS AGO, my biology teacher picked up a seventeen-year-old hitchhiker named Jefferson Wesley. ¶ Hitchhikers were rare on Chicago's exclusive North Shore, where kids owned Camaros and carried plenty of taxi cash. Even rarer were high school teachers who picked them up. It was midnight. Mr. Lindwall pulled over his yellow Toyota Land Cruiser and told Wesley to hop in. ¶ Down the road, Mr. Lindwall stopped tbe Land Cruiser and asked Wesley to wait a second, the spare tire was rattling in back. Wesley said cool. ¶ Mr. Lindwall shut off the headlights, exited the vehicle, and popped open the back hatch. Among a pile of tools, he found his hunting knife, which he unsheathed and poked at Wesley's back. He ordered the boy to bend over and locate the hangman's noose by his feet. Wesley found it and tightened it around his neck in

Mr Lindwall in custody OPPOSITE: A crime scene photo of one of his victims

the way Mr Lindwall instructed

My teacher climbed back into the driver's seat and explained: The seat belts in this jeep don't unfasten. Put your head between your legs. I'm going to tape your hands behind your back. This noose is attached to a series of pulleys. If you struggle, I can pull tight from here and control you.

Wesley now had good reason to believe he'd be killed. The son of a Chicago cop, he'd heard his share of stories, and in those stories kids wearing nooses didn't live.

2

Recently, I wrote a letter to Mr. Lindwall. It's been twenty years since we've seen each other, I said, but I remember you. I'd like to visit, to catch up and talk about our lives.

What I didn't tell Mr. Lindwall was that I'd never stopped thinking about him. While his name had become a sick punch line to anyone who had known him, I still admired him. And I needed to figure out why.

3

Northbrook, Illinois, happens to a person when life is good. The average home costs $340,000; 97 percent of the kids go to college, and when you buy groceries at Sunset Foods, crimson-vested valets scurry to load your car. Northbrook offers gazebos to its picnickers and electronic scoreboards to its Little Leaguers. Seniors who stroll the downtown's winding lanes enjoy handsome discounts on hand-dipped ice cream.

My family moved to Northbrook when I was fourteen. Fashionable welcome ladies helped me pronounce the name of my new



Mr. Lindwall had an intuition about kids and always seemed to know who needed extra attention. Grateful parents would schedule meetings to thank him in person.

street—Michelline Lane—and instructed me to celebrate my lucky transplant into Glenbrook North High School, the crown jewel in this gilded community and one of the top high schools in the country. My personal high school guidance counselor raved about Glenbrook North's high SAT scores and swimming-pool wing and plans for the multimillion dollar Center for the Performing Arts. Kids who attend GBN, he said, turn out to be doctors, lawyers, CEOs, in short, adults worthy of living in Northbrook.

You've seen Glenbrook North before. Perhaps not in person but in near-documentary form in *The Breakfast Club*, *Sixteen Candles*, and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, the films based on the high school by director and Northbrook favorite son John Hughes (Glenbrook North, '68). Show up at Glenbrook North with the wrong folder, the wrong parents, the wrong nose, and you didn't just amuse students, you sickened them.

Feeling like an alien in high school of course did not make me unique, but it felt so at the time. Looking back, it seems like Glenbrook North decided up front to hate me. My Afro was fucked. My voice was fucked. My clothes were fucked. Even my name—Rob, the most innocuous name on the planet—somehow was fucked. In class, on the bus, in Sunset Foods with my mom on Saturday, just the sight of me offended important students—and at Glenbrook North they were all important. They took to blurting "Rob!" into the air whenever I was around, turning the word into the latest euphemism for *asshole*. "You're such a Rob!" one girl squealed to another in the participation counts algebra class I was flunking for fear of making a peep.

I would have given my life to become invisible at Glenbrook North, but at six three, with my gangly limbs and towering Dr. J. Afro sprawling in all directions, that was impossible.

And soon enough, I came around to Glenbrook North's way of thinking. At home, I'd pound the crap out of my little brother because he still thought my hair looked cool or because he continued to dub himself "the Kurs Jr.," in honor of my nickname from the days in the old neighborhood, where people had liked me. I told my mom to go to hell in front of frail relatives when she remarked at a family wedding that I looked handsome, because who can deal with a parent who's too stupid to see what a hundred rich kids can see so clearly every day in school—that I was as ugly as they came?

Against this backdrop appeared Mr. Lindwall, perhaps the only individual at Glenbrook North more out of place than I was. A giant, bearded beat of a man, Mr. Lindwall lived in a trailer, adored the outdoors, and walked apologetically, with shoulders hunched in, as I did. His potbelly was proof that he didn't belong to any of the many area health clubs, and his baggy pants made him look like a kid whose mom shopped outlet and never knew enough to iron. By all rights, GBN students should have eaten this science teacher alive, sent him and his rusty jeep and corny sweater-vests whimpering back to whatever the hell Yosemite National Redwood Sherwood Forest he crawled out from.

Instead, they embraced him, sensed something safe about him. Mr. Lindwall had an intuition about kids. Before learning names, he divined who required extra attention, who was hurting at home, who needed to call him Rick. He listened for underlying messages, and he understood that sometimes a question about amoebas was really a question about alienation.

Almost immediately, an impressed administration asked him to devote time to the school's "alternatives" program, North-brook code for the outsider-druggie-loser program. To most teachers, it would have been a baby-sitting sentence. To Mr. Lindwall, it was a calling. In weeks, kids who had been thrown away by mom, by life, by Northbrook, were learning science for "Rick" and calling him the greatest teacher they'd ever had.

My first contact with Mr. Lindwall came in the training room during football season, where he taped athletes' ankles and worked out their aches after school. When I needed treatment, he taught me how to stretch to avoid shinsplints as if I actually fit in at Glenbrook North. And he did this despite my football teammates' obvious and noisy disdain for me—made it seem as if he didn't even hear them blurt out "Rob!" when I climbed onto the training table. Other athletes probably figured Mr. Lindwall's lack of eye contact to be his need to concentrate on their ailments. But I knew that downward stare. This was a man who ached with shame on the inside, who prayed that if he couldn't see you, you couldn't see him. That other people adored Mr. Lindwall made him my favorite teacher in the school, because if Mr. Lindwall could still be liked despite not liking himself, there was hope for me, too.

4

Able to manipulate the noose around Jefferson Wesley's neck from the driver's seat, Mr. Lindwall turned on the Land Cruiser's headlights, adjusted the AM radio, and pulled onto Route 120. His trailer home near Northbrook was just twenty miles away, but he zigzagged along side roads for more than an hour in order to disorient the boy.

Perhaps Wesley thought of his mother during this ride. He had hung up on her earlier that evening when she told him to stay where he was, not to walk home, she'd come get him. Or maybe he thought of his girlfriend, Donna, whom he'd seen that night. The couple had planned to attend her turnabout dance next week. They were in love.

The Land Cruiser pulled into the trailer park near Northbrook after 1:00 A.M., and Mr. Lindwall parked it flush against his unit's screen door. He stepped around to Wesley's side, opened the door, removed the noose, and placed a hood over his head. Using a screwdriver, he jimmied the rigged seat-belt buckle until the mechanism clicked. It took only moments to drag the boy backward, heels scraping, into the trailer home.

In the living room, Mr. Lindwall laid Wesley on his back, bound the boy's ankles with athletic tape, removed the hood, and taped his eyes shut. Then he asked Wesley questions. Do you have a girlfriend? Do you poke this girlfriend? Do you masturbate? Does it shoot out? Then Mr. Lindwall went into another room to find a screwdriver and some Vaseline.

5

During class one day in my sophomore year, Mr. Popular strutted into my face, preened for his sporto buddies, then announced in front of teachers and students that he'd received an "awesome" blow job from my sister. I punched him in the face and knocked him down. I was 210 pounds, he was no more than 130, and he was clearly beat. But I wasn't done. I kicked him in the face with my boot, not once, not twice, but maybe ten, twelve times while his hysterical friends screamed, "Uncool!" and he was bleeding and begging and microscopes were shattering. In this fog of fury and resentment, I might have killed the kid, but teachers locked on to my arms and pulled me off. Only later, in the dean's office, would I realize that I had been sobbing myself while administering this beating.

Mr. Lindwall, who had been teaching in an adjacent room, rushed over, settled a hand on my shoulder, and used his back to shield me from the jeering students; he couldn't abide them watching me cry.

"You're better than that," he said in a low voice. "You're better than them."

I was stunned. Here was an adult, a man everyone loved, whose instinct was to rush past the kid with the broken face to comfort the kid with the broken feelings. I was right about Mr. Lindwall, I thought as I was led away to the dean's office. He and I come from the same place. We recognize each other.

6

Mr. Lindwall undid Wesley's brown corduroys and pushed them to his ankles, then did the same with his own pants. He ordered Wesley to open his mouth, placed his penis inside, and told Wesley to fellate him. Wesley complied, but Mr. Lindwall could not climax, he withdrew his penis and began masturbating. Near climax, he put his penis back into Wesley's mouth and ejaculated. That done, Wesley pleaded, "That's enough, that's enough, please, no more, that's enough."

An hour passed. Mr. Lindwall tied a knot in a sock, stuffed it into Wesley's mouth, and taped the boy's lips shut. Mr. Lindwall rolled the boy onto his stomach and said, "I'm going to do anal intercourse to you now," but found that he could not maintain an erection, a disaster because Wesley might think him a neuter. Mr. Lindwall scooped out some Vaseline, smoothed it over the screwdriver handle, and dragged the tool over Wesley's buttocks, telling him, "Now I'm going to do it to you." He pushed the tip of the handle inside Wesley's anus and said, "Now I'm doing it to you." A moment later, he removed the tool and told Wesley he had changed his mind.

Mr. Lindwall pulled up the boy's pants and dragged him back into the Land Cruiser, where he fastened the seat belt and reaffixed the noose. All the while, he assured Wesley that he would be dropped off near home. Wesley trembled and shook. Mr. Lindwall put the hood over the boy's head and pulled the noose tight until Wesley's head was down between his knees. Mr. Lindwall started the Land Cruiser and zigzagged back toward Wesley's town.





The trailer where Mr. Lindwall committed his crimes, and the jeep in which he prowled for victims. The precise number at which is not known.

Near Wesley's home, the boy began to mumble and struggle again. Mr. Lindwall pulled the noose tighter and told him to relax, they were almost there. But the mumbling continued, so Mr. Lindwall turned up the radio because the groans were disturbing him. Near Route 120, he pulled off the road to let the boy out. After removing Wesley's hood, Mr. Lindwall saw that the boy wasn't moving. He loosened the noose and heard the boy gurgle, but he knew the sounds were not words. Wesley was dead.

Mr. Lindwall executed a U-turn and drove back to his home, where he lugged Wesley's corpse to the rear bedroom, undressed and unbound it, then bent it into the fetal position before rigor mortis could set in. He bathed the body, covered it with a blanket, waited until daylight, then drove to the hardware store to buy heavy-duty garbage bags. When he returned, he stuffed the naked body into two of those bags until no skin showed, pushed the heap into the Land Cruiser, and set out for a Wisconsin campground. He dumped the body next to a tree. By Monday morning, he was back at Glenbrook North, teaching sophomores about mitosis.

7

A few weeks after Mr. Lindwall shielded me and told me that I was "better than them," he was charged with the kidnapping, sexual assault, and murder of Jefferson Wesley. He also was being investigated, newspapers said, for the kidnappings and sexual assaults of two other young men nearby. Rumors swirled about more possible victims, ten of them even, about foster children he'd molested and maybe other dead Lindwall bodies out there. "Mr. Lindwall has a toothache," teachers and administrators told students who

showed up for his class the morning after his arrest. Then, eventually, they assured the dumbfounded kids that Mr. Lindwall was not anything like what he appeared. He was nothing like us.

After a few days, Mr. Lindwall answered my letter.

"I'll be happy to visit with you, Bob. Send me some of your recent writings so I can get a feel for the kind of man you turned out to be. Let's get together in a week. I look forward to it very much."

I shove the letter under a pile of bills in a bottom drawer. What am I looking for from this guy? Do I want him to tell me I'm a good boy? Do I need him to tell me that I wasn't as much of an asshole as all those kids in high school said I was? If so, I need more help than Mr. Lindwall can give me.

The letter stays buried in my drawer for a few days. Then I write back. "Dear Mr. Lindwall, tell me when and where to go. I look forward to seeing you, too."

9

To visit an inmate at the Joliet Correctional Center, that inmate must add your name to an approved visitors list. The process takes a few days. I spent those days investigating Mr. Lindwall's case. After all these years, I still didn't really know what had happened, whom he had killed and whom he hadn't, what was rumor and what was fact. I called classmates and teachers, some of whom I still despised, who told me about "Rick" as teacher and colleague. I read newspaper accounts and the lengthy trial transcript, including Mr. Lindwall's detailed confession and speech to the court before sentencing. For the first time since 1979, Mr. Lindwall returned to my life in three dimensions.

10

Rick Lindwall loved being a kid. If other ten year olds in suburban north Chicago in 1954 tempered their play with a rich kid demurral, Rick was balls-out rough and tumble, a jumping bean with permanent scrapes on his elbows and knees who capped two-hour games of cowboys and Indians with mile-long swims.

Rick Lindwall loved being a kid until he was ten, when he contracted rheumatic fever and his life changed. The disease, which affects the heart, forced the boy to bed for a summer and caused him to miss eight weeks of sixth grade. For a cowboy who had slain thousands of Indians, this wasn't too much to handle. But soon after, other parts of his body betrayed him.

At age twelve, Rick developed breasts. Not just the folds of flesh you find on a fat kid, which he wasn't, but boobs, tits, the real thing. Around the same time, his penis began to shrink and his pubic hair stopped growing, until the horrified child began to wonder if he was still a boy. Rick ached to tell his parents but said nothing, he sensed that these developments had something to do with sex, and sex was taboo in the Lindwall home.

Rick managed to agonize silently for a time, but when his shame turned to despair he had to tell his parents. His father was unapproachable, a Milquetoast of a man too timid even to select a restaurant, so he confided in his mother, a domineering pants-wearer in a June Cleaver era. He begged her for help and told her he hated himself. She declared it a "general" problem and urged as much to the family doctor, who complied by treating the boy with shots and a pat on the back. When the breasts grew larger, Mom and Doc shrugged their shoulders, sure, there were still "bumps" under his sweaters, but listen, kids grow out of things, why ever bring it up again?

Nobody knew in 1956 that Rick Lindwall likely had something called Klinefelter's syndrome. People with this condition have an extra X chromosome and a jumble of sexual characteristics and are sexually sterile. A few injections of testosterone would have made Rick feel like a boy again, might have restored his masculine appearance, at least might have helped him withstand what was to come.

At school, Rick became choice locker-room fodder for boys whose own fresh pubic hair had infused them with newfound bravado. "Where's your bra?" "You're in the wrong class," they singsonged in falsetto, pointing him to the girl's bathroom. It was in the locker room that Rick began to consider himself "God's mistake."

Through junior high and high school, Rick kept no friends and managed just a single date. Consumed by shame, he didn't dare allow anyone to know him, because you don't come across a neuter every day. He kept himself close to sports, which he loved, by becoming the high school's athletic trainer, the guy who taped the football players. Inside the training room, he found himself captivated by physiques, and, here's the curious thing, not in a sexual way, because Rick still didn't know what sexual feelings were, didn't know they existed. He stared at the jocks to gather information about what he should have been.

At Ripon College in Wisconsin, Mr. Lindwall rushed Delta Upsilon. He hadn't made a friend since he was ten, but these guys liked him, actually wanted him. When he discovered that initiation included a Hell Week during which pledges removed their shirts, he quit. For the remainder of college and into the Air Force, peers ridiculed him mercilessly with the familiar "Where's your bra?" Had he not lucked into a medical discharge, he might have turned suicide in the Air Force. Instead, Mr. Lindwall became a teacher.

Northbrook Junior High was thrilled to get Mr. Lindwall. He was smart, knew his science, and didn't take himself too seriously. The administration believed him ideal for that toughest of junior high classes, sex education. Mr. Lindwall accepted the assignment with equanimity, then dashed to the bookstore to cram the basics. He was twenty-seven years old and had never even masturbated.

Kids at the junior high loved Mr. Lindwall, loved that he dug science the way they dug Led Zeppelin, loved the scientific but silly pictures he drew on their notebooks and arms. They told their parents about him, sometimes so fervently that mom or dad would schedule an appointment just to thank him in person. All the while, he knew little about his subject. If a kid asked a technical question, he'd chuckle and suggest, "Let's check the book for that one!" If a student used sexual slang, he'd approach another teacher after school and ask, "How would you answer a kid who wants to know if you can get VD from eating a girl out?" caring little about the VD part but desperate to know what "eating out" meant.

Mr. Lindwall spent seven years teaching sex ed and science at Northbrook Junior High before getting the call to the big leagues, Glenbrook North High School. There, he impressed the administration as he had at the junior high, and soon he was teaching the bad kids in the "alternatives" program and prompting those freaks to issue their ultimate compliment, *He's cool, but I actually learn shit*. He also settled in as GBN's athletic trainer. Coaches loved the guy because he'd give anything for the team, they called him "Lindoo Can-Do," because what better nickname could you hang on a great guy who always said yes? After victories on the road, the coaches would invite Mr. Lindwall out to Tonelli's for pizza and beer, their treat, but he always took the rain check. In the hallways at Glenbrook North, students, staff, and janitors felt good about themselves when Mr. Lindwall smiled at them. But when they invited him to parties, Mr. Lindwall declined, because who knew if it might require removing your shirt? Or discussing dating. Folks got the message. In the nearly ten years Mr. Lindwall taught in Northbrook, only three people, family included, ever visited him at home.

11

A year and three weeks after Mr. Lindwall disposed of Jefferson Wesley, he picked up another late-night hitchhiker, Kelly Smith, eighteen, needed a lift to a tavern.

Mr. Lindwall's method was consistent—rattling tire, humming knife, noose, tape, hood. His application this time, however, was unthorough. He taped Smith's wrists loosely, allowing the young man to stretch the binds during the circuitous ride back to the trailer.

Once inside, Mr. Lindwall didn't tape Smith's ankles. He forced him down face first on the carpet, then exited the room, saying he needed to move his Land Cruiser. Smith, believing his execution to be imminent, worked a hand free from behind his back and flung off the hood and noose. He could now make out the figure of his captor outside the front door, so he scrambled for a rear exit. When he could find none, he rushed the front door and came face-to-face with Mr. Lindwall, who ordered him to stop.

Smith hurtled past him and into the trailer park's common area, banging on doors and shrieking, "Help! Help! Police!" Moments later, a squad car arrived and took the teenager to the Glenview police station, just two miles from Glenbrook North High School.

When Smith arrived at the station, he was startled to see Mr. Lindwall parking his Land Cruiser. Officers questioned Smith in the basement and made note of his appearance—white athletic tape around one sleeve of his blue windbreaker, inflamed wrists, three punctures in the back of the jacket. Smith told police his story.

Upstairs, Mr. Lindwall told a different version. He calmly explained that after he had picked up Smith, the two had decided to hit the bars and needed to return to the trailer for money. Inside, he had observed Smith stealing various items and naturally had chased the young man away.

When officers asked if they could search the Land Cruiser and the trailer home, Mr. Lindwall said, Of course—I am a respected member of the community and a teacher at Glenbrook North and I have nothing to hide. At his trailer home, Mr. Lindwall urged the police to look around and said, I want to get to the bottom of this as much as you do and I am a good person and a foster parent who takes in wayward boys.

The two officers worked from front to back. In the bedroom, one found a roll of film marked BOYS, which Mr. Lindwall said had been taken during a high school camping trip, and hundreds of snapshots of boys, which Mr. Lindwall said showed the same. On a kitchen chair, one officer found a rope inside a hood. The rope is for camping, Mr. Lindwall told them. Outside, with dawn breaking, one officer spotted a noose, a knife, and three rolls of athletic tape and asked Mr. Lindwall if he'd like to tell them what really happened.

12

By the time Mr. Lindwall reached trial in the summer of 1980, he was suicidal and had done everything in his power to convince the state to execute him. His confessions were detailed, his memory sharp, and his despair complete as he informed investigators of nine to twelve hitchhikers abducted and molested over the past three years. He advised his lawyers, "Don't work too hard for me; I just want to die."

The state charged Mr. Lindwall with the murder, aggravated kidnapping, and deviate sexual assault of Jefferson Wesley, plus the aggravated kidnappings of Kelly Smith and another young man. Dozens of other charges were put on hold to make the trial manageable.

Reporters shoved for position when opening arguments began Wednesday morning, July 16. Mr. Lindwall's mother and brother had visited with him before the proceedings, visited so loudly in fact that a sheriff's deputy found Judge James M. Bailey in chambers and told him, Sad story, Judge, I just overheard that man's family ask him why he doesn't do everyone a favor and just kill himself.

Mr. Lindwall drooped into court wearing a V-neck sweater-vest, the same style he'd worn countless times to cover his breasts at Glenbrook North, even during sweltering Indian-summer days. During the weeklong trial, witnesses would continue to identify Mr. Lindwall in court by pointing to "the man over there in the tan sweater vest." For his part, Mr. Lindwall would spend most of the trial with his head in his hands.

The state's case was cinematic and lurid. The other young man told of trick seat belts and nooses and an abduction in which he was masturbated by Mr. Lindwall four times over twelve hours, with respite only when Mr. Lindwall retired to another room to watch the Bears game on TV. Prosecutors dragged the seat from Mr. Lindwall's Land Cruiser into the courtroom, and Kelly Smith climbed in, fastened the inescapable seat belt, slipped the noose around his neck, and allowed lawyers to poke at him with a knife the way Mr.



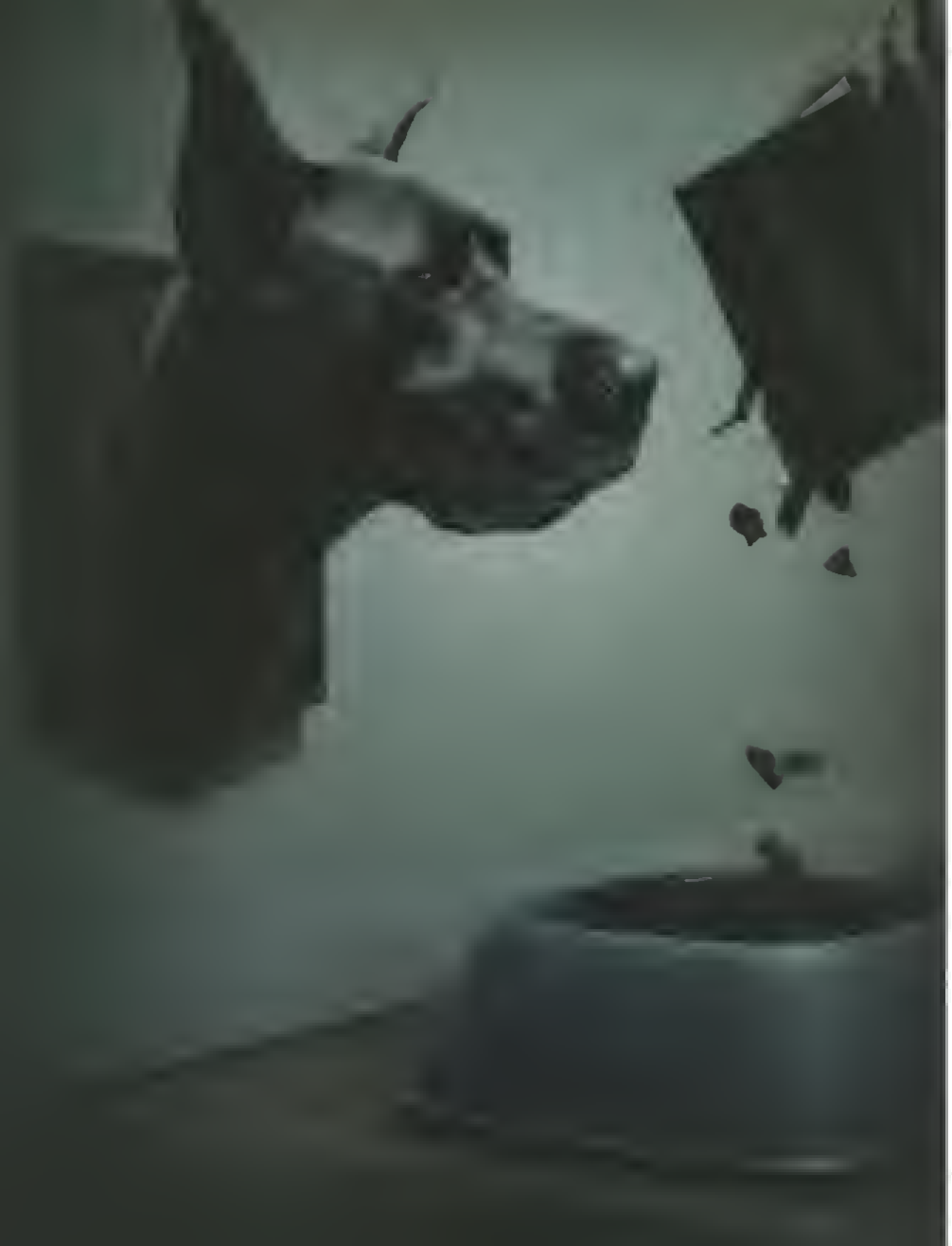
"Mr. Lindwall has a toothache," school administrators told students the morning after his arrest. Lindwall, second from left, in the police lineup, April 1979.

Lindwall had. Smith identified for the jury the athletic tape, the hood, the noose that still bore his gnaw marks. The state's psychiatrist swore Mr. Lindwall was sane.

The public defender called Mr. Lindwall's mother, who testified to her son's boyhood days and his loose-fitting shirts and get-out-of-gym notes. Among the character witnesses from the Glenbrook North faculty was the head of the science department, who averred his teacher's sterling character and reputation. The defense psychiatrist declared Mr. Lindwall insane.

Mr. Lindwall testified, too. He swore that he molested boys not for sexual thrills but to process what they "had," to watch their penises "get real hard and point up toward their heads" while his wouldn't, to watch theirs "spurt out" because his didn't. He claimed to abduct boys only on weekends because he didn't want to upset their weekly routine, they were in school. He insisted that he had never been homosexual and never meant to kill Jefferson Wesley. Such claims were routine and always false inside the Cook County Courthouse, but from the melancholy and self-incriminating Mr. Lindwall, they rang true. Medical witnesses agreed that Wesley's death was most likely accidental.

The jury took two hours to convict Mr. Lindwall on all counts. The next morning, headlines blared from the Chicago daily newspapers, and the city wanted blood. Sensing that the judge had been moved by Mr. Lindwall's story, his [*continued on page 238*]



Three by Sedaris

A trio of new stories from David Sedaris

1. The Youth in Asia

"THAT'S IT," MY MOTHER SAID AFTER HAVING SADIE PUT TO SLEEP. "MY CAT DAYS ARE OVER."

In the early sixties, during what my mother referred to as the "tail end of the Lassie years," my parents were given two collies they named Rastus and Duchess. We were living in upstate New York, out in the country, and the dogs were free to race through the forest. They napped in meadows and stood knee-deep in frigid streams, costars in their own private dog-food commercial. According to our father, anyone could tell that the two of them were in love. ¶ Late one evening, while lying on a blanket in the garage, Duchess gave birth to a litter of sick, potato-sized puppies. When it looked as though one of them had died, our mother placed the creature in a casserole dish and popped it into the oven, like the witch in "Hansel and Gretel." ¶ "Oh, keep your shirts on," she said. "It's only set on 200. I'm not baking anyone, this is just to keep him warm." ¶ The heat revived the sick puppy and left us believing our mother was capable of resurrecting the dead. ¶ Faced with the responsibilities of fatherhood, Rastus took off. The puppies were given away, and we moved south, where the heat and humidity worked against a collie's best interests. Duchess's once beautiful coat now hung in ragged patches. Age set in and she

PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATT MAHURIN

lumped about the house, clearing rooms with her suffocating farts. When finally, full of worms, she collapsed in the ravine beside our house, we reevaluated our mother's healing powers. The entire animal kingdom was beyond her scope, apparently, she could resurrect only the cute dead.

The oven trick was performed on half a dozen peakish hamsters but failed to work on my first guinea pig, who died after eating a couple of cigarettes and an entire pack of matches.

"Don't take it too hard," my mother said, removing her oven mitts. "The world is full of guinea pigs. You can get another one tomorrow."

Eulogies always tended to be brief, our motto being "Another day, another collar."

A short time after Duchess died, our father came home with a German shepherd puppy. For reasons that were never explained, the privilege of naming the dog went to a friend of my older sister's, a fourteen-year-old girl named Cindy. She was studying German at the time, and after carefully examining the puppy and weighing it with her hands, she announced it would be called Madchen, which apparently meant "girl" to the Volks back in the Vaterland. We weren't wild about the name but considered ourselves lucky that Cindy wasn't studying one of the harder-to-pronounce Asian languages.

When she was six, Madchen was killed by a car. Her food was still in the bowl when our father brought home an identical German shepherd, whom the same Cindy thoughtfully christened Madchen Two. This tag team progression was disconcerting, especially for the new dog, who was expected to possess both the knowledge and the personality of her predecessor.

"Madchen One would never have wet the floor like that," my father would scold, and the dog would sigh, knowing she was the canine equivalent of a rebound.

Madchen Two never accompanied us to the beach and rarely posed in any of the family photographs. Once her puppyhood was spent, we more or less lost interest. "We ought to get a dog," we'd sometimes say, completely forgetting that we already had one. She came inside to eat, but most of her time was spent out in the pen, slumped in the A-frame doghouse my father had designed and crafted from scrap pieces of redwood.

"Hey," he'd ask, "how many dogs can say they live in a redwood house?" This always led to my mother's exhausted "Oh, Lou, how many dogs can say that they *don't* live in a god damned redwood house?"

Throughout the collie and shepherd years, we had a succession of drowsy, secretive cats who seemed to share a unique bond with our mother. "It's because I open their cans," she said, though we all knew it ran deeper than that. What they had in common was their claws. That and a deep-seated need to destroy my father's golf bag.

The first cat ran away, and the second was hit by a car. The third passed into a disagreeable old age and died hissing at the kitten who had prematurely arrived to replace her. When, at the age of seven, the fourth cat was diagnosed with feline leukemia, my mother was devastated.

"I'm going to have Sadie put to sleep," she said. "It's for her own good, and I don't want to hear a word about it from any of you. This is hard enough as it is."

The car was put down, and then came the anonymous postcards and crank phone calls orchestrated by my sisters and me. The cards announced a miraculous new cure for feline leukemia, while the callers identified themselves as representatives of *Cat Fancy* magazine. "We'd like to use Sadie as our cover story and were hoping to schedule a photo shoot. Can you have her ready by tomorrow?"

We thought a kitten might lift our mother's spirits, but she declined all offers. "That's it," she said. "My cat days are over."

When Madchen Two developed splenic tumors, our father dropped everything and ran to her side. Evenings were spent at the animal hospital, lying on a mat outside of her cage and adjusting her IV. He'd never afforded her much attention, but her impending death alerted in him a great sense of duty. He was holding her paw when she died, and he spent the next several weeks asking us how many dogs could say they'd lived in a redwood house.

Our mother, in turn, frequently paused beside my father's tattered, urine-stained golf bag and relived memories of her own.

After spending a petless year with only one child still living at home, my parents visited a breeder and returned with a Great Dane they named Melina. They loved this dog in proportion to her size, and soon their hearts had no room for anyone else. The house was given over to the dog, rooms redecorated to suit her fancy. Enter your former bedroom and you'd be told, "You'd better not let Melina catch you in here," or, "This is where we come to pea-pee when there's nobody home to let us outside, right, girl?"

The dog was my parents' first true common interest, and they loved her equally, each in their own way. My mother's love tended toward the horizontal, a pet being little more than a napping companion, something she could look at and say, "That looks like a good idea. Scoot over, why don't you." A stranger peeking through the window might think that the two of them had entered a suicide pact. She and the dog sprawled like corpses, their limbs arranged into an eternal embrace. "God, that felt good," my mom would say, the two of them waking for a brief stretch. "Now let's go try it on the living room floor."

My father loved the Great Dane for her size, and frequently took her on long, aimless drives during which she'd stick her heavy, anvil-sized head out the window and leak great quantities of foamy saliva. Other drivers pointed and stared, rolling down their windows to shout, "Hey, you got a saddle for that thing?" When they went out for a walk, there was the inevitable "Are you walking *her*, or is it the other way around?"

"Ha, ha," our father always laughed, as if it were the first time he'd heard it. The attention was addictive, and he enjoyed a pride of accomplishment he'd never felt with any of his children. It was as if he were somehow responsible for her size and stature, as if he'd personally designed her spots and trained her to grow to the size of a pony.

When out with the dog, he carried a leash in one hand and a shovel in the other. "Just in case," he said.

"Just in case *what*? She dies of a heart attack and you need to bury her?" I didn't get it.

"No," he'd say. "It's for her, you know, her ... business."

My father was retired, but the dog had business.

I was living in Chicago when they first got Melina, and every time I came home, the animal was bigger. Every time there were more *Marmaduke* cartoons on the refrigerator, and every time my voice grew louder as I asked myself, "Who *are* these people?"

"Down, girl," my parents would chuckle as the dog jumped up, panting for my attention. Her great padded paws reached my waist, then my chest and shoulders, until eventually, her arms wrapped around my neck and her head towering above my own, she came to resemble a dance partner scouring the room for a better offer.

"That's just her way of saying hello," my mother would say, handing me a towel to wipe off the dog's bubbling seepage. "Here, you missed a spot on the back of your head."

Among us children, Melina's diploma from obedience school was seen as the biggest joke since our brother's graduation from Sanderson High School. "So she's not book smart," our mother said. "Big deal. I can fetch my own goddamned newspaper."

The dog's growth was monitored on a daily basis, and every small accomplishment was captured on film. One could find few pictures of my sister Tiffany, while Melina had entire albums devoted to her terrible twos.

"Hit me," my mother said on one of my return visits from Chicago. "No, wait, let me get my camera." She left the room and returned a few moments later. "Okay," she said. "Now hit me. Better yet, why don't you just *pretend* to hit me?"

I raised my hand and my mother cried out in pain. "Ow!" she yelled. "Somebody help me! This stranger is trying to hurt me, and I don't know why."

I caught an advancing blur moving in from the left, and the next thing I knew, I was down on the ground, the Great Dane ripping holes in the neck of my sweater. The camera flashed, and my mother roared, "God, I love that trick."

I rolled over to protect my face. "It's not a trick."

She snapped another picture. "Oh, don't be so critical. It's close enough."

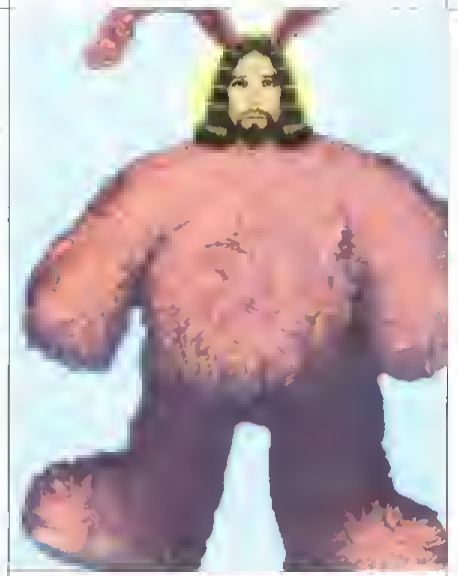
With us grown and out of the house, my sisters and I reasonably expected our parents' lives to stand still. Their assignment was to stagnate and live in the past. We were supposed to be the center of their lives, but instead they constructed a new family, consisting of Melina and the founding members of her fan club. Someone who obviously didn't know her too well had given my mother a cheerful stuffed bear with a calico heart stitched onto its chest. According to the manufacturer, the bear's name was Mumbles, and all it needed in order to thrive was two double-A batteries and a regular diet of hugs.

"Where Mumbles?" my mother would ask, and the dog would jump up and snatch the bear from its hiding place on top of the refrigerator, yanking its body this way and that in hopes of breaking its neck. Occasionally, her teeth would press the *on* switch and the doomed thing would flail its arms, whispering one of its five messages of goodwill.

"That's my girl," my mother would say. "We don't like Mumbles, do we?"

"*We?*"

During the final years of Mädchen Two and the first half of the Melina epoch, I lived with a female cat named Neil who'd been abandoned by a scary alcoholic with long fingernails and a large collection of kimonos. He was a hateful man, and after he moved, the cat was taken in and renamed by my sister Gretchen, who later passed the animal on to me. My mother looked after the cat when I moved from Raleigh, and she flew her to Chicago once I'd found a place and settled in. I'd taken the cheapest apartment I could find, and it showed. Though they were nice, my new neighbors could see no connection between their personal habits and the armies of pests aggressively occupying the building. [*continued on page 241*]



2. Jesus Shaves

"HE NICE, THE JESUS. HE MAKE THE GOOD THINGS, AND ON THE EASTER WE BE SAD BECAUSE SOMEBODY MAKES HIM DEAD TODAY."

And what does one do on the fourteenth of July? Does one celebrate Bastille Day?"

It was my second month of French class, and the teacher was leading us in an exercise designed to promote the use of *one*, our latest personal pronoun.

"Might one sing on Bastille Day?" she asked. "Might one dance in the street? Somebody give me an answer."

Printed in our textbooks was a list of major holidays alongside a scattered arrangement of photos depicting French people in the act of celebration. The object was to match the holiday with the corresponding picture. It was simple enough but seemed an exercise better suited to the use of the word *they*. I didn't know about the rest of the class, but when Bastille Day eventually rolled around, I planned to stay home and clean my oven.

Normally, when working from the book, it was my habit to

tune our my fellow students and scour ahead, concentrating on the question I'd calculated might fall to me, but this afternoon, we were veering from the usual format. Questions were answered on a volunteer basis, and I was able to sit back, confident that the same few students would do the talking. Today's discussion was dominated by an Italian nanny, two chatty Poles, and a pouty, plump Moroccan woman who had grown up speaking French and had enrolled in the class to improve her spelling. She'd covered these lessons back in the third grade and took every opportunity to demonstrate her superiority. A question would be asked and she'd give the answer, behaving as though this were a game show and, if quick enough, she might go home with a tropical vacation or a side-by-side refrigerator-freezer. By the end of her first day, she'd raised her hand so many times, her shoulder had given out. Now she just leaned back in her seat and shouted the answers, her bronzed arms folded across her chest like some great grammar genie.

We finished discussing Bastille Day, and the teacher moved on to Easter, which was represented in our textbook by a black-and-white photograph of a chocolate bell lying upon a bed of palm fronds.

"And what does one do on Easter? Would anyone like to tell us?"

If I could hope to one day carry on a fluent conversation in French, it was a relatively short leap to believing that a rabbit might visit my home in the middle of the night, leaving behind a handful of chocolate kisses and a carton of menthol cigarettes

The Italian nanny was attempting to answer the question when the Moroccan student interrupted, shouting, "Excuse me, but what's an Easter?"

Despite her having grown up in a Muslim country, it seemed she might have heard it mentioned once or twice, but no. "I mean it," she said. "I have no idea what you people are talking about."

The teacher then called upon the rest of us to explain.

The Poles led the charge to the best of their ability. "It is," said one, "a party for the little boy of God who call his self Jesus and [illegible] oh, shit."

She faltered, and her fellow countryman came to her aid.

"He call his self Jesus, and then he be die one day on [illegible] o [illegible] morsels of [illegible] lumber."

The rest of the class jumped in, offering bits of information that would have given the pope an aneurysm.

"He die one day, and then he go above of my head to live with your father."

"He weated the long hair, and after he died, the first day he come back here for to say hello to the peoples."

"He nice, the Jesus."

"He make the good things, and on the Easter we be sad because somebody makes him dead today."

Part of the problem had to do with grammar. Simple nouns such as *cross* and *resurrection* were beyond our grasp, let alone such complicated reflexive phrases as "To give of yourself your only begotten son." Faced with the challenge of explaining the cornerstone of Christianity, we did what any self-respecting group of people might do. We talked about food instead.

"Easter is a party for to eat of the lamb," the Italian nanny explained. "One, too, may eat of the chocolate."

"And who brings the chocolate?" the teacher asked.

I knew the word, and so I raised my hand, saying, "The Rabbit of Easter. He bring of the chocolate."

My classmates reacted as though I'd attributed the delivery to the Antichrist. They were mortified.

"A rabbit?" The teacher, assuming I'd used the wrong word, positioned her index fingers on top of her head, wiggling them as though they were ears. "You mean one of these? A *rabbit* rabbit?"

"Well, sure," I said. "He come in the night when one sleep on a bed. With a hand he have the basket and foods."

The teacher sadly shook her head, as if this explained everything that was wrong with my country. "No, no," she said. "Here in France the chocolate is brought by the big bell that flies in from Rome."

I called for a time-out. "But how do the bell know where you live?"

"Well," she said, "how does a rabbit?"

It was a decent point, but at least a rabbit has eyes. That's a start. Rabbits move from place to place, while most bells can only go back and forth—and they can't even do that on their own power. On top of that, the Easter Bunny has character; he's someone you'd like to meet and shake hands with. A bell has all the personality of a cast-iron skillet. It's like saying that come Christmas, a magic dustpan flies in from the North Pole, led by eight flying cinder blocks. Who wants to stay up all night so they can see a bell? And why fly one in from Rome when they've got more bells than they know what to do with right here in Paris? That's the most implausible aspect of the whole story, as there's no way the bells of France would allow a foreign worker to fly in and take their jobs. That Roman bell would be lucky to get work cleaning up after a French bell's dog—and even then he'd need papers. It just didn't add up.

Nothing we said was of any help to the Moroccan student. A dead man with long hair supposedly living with her father, a leg of lamb served with palm fronds and chocolate. Confused and disgusted, she shrugged her massive shoulders and turned her attention back to the comic book she kept hidden beneath her binder. I wondered then if, without the language barrier, my classmates and I could have done a better job making sense of Christianity, an idea that sounds pretty far fetched to begin with.

In communicating any religious belief, the operative word is *faith*, a concept illustrated by our very presence in that classroom. Why bother struggling with the grammar lessons of a six-year-old if each of us didn't believe that, against all reason, we might eventually improve? If I could hope to one day carry on a fluent conversation, it was a relatively short leap to believing that a rabbit might visit my home in the middle of the night, leaving behind a handful of chocolate kisses and a carton of menthol cigarettes. So why stop there? If I could believe in myself, why not give other improbabilities the benefit of the doubt? I accepted the idea that an omniscient God had cast me in his own image and that he watched over me and guided me from one place to the next. The virgin birth, the resurrection, and the countless miracles—my heart expanded to encompass all the wonders and possibilities of the universe.

A bell, though, that's fucked up.

3. Giant Dreams, Midget Abilities

"WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING YOUR GUITAR, MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE PLAYING AN ACTUAL WOMAN," MISTER MANCINI TOLD ME. "GRAB HER BY THE NECK AND MAKE HER HOLLER."

My father loves jazz and has an extensive collection of records and reel-to-reel tapes he used to enjoy after returning home from work. He might have entered the house in a foul mood, but once he had his Dexter Gordon and a vodka martini, the stress melted away and everything was "Beautiful, baby, just beautiful." The instant the needle hit that record, he'd loosen his tie and become something other than the conservative engineer with a pocketful of IBM pencils embossed with the command THINK.

"Man, oh man, will you get a load of the chops on this guy? I saw him once at the Blue Note, and I mean to tell you that he blew me right out of my chair! A talent like that comes along only once in a lifetime. The guy was an absolute comer, and there I was in the front row. Can you imagine that?"

"Gee," I'd say. "I bet that was really interesting."

Empathy was the wrong tack, as it seemed only to irritate him.

"You don't know the half of it," my father would say. "'Really interesting' my butt. You haven't got a clue. You could have taken a hatchet and cut the man's lips right off his face, chopped them off at the quick, and he still would have played better than anyone else out there. That's how good he was."

Because it was the music we'd grown up with, I liked to think that my sisters and I had a genuine appreciation for jazz. We preferred it over the music our friends were listening to, yet nothing we did or said could convince him of our devotion. Aside from replaying the tune on your own instrument, how could you prove you were really listening? It was as if he expected us to change color at the end of each selection.

Due to his ear and his almost maniacal sense of discipline, I always thought my father would have made an excellent musician. He might have studied the saxophone had he not been born to immigrant parents who considered even pursuits to be an extravagance. They themselves listened only to Greek music, an oxymoron as far as the rest of the world is concerned. Slam its rail in the door of a milk truck and a stray cat could easily yowl out a single certain to top the charts back in Sparta or Thessaloniki. Jazz was my father's only form of rebellion. It was forbidden in his home, and he appreciated it as though it were his own private discovery. As a young man, he hid his 78's under the sofa bed and regularly snuck off to New York City, where he'd haunt the clubs and consort with goateed hipsters. It was a good life while it lasted. He was in his early forties when the company transferred our family to North Carolina.

"You expect me to live *where*?" he'd asked.

The Raleigh winters agreed with him, but he would've gladly traded the temperate climate for a decent radio station. Since he was limited to his record and tape collection, it became his dream that his family might fill the void by someday forming a jazz combo.

His plan took shape the evening he escorted my sisters Lisa and Gretchen and me to the local state university to see Dave Brubeck, who was then touring with his sons. The audience roared when the quartet took the stage, and I leaned back and shut my eyes, pretending the applause was for me. In order to get that kind of attention, you needed a routine that would knock people's socks off. I'd been working on something in private and now began to imagine bringing it to a larger audience. The act consisted of me dressed in a nice shirt and tie and singing a medley of commercial jingles in the voice of Billie Holiday, who was one of my father's favorite singers. For my Raleigh concert, I'd probably open with the number used to promote the town's oldest shopping center. A quick nod to my accompanist, and I'd launch into "The Excitement of Cameron Village Will Carry You Away." The beauty of my rendition was that it captured both the joy and the sorrow of a visit to Ellisburg's or JCPenney. This would be followed by such crowd pleasers as "Winston Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should" and the catchy new Coke commercial, "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing."

I was lost in my fantasy, ignoring Dave Brubeck and coming up for air only when my father elbowed my ribs to ask, "Are you *listening* to this? These cats are burning the paint right off the walls!" The other audience members sat calmly, as if in church, while my father snapped his fingers and bobbed his head low against his chest. People pointed, and when we begged him to sit up and act normal, he cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted out a request for "Blue Rondo a La Turk."

Driving home from the concert that night, he drummed his palms against the steering wheel, saying, "Did you *hear* that? The guy just gets better every day! He's up there onstage with his kids by his side—the whole lot of them jamming up a storm. Christ almighty, what I wouldn't give for a family like that. You guys should think of putting an act together."

My sister Lisa coughed up a mouthful of grapefruit soda.

"No, I mean it," my father said. "All you need are some lessons and instruments and I swear to God you'd go right through the roof." We hoped this was just another of his five-minute ideas, but by the time we reached the house his eyes were still glowing. "That's exactly what you need to do," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of it sooner."

The following afternoon, he bought a baby grand piano. It



was a used model that still managed to look imposing, even when positioned on a linoleum floor. We took turns stabbing at the keys, but as soon as the novelty wore off we bolstered it with sofa cushions and turned it into a fort. The piano sat neglected in the traditional sense until my father signed Gretchen up for a series of lessons. Lisa was assigned the flute, and I returned home from a scout meeting one evening to find my instrument leaning against the aquarium in my bedroom.

"Hold on to your hat," my father said, "because here's that guitar you always wanted."

Surely he had me confused with someone else. While I had regularly petitioned for a brand-name vacuum cleaner, I'd never said anything about wanting a guitar. Nothing about it appealed to me, not even on an aesthetic level. I had my room arranged just so, and the instrument did not fit in with my nautical theme. An anchor, yes. A guitar, no. He wanted me to jam, so I jammed it in my closet, where it remained until he signed me up for a series of private lessons offered at a music shop located on the ground floor of the recently opened North Hills Mall. I fought it as best I could and feigned illness even as he dropped me off for my first appointment.

"But I'm sick," I yelled, watching him pull out of the parking lot. "I have a virus, and besides that, I don't want to play a musical instrument—don't you know *anything*?"

When it finally sank in that he wasn't coming back, I lugged my guitar into the music store, where the manager led me to my teacher, a perfectly formed midget named Mister Mancini. I was twelve years old at the time, small for my age, and it was startling to find myself locked in a windowless room with a man who barely reached my chest. It seemed wrong that I would be taller than my teacher, but I kept this observation to myself, saying only, "My father told me to come here. It was all his idea."

A fastidious dresser stuck in a small, unfashionable town, Mister Mancini wore clothing I recognized from the young-squires department of Hudson Belk. Some nights he favored button-up shirts with clip-on ties, while other evenings I arrived to find him dressed in flared slacks and snug turtleneck sweaters, a swag of love beads hanging from his neck. His arms were manly and covered in coarse, dark hair, while his voice was high and strange, as if it had been recorded and was now being played back at a faster speed.

Not a dwarf but an honest-to God midget. My fascination was both evident and unwelcome and was nothing he hadn't been subjected to a million times before. He didn't shake my hand, just lit a cigarette and reached for the conch shell he used as an ashtray. Like my father, Mister Mancini assumed that anyone could learn to play the guitar. He had picked it up during a single summer spent in what he called "Hot 'lanta, G. A." This, I knew, was a racy name given to Atlanta, Georgia. "Now *that*," he said, "is one classy place if you know where to go." He grabbed my guitar and began tuning it, holding his head close against the strings. "Yessiree kid, the girls down on Peachtree are running wild twenty-four hours a day."

He mentioned a woman named Beth, saying, "They threw away the mold and shut down the factory after making that one, you know what I mean?"

I nodded my head, having no idea what he was talking about.

"She wasn't much of a cook, but, hey, I guess that's why God invented TV dinners." He laughed at his little joke and repeated the line about the frozen dinners as if he would use it later in a comedy routine. "God made TV dinners, yeah, that's good." He told me he'd named his guitar after Beth. "Now I can't keep my hands off it!" he said. "Seriously, though, it helps if you give your instrument a name. What do you think you'll call yours?"

"Maybe I'll call it Oliver," I said. It was the name of my hamster, and I was used to saying it.

Then again, maybe not.

"Oliver?" Mister Mancini set my guitar on the floor. "Oliver? What the hell kind of name is that? If you're going to devote yourself to the guitar, you need to name it after a girl, not a guy."

"Oh, right," I said, "Joan. I'll call it Joan."

"So tell me about this Joan," he said. "Is she something pretty special?"

Joan was the name of one of my cousins, but it seemed unwise to share this information. "Oh, yeah," I said. "Joan's really ... great. She's tall and ... " I felt self-conscious using the word *tall* and struggled to take it back. "She's small and has brown hair and everything."

"Is she stacked?"

I'd never noticed my cousin's breasts and was working to conceal the horrible secret that I'd never noticed anyone's breasts, not unless, like our housekeeper's, they were large enough to appear freakish. "Stacked? Well, sure," I said. "She's pretty stacked." I was afraid he'd ask me for a more detailed description and was relieved when he crossed the room and removed Beth from her case. He told me that a guitar student needed plenty of discipline. Talent was great, but time had taught him that talent was also extremely rare. "I've got it," he said. "But then again, I was born with it. It's a gift from God, and those of us who have it are very special people."

He seemed to know that I was nothing special, just a type, yet another boy whose father had his head in the clouds.

"Do you have a *feel* for the guitar? Do you have any idea what this little baby is capable of?" Without waiting for an answer, he climbed up into his chair and began playing "Light My Fire," adding, "This one is for Joan."

"You know that it would be untrue," he sang. "You know that I would be a liar." The little man played beautifully but sang "Light My Fire" as if he were a Webelo scout demanding a match. He finished his opening number, nodded his head in acknowledgment of my applause, and moved on, offering up his own unique and unsettling versions of "The Girl from Ipanema" and "Little Green Apples" while I sat trapped in my seat, my false smile stretched so tight I lost all feeling in the lower half of my face. My fingernails had grown a good three inches by the time he struck his final note and called me close to point out a few simple chords. Before I left, he handed me a half dozen purpled, mimeographed handouts that we both knew were useless.

Back at the house, my mother had my dinner warming in the oven. From the living room came the aimless whisper of Lisa's flute, it sounded not unlike the wind whipping through an empty Pepsi can. Down in the basement, either Gretchen was practicing her piano or the cat was chasing a moth across the keys. My mother responded by turning up the volume on the kitchen TV while my father pushed back my plate, set Joan in my lap, and instructed me to play. "Listen to this," he crowed. "A house full [*continued on page 242*]

Isaac Mizrahi

Garage doors, dead horses, George Clooney, Marilyn Manson, American Indians, and, of course, neurotic New York Jews dressed in black: A fashion gadabout

offers his predictions, opinions, and thoughts on the state of men's style.

I CAN'T GIVE A MAN A PRESCRIPTION FOR HOW TO LOOK STYLISH. Style is very specific to the person, as opposed to fashion, which is a general thing. If there are twenty billion people in the world, there are twenty billion styles. Can I say any man would look most stylish if he looked like *this*? The answer has to be no, definitely not—because man A would look best like *this*, but man B would look really ridiculous, and man C, well, he should just stay naked. ¶ That said, there is one common philosophy, one thing that you can do no matter who you are or what you look like: You can actually get passionate instead of remaining cool or instead of trying to look like everybody else. You can—*you must*—immerse yourself passionately in who you are if you want to have style. ¶ That's why I think that dressing up will come back. I don't know what it will look like—it won't look like Beau Brummell, necessarily—but there will be a kind of formality that will emerge from where we are now. I really believe that people want a little glamour, because, well, because they're vain. And vanity is a very good thing, I think it's a virtue. It's what makes us look good, and it's only polite to look good.

The hard part about that is that there are no role models today. We used to have role models. Cary Grant, for instance. In the twenties and thirties, people were trying to look like Douglas Fairbanks or John Barrymore. They looked at them and thought, *Oh, my God, I must get a suit that looks like Savile Row, I must slick my hair back and turn profile every time I'm being looked at.* Today, it's the opposite. Who is there today? George Clooney? He's taking his cues from the street—he's going the other way, trying to look like a waiter, but a waiter isn't trying to look like George Clooney. I'm telling you, if I go to one more photo shoot with some starlet to whom you bring a fabulous ball gown and beautiful jewelry and makeup and she wants to wear a white shirt and jeans and maybe some turquoise jewelry, like a big turquoise necklace to show that she's somehow involved with the American Indian struggle or something—it's such a bore.

I'm terribly bored with all that, with deconstruction. I go to Chelsea and look around and think, *Ho hum, another industrial floor, another plywood wall. Fine. Could you please lacquer this entire thing and I'll adore it.* It's like those galleries with garage doors, and I'm thinking, *Glamorize it just a little bit. Give me a little glitter.* I went to London to see Jude Law in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore,* and it was good, but the whole thing was on a dirt floor with rusted metal and bonfires and it was totally deconstructed, and I thought, *If I see one more classic tragedy where it's about dirt floors and blood dripping and a dead horse in the corner . . .* I'm just tired of that. So I think it's going to end. Of course, there have always been exceptions to this sort of thing. There's always been Madonna—very artificial and glamorous and even overdressed. But now there's Marilyn Manson, too, and it's like, forget Madonna—there's a whole new *gender* he's creating.

As for the current state of men's wear, I think there are a lot of great designers, and they're all on their own little trips, but in particular there's something about the way English people think as designers that I feel is very important now. It's a little fussy, which is great. Now, I don't want to wear a corset and a powdered wig every day, but I'm tired of looking like a neurotic, minimalist New York Jew—I'm just bored with it. And that's what the look has been for the last ten years. That's what Helmut Lang looks like. It looks like Calvin Klein from the seventies but a little more neurotic and a little more skewed to the deconstructive. It's very good, but I'd love to see a beautiful tweed suit or something with a tie or a cravat. Just a little touch of something that's a little bit fussy, as if you actually thought about it. For roughly the cost of an off-the-rack designer suit, you can have a bespoke one made on Savile Row. Now, I love looking at girls who have matching shoes and handbags, looking at men who are wearing pochettes. I have hundreds of pochettes in my drawers, stacks of them, and I could not stick one in my pocket for ten or fifteen years, and now I want to wear a pocket square. It's like, *I'm gonna flaunt this in your fucking mammalist face. I'm gonna flaunt this damn bit of finery.* It's as though we've all wanted to look as if we're not conscious, as if we're not responsible for ourselves. We want to look as though we are at odds with the universe, as though we're wasted. That's sexy, but that's what's going to change. What about feeling wasted and looking amazing? Isn't that more decadent? ◻



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT WATSON

Solo Performances

Esquire Style

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL JASMIN

CALIFORNIANS HAVE ALWAYS BENT THE CLOTHES RULES. BUT THEY'RE MORE INDIVIDUAL THESE DAYS.

SOME GET THEIR CASUAL CUES OFF THE REELS OF CASUAL DRESSING. HERE'S RIGHT THEIR SAY. THEM.



RULE NUMBER O
TO BE COMFORTABLE
DRESSED-DOWN SU

LOOKING CARELESS, CH
TS OR DRESSED-UP CASUAL CLOTH

BILL POPE CINEMATOGRAPHER

For dress code–free types who can get away with it—like Pope, who lensed *The Matrix*—easy cuts in fine materials are the best way to be casual and creative without inspiring your coworkers to shout, "Look what the cat dragged in." Try a superlight suede jacket—almost a shirt—over a fine-weave cotton sweater, finished off with a deerskin suede cel cant ($3,785) and cotton sweater ($775) by Hermès.



RULE NUMBER TWO:
SIMPLE STATEMENTS GET THE MOST ATTENTION,
AND NOTHING BESPEAKS SIMPLICITY LIKE BLACK AND WHITE.

MITCH GLAZER, SCREENWRITER, AND KELLY LYNCH, ACTRESS

Glazer, who adapted *Great Expectations* for the screen, demonstrates how a boxy Rat Pack–inspired suit looks best in a dark color with a crisp white cotton shirt underneath. No frills, no patterns, just the assured cut of the jacket with the most basic of accompaniments. Two-button single-breasted linen and viscose suit ($1,645) by Costume National; cotton shirt ($125) by New York Industrie.

RULE NUMBER THREE:
ACHIEVE EASE BY PARING DOWN WHAT YOU WEAR
TO ONLY THE MOST NECESSARY ITEMS.

ORLANDO JONES, ACTOR

A superlight raincoat in unlined gabardine is exactly what you need during spring showers—who wants to break a sweat while trying to stay dry? Jones, the 7UP pitchman who plays a transvestite nurse in this month's *Chain of Fools*, wears a featherweight cashmere crewneck to keep it light. Cotton raincoat ($948), cashmere crewneck ($398), and flat-front cotton trousers ($158) by Donna Karan Collection.

RULE NUMBER FOUR: BALANCE TRENDY CLOTHES WIT[H] A FOUNDATION OF CLASSICS LIKE THE NAVY BLAZER.

GARETH KANTNER, RESTAURANT OWNER AND CHEF
The best way to pull off a trendy piece is to wear it with plenty of standards. Nonconformist fatigue pants are mellowed by the simple all-American combination of the white shirt and navy gabardine sport coat. Two button single-breasted cashmere sport coat ($2 08[illegible]), cotton shirt ($202), and cotton fatigues ($400) by Dolce & Gabbana



ERIC FISNER, EXECUTIVE WITH WIFE LISA, PHOTOGRAPHER, AND CHILDREN
Two button single-breasted wool suit ($1,240) and cotton [illegible]



GAVIN POLONE, MANAGER AND PRODUCER
Two button, single-breasted wool sport coat ($1,120) baby-blue cashmere shirt ($465), and poly-blend cotton trousers ($590) by Valentino; leather loafers ($125) by Tod's

CHRIS HEROK, WAITER
Three button single-breasted wool suit ($1,383); cotton crewneck sweater [illegible] lace-up shoes ($420) by Burberry Prorsum.



RICHARD KOSHALEK, ARTS COLLEGE PRESIDENT
Three button single-breasted three-piece wool and silk suit ($[illegible]) and linen jersey crewneck ($150) by Joseph Abboud





RULE NUMBER [illegible].
[illegible] SILHOUETTE WILL KEEP YOU FROM LOOKI[illegible]PPY WHEN DRESSING SOFT.

[illegible] AND MICHAEL COSTIGA[illegible]TION EXECUTIVES

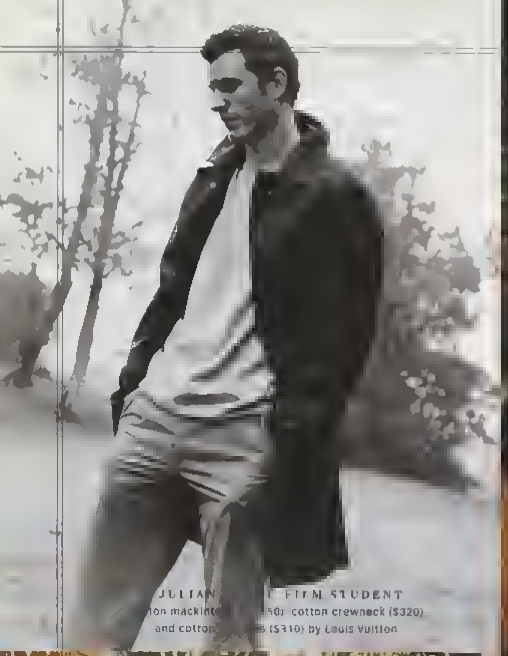
[illegible] suits on George, who [illegible] working on [illegible] the *Italian Job*, and Michael, w[illegible] *Charlie's Angels*, are close fitting b[illegible] with neither lining nor shoulder [illegible] On George, left: Two-button singl[illegible] wool and cotton suit ($1,975) a[illegible] Armani, leather loafers ($175) by [illegible] Michael, right: Three-button [illegible] cotton V neck ($65); cotton shirt ($[illegible]her lace ups ($375) by Giorgio [illegible]



RULE NUMBER SIX:
KEEP COLORS SIMPLE AND OUTFITS MONOCHROMATIC TO AVOID CLOWN COMPARISONS.

MICHAEL KAPLAN, COSTUME DESIGNER

Color in a suit can be a precarious thing. Blended with a shirt that is one shade lighter, this slim fitting, wine-colored cotton number is a good use of hue for a look that's different, but not *different*. Three button single-breasted cotton suit ($1,845) and cotton shirt ($395) by Jil Sander; square toe leather loafers ($320) by Tod's



JULIAN [illegible] FIRM STUDENT
[illegible]ton mackintosh [illegible]50) cotton crewneck ($320)
and cotton [illegible]s ($310) by Louis Vuitton



[illegible] ARTIS[illegible]
[illegible]swea[illegible] ($39[illegible] flat-front co[illegible]
[illegible]pple [illegible]ea[illegible] [illegible]ups ($440)



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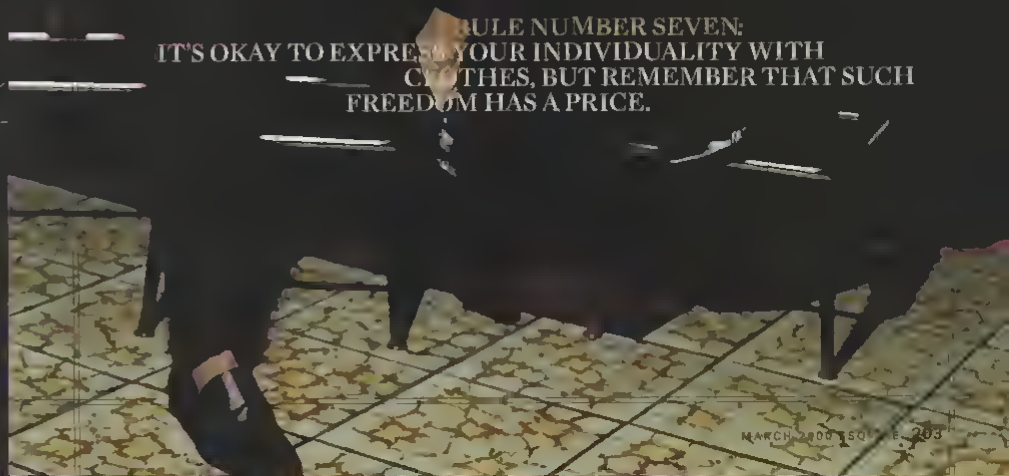


SEAN MACPHERSON, RESTAURATEUR
Three-button single-breasted wool suit ($495) and snap-front cotton western shirt ($68) by Tommy Hilfiger, leather loafers ($780) by Jil Sander

Casting and production by Barbara DeWitt. Grooming by Eric Gabriel for Rex L. A.



MATTHEW FRADMAN, ACTOR, AND JAHMIN ASSA, W[illegible]
You're out on the town. Never mind blending into the masses—here's the time to stand out. Match leather and tropical weight wool to get something that's a little bit Steve McQueen (not a lot, if you please) and a little bit your grandfather—two men who had it figured out, we reckon. On Matthew, left: Leather motorcycle jacket ($1,788), nylon trousers ($410), and leather loafers ($350) by Prada. On Jahmin, right: Three-button single-breasted wool suit ($1,778), cashmere cardigan ($630), nylon mesh shirt ($230), and leather lace-ups ($350) by Prada. *For store information see page 245*



RULE NUMBER SEVEN:
IT'S OKAY TO EXPRESS YOUR INDIVIDUALITY WITH
CLOTHES, BUT REMEMBER THAT SUCH
FREEDOM HAS A PRICE.



What I've Learned

Haley Joel Osment

Actor, 11, Los Angeles

INTERVIEWED BY ROSS JOHNSON

The best advice my dad ever gave me is that acting is believing. Acting is not acting. It isn't putting on a face and dancing around in a mask. It's believing that you are that character and playing him as if it were a normal day in the life of that character.

People love to get scared. People want to see the worst thing that can happen.

How well you do at an audition determines how well you do in the film.

Kobe Bryant is my favorite basketball player. He takes risks. He goes for the shot. He isn't cautious with whatever he does. Kevin Garnett, unlike Kobe, takes his time. He uses his height, which is his big advantage, to really get the best possible shot.

The Sixth Sense was like a puzzle that had been put together, and that puzzle was much bigger than I thought it would ever be.

Some girls paid more attention to me after the movie. Some talk to me more.

Before I started acting, my dad worked as an architect during the day and acted at night. It was wonderful to watch my dad act. I loved being able to watch somebody being somebody else.

My dad never told me that when you audition, you might not get the role. He wanted to wait until my first disappointment to tell me.

When I was five, I went on my first audition. It was for a Pizza Hut commercial. They had about a hundred kids in one room, and we had about two seconds to answer the question, "What's the biggest thing you've ever seen?" And some kids said, "A Big Mac" or "My dad's car." I said, "The IMAX theater at USC." And they asked me, "Why is it the biggest?" And I said, "Because it's seventy-five feet tall and a hundred feet long." I got the part. I think they liked me because they wanted someone who wasn't afraid of them.

When I was a little kid, I loved imagining things. I'd go outside and put on a cape and just imagine I was somebody else.

There's always going to be another part.

Acting has never been boring or disappointing. Acting is fun.

I want to be treated like a normal kid, like I was before *The Sixth Sense*.

There are kids at my school who go out auditioning for parts. Six- and seven-year-old kids talk about who their agents are. But when I was their age, I didn't know about their version of showbiz.

I always wanted to work with a big star like Bruce Willis. When I got to the set, he was a much better person than I'd ever expected. He was easy to get along with, which was important because I had to trust him in the film.

I don't like to brag about my grades, but I've gotten straight A's for the past five trimesters.

I think I do well in school because I love to read. I like Tolkien and Harry Potter, of course. I read sports stories for enjoyment, but they don't have the best vocabulary.

It's hard to watch *SportsCenter* every night.

What I like least about acting is that when you're only in one place, you're missing the other part of life.

You should always be nice to people who are the reasons why you're a success.

I try to keep away from being bigheaded. That's what causes people to lose the acting thing. They start being commercial, and then they stink the rest of their life. But there are several respected adult actors who were child actors that started very young. I'm going to try to model myself after Kurt Russell and Jodie Foster. Just keep learning from the role and not just go for the money.

Things can happen when you lose the art. I try to steer away from doing something that's just commercial instead of sticking to a good script.

Kids come up to me and ask me how to get auditions or how to meet stars. If I had to give any advice, I'd tell them to try to do what my dad says, which is to act real and show your personality.

I've never seen dead people. ■

FOR AUDIO CLIPS OF THIS INTERVIEW, VISIT ESQUIREMAG.COM/OSMENT

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW WEICH



Lessons in the simple humanity of Donald J. Trump, America's Host

By Tom Junod

Photographs by Nadav Kander

I MEAN HE CALLED TO ASK ABOUT MY MOTHER

When I first went down to Florida to meet him, it was three days before my mother, a senior citizen, was scheduled to undergo open-heart surgery. When I told him about my concerns—when I told him that I was scared out of my wits—he responded by inviting me to bring her to brunch at Mar-a-Lago, the place he owns in Palm Beach. My mother did not feel up to it and respectfully declined the invitation. She went into the hospital the following Tuesday morning. I stayed in Florida a week to be with her, and the first day I came back home, the phone rang in my office. It was his secretary, asking me to hold for her boss. I held, and then I heard, after a brief pause, that voice, that peremptory baritone so pregnant with ingrained calculation and self-regard that most of the time it can't help but strike the ear as fatuous. The first thing he said: "Thomas, how's your mother?"

"Fine, Donald. She's a strong lady. It looks like she's going to pull through."

"When did you get home from Florida?"

"Yesterday."

"Good, good. So you were able to spend time with her. That's the most important thing. You know, we're all gonna end up there one day, my friend. Even guys like you and me."

The phone call lasted all of two minutes, and when it was over I called my mother to tell her that Donald Trump had called, asking about her health.

"You know what I'm all about?" he asks as we pull up to the gate of the new Trump International Golf Club in West Palm Beach. "Quality. This place just reeks of quality. Look at the guardhouse. It's made of mahogany and cochina. You think any other guard in America works in a guardhouse like *that*?"

"Did he *really*?" my mother said.

"Yeah, Ma, he did."

"Aw, that was awfully nice of him," she said.

"Yeah, Ma, it was."

Okay, then. Was he spinning me, was he playing me, was he selling me? Of course he was. That's what he *does*. Indeed, when people ask if he is always *that way*—if, indeed, he is always Donald Trump—I say he always is, and he never is, at the very same time, in the very same word and the very same gesture, and that's why he's so . . . permanent.

Besides, I say, he called to ask about my mother. What else do you want me to say about the guy?

"RAYMOONDO—"

He calls Ray Floyd, the golfer, Raymoondo.

Not Ray or Raymond or even Raymundo, with the blunted American vowel. No, Ray*mooon*do, with those grasping, parroty lips fastening lasciviously on the *o*.

As in "Nice shot, Raymoondo." As in "Oh, that was pure, Raymoondo." As in "Raymoondo, did Roberto just hit a sky ball? I think he did, Raymoondo. I think Roberto just hit a sky ball."

Roberto: Ray Floyd's son Robert.

As in "I thought I was going to meet with a couple of hackers here, Tommy. I thought I was going to show off. Instead, I have to meet up with these fuckers, Roberto and Georgie and Raymoondo, who's only a hall-of-famer. Okay? Ray Floyd, who's maybe one of the ten best of all *time* . . . "

As in "I have to meet up with Ray*mooon*do here, who's *definitely* top ten, all time. . . . "

"One of the best putters of all time. . . . "

"One of the best chippers of all time, okay? Maybe *the* best. . . . "

As in "One of the best money players of all time, Tommy. And you know how he makes his money? With the iron. Come over here and watch how Raymoondo makes his money. Roberto and Georgie—they're longer off the tee than Raymoondo, they're beasts, but you wouldn't want to bet against Raymoondo, would you? Not if you want to save your money. Right, Raymoondo? You bet against Raymoondo, Tomaso, Ray*mooon*do will take the money right out of your pockets."

The thing is, Trump doesn't even know Raymoondo. Nor does he know Roberto—"Only the top-rated amateur player in the country, all right? Do you think it's in the genes, my friend? What do you think? I think so." Nor does he know George, who is the agent for the Floyds, *pere et fils*. He just met them, joining their party as they teed up on the tenth hole. Come to think of it, he just met me, too, although our acquaintance seems somehow *longer*, because . . . well, maybe because he's already in the habit of slapping me on the back. Yeah, that's right. Donald Trump, so famously averse to the ritual of the handshake, is as incessant a back slapper as any car salesman at a Kiwanis Club picnic. He started back in the tent that serves as the temporary clubhouse for the newly minted Trump International Golf Club, when he was introducing me to Vic Damone—

As in "Vic Damone, Tom. Sinatra said he has the best pipes in the business."

As in "Vic *Damone*, my friend. What more can I say? A *legend*. No less an authority than Frank *Sinatra* said he has the best pipes in the business, and who's gonna know better, okay?"

—and now, every time I stand next to him, his rather soft, white, uncallused hand curls around to strike me between the shoulder blades. It should be disconcerting, or at least annoying, but it's not. Instead, it's a touching gesture, a generous one, because it's as if he wants me to be *in* on this—in on *him*. In on his partners, Raymoondo and Roberto and Georgie. In on this day, on the feeling you get in Florida when the sun finally vaporizes the clouds and for one blessed and transitory moment there's like this *fizz* in the air, and the sodden sky breaks forth blue and untainted and alive. And, most particularly and most pointedly, in on the glories of the Trump International Golf Club. He is very proud of the Trump International Golf Club, as well he should be, because what was here before he was here was—well, nothing. The void. It was wild, *virgin*, nothing but scrub and swamp and palmetto and pisspine and creepgrass, all flat and sunken and dismal, the forest primeval, a parcel of 215 acres left untouched between the international airport and the county jail until he took it upon himself to *touch* it, until he tamed the void by naming the void, until he cut it down and built it back up, until he planted *mature* trees at a cost, duly noted, of $9 million and moved the earth itself in order to bend it to his will while at the same time counting each decaffeinated clod. How much earth did he move? "Two million cubic yards," he says. "Which is a record." The flat land he crinkled and folded; the dismal swamp he made bright with burbling brook and suspirant waterfall, a vista available to the yearning of both prisoner and pilot, with the eighteenth hole rising inexorably into a mounded, aureoled peak that attained, miracle of miracles, the "highest elevation in south Florida." The highest! And now, by God, I'm in it, I'm on it, and although I don't even freaking *play* golf, I'm advancing by silent cart toward that propitious molehill, along with Raymoondo, who is shortish and strong and has silver hair and nice sun-burnished capillaries and purply blue eyes that never really bother to look at you, and Roberto, who looks like a big, old, ample frat boy mounted atop replicas of his father's chiseled championship calves, and Georgie, the beast, who keeps an unlit cigar in his mouth and clenches it into cud with each mighty swing, and then Donald Trump himself, who wears a red hat and a white shirt and blue slacks and whose face is pink and whose hair is blond and whose thatch of exposed chest hair is the color of ash.



"What do you think of the course, Tomas? Isn't it incredible? Our friend Ray*mooon*do here says it's one of the best he's ever played, and he's played enough of them to know."

"They say it takes 150 acres to build a good course, 185 to build a great one. This is *215* acres, okay? We're charging $250,000 for memberships. And we're raising the price to $300,000 in January. And still we can't keep 'em out. I have a folder of applications *this* thick—I'll show it to you. The demand is incredible, nothing short of incredible. . . . "

"Oh, look what these guys are doing to me. They're playing the back tees. I haven't even *seen* the fucking green from this far away, okay? I don't even know what it looks like, all right? I thought I was going to meet up with Mr. Schwartz out here—somebody who was gonna make me look good. My luck, I meet Raymoondo here, I meet these guys, who only know how to play it one way—long. Okay? *Long*."

He's up to it, though, sort of. He doesn't have a bad-looking swing. A little complicated, maybe, a little elongated, a little less than the sum of its parts, but he hits the ball straight, with too much lift but with a little bit of carry, so that the sun makes the white ball sparkle on its drooping flight, and once, on the eleventh, when he drives past the traps and manages to trickle out on the fairway right next to Raymoondo, everybody applauds and says, "Nice shot, Donald," and he looks at me and says, "The kid can play," and I have to wonder why I find myself rooting for him.

I SAW HIM ONCE WHEN HE was running for president. He was at his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, taping an appearance on *Hardball* in front of a student audience. His erstwhile girlfriend, Melania Knauss, was in the audience, and so was his son Don, determinedly anonymous and shadow-faced and very nearly lost in the crowd. And there *was* a crowd there, too, a pretty good one, notwithstanding the expectations of the TV producers, who kept on gesturing at the empty balconies and saying, "I wish we had more people. We need more people. Is there anybody out in the street?" It took a long time for them to start the show, and when they did Trump advanced down the aisle in his blue suit and his red tie, with his hair tinseled and swirled and his lips puckered into the approximation of some kind of orifice and his arms raised and his fingers split and mounted into two flying V's. I couldn't tell whether he was flashing the signs for peace or for victory, but it had always struck me how *square* he was—how even his image as a swinger was as deeply rooted in the ethics of square as Hugh Hefner's Playboy Philosophy—and now he looked positively . . . Nixonian. He grew up in Queens, the son of a successful builder and developer, and his idea of rebellion was doing what his father had done—but bigger, better, and in Manhattan. Now, at fifty-three, he looked like a guy who had never thought to join a student protest when he'd gone to school and so, upon his return, was giving the kids what he thought they wanted: peace signs. He appeared, in fact, to be exactly what he is: a determinedly unironic man whose career has been made possible by a culture of determined irony—by a culture that allowed him to matter precisely because it had decided he didn't matter at all. He was earnest, and though smart enough to explore our cynicism—hell, to encapsulate it and turn it into a kind of swagger—he managed to remain ludicrously and hyperbolically uncynical himself, and so, even as he introduced Mela

nia not as "my girlfriend" but rather as "my supermodel," he turned around and sang the praises of marriage, voicing his wry regret that he had not been up to its rigorous pleasures. Indeed, when the host, Chris Matthews, asked him about his two divorces, he allowed that they were the only things he had ever done that had disappointed his late father, who had married Donald's mother for life, and for a moment he seemed almost human, with something at the end of him, something beyond him, something more to Donald Trump than just *Donald Trump*, and I wondered if he was running for president to find it.

He was still running for president when I met him two weeks later in the main room of Mar-a-Lago, which was built and decorated by Marjorie Merriweather Post back in the days when a fortune of half a billion dollars bought a lot more than a hundred million shares in DJT stock. There is, indeed, an oil portrait of Ms. Merriweather in the clubbiest of Mar-a-Lago's barrooms, and right across from it hangs a portrait of Trump in the same kind of gilded frame but slightly larger, without the dignity and patina of yellowing oil and instead painted in the optimistic and frankly heroic style of scenes airbrushed onto the sides of Chevy vans. It is the only corruption in Trump's otherwise impeccable stewardship of Mar-a-Lago—that is, if you don't count the transformation of Mar-a-Lago from a private home into a private club, which caused consternation in Palm Beach by making one of the town's bastions open to any arriviste with $100,000. In fact, there is something of the bed-and-breakfast to Mar-a-Lago these days, with its insistent admixture of family members and paying customers, so that along with New York investment bankers hosting mistresses in halter tops and denim clamdiggers, one gets to watch young Don sitting at the bar and winsome Ivanka walking the grounds in a tennis dress, nor to mention your host himself—aw, heck, *America's* host—Donald J. Trump. See, a lot of people assume him arrogant, but really, he's much too solicitous for that. He works you too hard for that, and so if he's arrogant at all, he's arrogant in the way a maître d' is arrogant—arrogant in the way of a man who, no matter what he thinks of himself, knows that he is dependent on paying customers.

Tony, Trump's butler, offers an example of his boss's leadership: "I usually leave a bucket of ice in his room before I go home. One time, I asked a maid to do it. She didn't. The next day he didn't even yell. He just said 'I had no ice last night.' Tony. That's not like you.' I never did it again. That's leadership."

I was sitting on a divan when he arrived in his red-white-and-blue golf outfit, his face pink and his hair blond and his thatch the color of ash. I'd been talking to Tony Senecal, a dapper, bow-tied gentleman who'd jauntily introduced himself as "Donald J. Trump's butler" and who'd gone on to tell me the story of the angriest he'd ever seen his employer: the time he allowed the cover of a silver platter to come in contact with the wings of Mr. T.'s roast capon. "He's sort of obsessed about those covers," Tony said. "He thinks they go unwashed. I thought he was going to throw it at me." Then, against the backdrop of fading Venetian tapestries, Mr. T. made his entrance, sitting down next to me with the words "How's my man?" as Tony gracefully exempted himself. "So what do you want to talk about?" Trump asked, and after a few minutes of blather, after a few minutes of Trumpism, pure and impregnable, I remembered his talk with Chris Matthews—the one inkling he'd allowed of some kind of vulnerability—and told him that I wanted to talk to him about his divorces. "Sure, I'll talk to you about divorce," he answered after a pause, and then, leaning back, getting comfortable, he permitted himself a satisfied, even loutish smile. "Hey," he said, "you gotta admit: The kid's the king of the prenups."

And that's the way it is with Donald Trump: He is first and foremost Donald Trump, as when, on our way to the golf course, he got into his royal-blue Lamborghini and, on the seat, found an inexplicable accumulation of coins and said, "Somebody's money," and tossed it up in the air for his valets to catch, like a handful of seed. He always does *that* thing or says *those* words, which remind you that his entire charm depends on his not being taken seriously, and then he will turn around and *ask* you to take him seriously, or at least to consider the humanity he's taken such care to hide. He asked me on our way to the golf course in the Lamborghini, which was so new that its opalescent leather seats were still covered in plastic, in the manner of a preserved chaise longue in a Long Island living room, and he had trouble finding the windshield wipers and even more trouble finding third gear and had to make himself heard over an engine whining like an airliner bucking itself to a halt. "So what's this story going to be about?" he asked, ever vigilant of—and at the same time utterly blind to—the uses and fluctuations of his image. I told him what I was thinking at the time: that I was interested in him because he could be the first *guy* to ever run for president, or rather, the first guy to ever run for president *as* a guy, and so no matter how he fared in his campaign, he stood a chance of liberating this country from the revolting shibboleths that have crippled our politics and made a liar of Bill Clinton. He could be the first man ever to run for president as a function of his wanting, of his covetousness, of, yes, his greed, the first man to ever posit the presidency as the pinnacle not merely of male ambition but of male *desire*, the first man who could come right out and say he was running for president for power and prestige and publicity and pussy without hiding his might behind the pieties of public service. He could be the first presidential candidate allowed to say "fuck" in an interview, as well as the first to relish openly the prospect of fucking a supermodel in the Oval Office, as well as the first to drive a fucking Lamborghini. "You see, I don't give a shit," he once said to me during a discussion of his "negatives," which included, in his words, "the fact that I date extraordinarily beautiful women." "That is one of the things about me," he said. "I don't care. I don't give a fuck." Except that he does—he cares deeply about what he wants, to the extent that he is shaped by his wanting, marred by it, and has always been. I mean, look at his face. He was always *that guy*, and that's why he's lasted so long—to show us ourselves, our faces, what we look like in . . . pursuit. He persists and endures not because of a habit of reinvention but because he remains so solidly and incontrovertibly himself that he forces the culture to recontextualize him. He was the new economy in the old economy, and now he's the old economy in the new. Capitalism has tri-

"I don't see any Smirnoff here."



"Quick, we can still leave before anyone sees us."



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umphed utterly, and to countenance its encroachment we have swallowed the lie that it's all nice, neutered software moguls and mommies driving their babies around in Lincoln Navigators. Well, Trump *is* capitalism, friends, and he's here to show you what it is and show you what it's not—to show you that it's still composed of striving and grasping and selling. He is to the new American business mogul what the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders are to the new sex symbols—you might call him tacky and tasteless, but he'll be around as long as we're around, and as long as we're around, we're going to want something like *that*.

Trump listened respectfully. I have to admit that I shortened the spiel somewhat—cut it off, in fact, after offering the bit about him being the first *guy* to run for president—but he listened respectfully and then said, with something like a sigh, "Well, you're gonna write what you want to write. But most people, when they write about me, write about me like I'm a *machine*, like I'm some kind of motherfucker. I couldn't be as successful as I am if I was just a machine and a motherfucker. One of these days, I'd like for someone to try to find another side of me."

THERE ARE TWO PLACES AT THE Trump International Golf Club that have resisted its proprietor's shaping hand. The first is a bomb shelter. It was there when he leased the land—when, as he says, he got a deal on the land as part of the settlement he negotiated with Palm Beach County as a result of planes violating the airspace above Mar-a-Lago. It was built in the forties by the government to protect the citizenry from the government's own amassed powers—to store bombs in such a way that if they exploded they wouldn't, in Trump's words, "blow half of Palm Beach County to kingdom come." He'd had no idea what to make of it when he first saw it—"I said, What the fuck is *this*? It was built of four and a half feet of steel and concrete. I got bids from demolition companies, and it would have cost me three and a half million to rip it *out*. So instead of ripping it out, I fixed it up for $100,000. We put a sign out front that says, BOMB SHELTER, and we used it for elevation. It gave us excellent elevation, and now, when members tee off on the second hole, they're teeing off from the top of a bomb shelter." It is not his only bomb shelter. By accident of his having bought properties of historic moment—Mar-a-Lago and a mansion in Westchester, New York, called Seven Springs—he has three of them, and he knows where he'd go in the event of a nuclear or chemical or climatic calamity. "Mar-a-Lago. We did tests, and the foundation is anchored into the coral reef with steel and concrete. That sucker's going *nowhere*."

The other recalcitrant features of the course are . . . well, we're driving toward them right now in our golf carts. Donald and Raymoondo. Geotgie and Roberto. And me. We're driving through them. We're passing them by, and still they've got us surrounded. They're on the right of us and on the left. You can hear them, smell them, feel them, because they're like nothing else on the fingered surface of Trump International, because they're swatches and welts of land preserved by law and by negotiated settlement—because they're the forest primeval, and they've been spared Trump's transformative touch. "I fought the environmentalists for a long time on this, and guess what? I got a break. I lost. Because you can't *buy* something like this. It's virgin. It's untouched. It's the same way it was a thousand years ago. You can't re-create that. What you're seeing now is how this land looked when I got it, Tommy. Two hundred and fifteen acres of virgin woods, sitting right in the middle of Palm Beach County, right next to the courthouse and the airport. *Everybody* wanted it, but the county wouldn't let it go, until I said, 'Let's make a deal.'"

Earlier, I had gone on a tour of the course with one of Trump's pros, an old-timer. He had called the land a "plate of piss." He had said that it had lain untouched for years, because it was just a plate of piss, and nobody knew what the hell to do with it, until Trump came along. Now . . . well, what remains of the plate of piss swells with an ammoniac drumming, and stripes of gentle filtered sunlight, and a babel of birdcall and insect plea, and a sound even deeper and farther away in dying fall, the hymn of ingrained American silences. Not some glorified *lawn* but the forest primeval, man—and it's alive in there, in the palmetto and pisspine and creepgrass and canebrake, ticking away, as backdrop to the twelfth hole, which is the longest on the course. Six hundred and fifteen yards from the back tee, which is of course where they play from, these beasts, these fuckers, Raymoondo and his boys—"I haven't even seen what the green looks like from back here"—but they're up to it, especially Georgie, teeing off with the rotten cigar in his mouth. Does he crush the ball? Naw, he *blackens* it—sends it out into the scalded sky so low and so fast and so far, the sun doesn't have the chance to identify it, and it just acquires distance with its rise, and Trump starts slapping my back and singing, "Oh, that was pure, Georgie boy. How fucking pure is that, Tomaso? You pured it, Georgie. You pured it for us all."

Trump, however, does not pure it. He tops it, and the ball bends low and, touching the lip of the trap, falls in. He goes after it, and then he seems to fall in, too—he disappears, swallowed by the trap and its cratered edges. I don't see him for a second, and it's the first time I haven't seen him in a couple of hours, and there's a feeling of absence until suddenly, piping up, there's his voice from the bottom of the trap, saying, "If Raymoondo had hit the same shot, it would have bounced out. But that's what makes Raymoondo such a great player. His bounce out. Mine bounce in"—and then there's this splash of sand, just like in the movies, and suddenly, for no real reason, I feel very . . . good. As in happy. I don't mean that I feel merely amused, either, though I am that, too. No, I mean that for some reason—the proximity of the last ancient and breathing portions of this plate of piss, the knowledge that he has a bomb shelter between the first and second holes, his use of the word *pure* as a verb—I have this feeling that this guy's going to be around *forever*, and so we're going to be around forever, too, just as heedless, just as grasping, just as ridiculous as he is, but at the same time just as innocent and just as pure, and so I experience some vague feeling of satori and start laughing at the sky. I mean, say what you want about Donald Trump, but he's an American, and as fucked-up and compromised and tainted as America is, well, as the rappers say, It's all good. You know? That's why the rappers love the guy. They love him because he allows them . . . well, he just allows them, is all. Anybody who makes money, he allows them. Anybody who's a success, he allows them, no matter what race, color, or creed. The man's a walking contact high, and now, by God, he gets some of it, too. He starts playing better. He starts making shots. He starts making money with his chipper and is especially artful in the sand, and as he slaps my back he says, "It's great to play with guys like this, Tommy, because you either step up your game or you get the fuck off the course. Understand? There are

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only two choices. You step up your game or you leave the fucking course. It's your choice."

I don't know what his score is after the waterfall at seventeen or the highest elevation in south Florida at eighteen. All I know is that as we're walking off, he slaps Ray Floyd on the back and says, "I have the feeling Raymoondo is going to be back playing this course. And Mr. Schwartz will say, 'Oh, my God, it's Ray Floyd.' And I'll get to charge Mr. Schwartz $100,000 more. Mr. Schwartz wonders why Ray Floyd gets to play for nothing, it's because Ray Floyd lets me charge Mr. Schwartz another $100,000."

All I know is that when we get in the car and start driving back to Mar-a-Lago, he just starts seeing things and rendering everything he sees in the superlative. Everything. *That guy over there, in that work crew, with the tattoos and the drained eyes and the lacunaed teeth? That badass? Oh, my God, he's the worst badass in the world. You want to die, Tommy? Well, then, that badass over there, he'll kill you. Okay? All right? Is that not the worst badass in the world? And that truck driver? Look how he makes that turn. Look at the expertise. That's some truck driver, Tommy. That's a professional. That truck driver makes that turn every day, Tommy.* . . . He's driving the Lamborghini, finding third now, and fourth, and he's just freaking relentless in his belief, and just as relentless in his doubt, because at the same time as he extols the talents of badasses and truck drivers, he starts saying that I'm going to kill him, that killing people is what I do, that I'm going to make a fool of him—and he doesn't stop. He just doesn't stop. And that night, when the photographer arrives at Mar-a-Lago, Trump dresses up in his blue suit and his pink tie and sits on an ornate sofa that looks like a throne, and all the time, while the photographer shoots his picture and Melania tells him how to hold his chin and where to place his feet—"Tom, isn't it rare that such a beautiful woman is also so talented?"—Trump keeps crying out, between snippets of conversation, "What am I talking to you for? You're gonna kill me! Ah, I don't care, really—I like you. But you're gonna kill me, I know it!" Finally, it's up to Melania to say what I've been thinking all along, what anyone thinks who comes into any kind of extended contact with Donald Trump. She is indeed beautiful, with a beautiful posture and these beautiful . . . arms . . . and after a while she just starts staring at him with a bold kind of slant to her face, as though she were whistling in the wind, and she keeps staring at him until her determined blue eyes catch his, and he finally shuts up, if only for a second, and she folds her arms and whispers, loudly, in Slovenian-accented English, the words he's been waiting to hear:

"No one can keel *eem*."

ONCE, IN TRANSIT BETWEEN PALM BEACH and New York, Donald Trump surveyed the wolfish splendor of his private jet and said to his butler, Tony Senecal, "Tell me, Tony. Isn't this the most impressive jet you've ever flown on?" Tony paused, deliberately, and then smiled, as only a man deft in the art of proud and unyielding deference can, and said, "The second most, Mr. T."

"The second most?" Trump said. "What's the most?"

"*Air Force One*," Tony said, for before he was Mr. Donald J. Trump's butler, he had been the Republican mayor of a city in West Virginia and had gotten the opportunity to fly with the president. He loved to remind his current employer of places where his reach did not extend, and now, in the lobby of Mar-a-Lago, over a model of the Trump International Golf Club, Tony was telling me the story as a possible explanation of Mr. T.'s presidential ambitions. Of course, it was hard to believe that even a man such as Donald Trump would have so simple and so reductive a pretext for running for president, but then, having met him, I found it hard to believe that there could be anything more. He was weirdly . . . complete. If the free market had shaped him—shaped him as certainly as he had shaped his own golf course—it had long ago finished its job, and it had left him the most naked man I have ever met as well as the most concealed, the most public as well as the most private, the most full of yearning and the most terrifyingly sated. As America's host, he gives you everything you need, always, and yet leaves you wanting more, always, because you can't believe that's it. You can't believe that all you're going to get from Donald Trump—a man of wealth and accomplishment and largesse—is just *more*, and so I started telling Tony Senecal that maybe his boss was running for president because he wanted to find some kind of trapdoor in his heart, because he wanted to measure himself against the specter of disappointment and defeat, because he wanted to test himself as all presidents are tested . . . and it was then that Trump came up behind me, dressed for dinner in the familiar suit and tie. He listened respectfully to my spiel, then slapped me on the back and whispered briskly and confidentially in my ear. "Maybe so, Tommy, but in the meantime it gets me a *hell* of a lot of publicity."

THE NEXT DAY, I MEET HIS MOTHER. She is eighty-seven years old. She sits in a wheelchair. She wears a lot of pink. Her hair is fashioned in an elaborate wave. She has thin, peaked eyebrows. They all do—all the Trumps. They all have Donald's eyebrows, and they tend to favor sweeping and swirly elaborations of their hair. I stand among them, the clan, the day after my day on the golf course. Mrs. Trump is Scottish, and she loves the bagpipes, so Tony has hired a piper to come to Mar-a-Lago and play. And play he does, in big, wracked, keening lungfuls that send one of the servants running across the lobby in either pique or panic, and Mrs. Trump is sitting in her wheelchair, bobbing her head, with her entire family arrayed around her, except for Donald. Then I feel a hand on my shoulder—and once again hear the voice of my obliging host, Donald Trump, in a clipped whisper. "My mother, Tom. She's not doing well. It's the clock—it gets us all. We can't beat it, and none of us can say that it does us any good."

Two weeks later, after my mother's surgery, he calls me on the phone in my office. The call lasts but two minutes, but toward the end he asks if I saw the Floyds playing on TV in a father-son tournament. "They came in second. My luck to run into them at the course. I thought I was going to play with Mr. Schwartz. Instead, I meet up with Raymoondo, who is only one of the best players ever to play the game, and Roberto, who just went pro, by the way . . ."

"Mr. Schwartz," I said. "I like that. He's kind of your everyman."

"Yeah. How'd you like that quote I gave you when we were walking off the course?"

"The quote?"

"Yeah, about Ray Floyd being able to play the course so that I can charge Mr. Schwartz another $100,000."

"Oh, yeah, that's a good quote."

"Are you going to use it?"

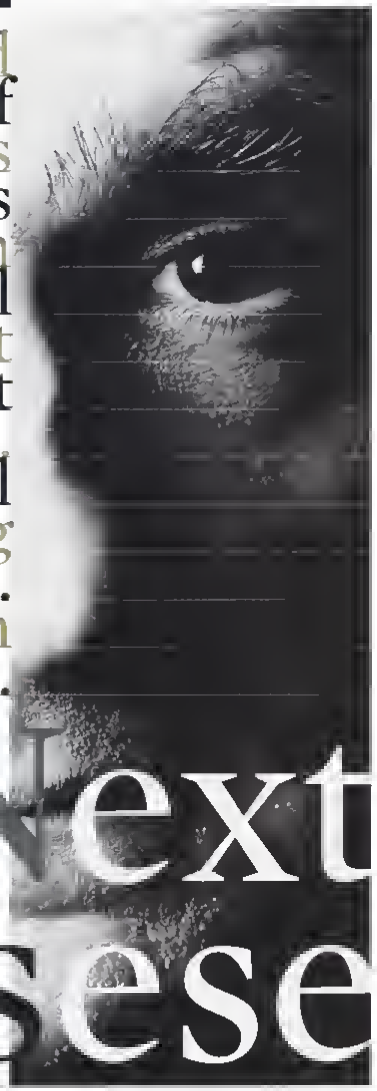
"Probably."

"I knew you would. It's a good quote. I would use it, too." ■



ZANETTI
Men's Clothing

The most talented new generation of film directors since the auteurs of the '70s is upon us. They won't all last. They won't all leave a great body of work. And they won't all continue making ambitious movies. Which one of them will become...



The Next Scorsese

THE NEXT SCORSESE
BY ANDREW SARRIS

Kevin Smith

KEVIN SMITH BURST on the independent-film scene with his first directorial effort, *Clerks*, a $27,000 production, which not only won major awards at the 1994 Sundance and Cannes festivals but also has become the subject of his own comic-book title for Jay and Silent Bob's Secret Stash, a store in Red Bank, New Jersey. And that was just in the last millennium. For our new epoch, the twenty-nine-year-old Smith is toiling on *Clerks: The Animated Series*, scheduled to appear on ABC sometime in 2000. ¶ Smith's flair for merchandising and recycling the fruits of his labor is one of the reasons I am betting on him to break out of the low-budget ghetto and into the movie mainstream. Of course, Smith will have to consent to allow himself to be dragged into the lair of the suits with the big cigars. ¶ Some years ago, I predicted that Hal Hartley was the most likely Sundance kid to break out of the pack of underfinanced overachievers. So far, I have been proven wrong. Smith is to New Jersey what Hartley is to Long Island, with respect to the sources of their satirically absurdist temperaments, but I suspect that Smith is the cannier businessman of the two. His partnership with Scott Mosier in the production company View Askew, a characteristically witty name in itself, is one sign that his Sundance sensibility has been blessed with Silicon Valley entrepreneurial energy. Another is his versatility as a writer, not only for his four films to date and his comic books but also as a collaborator with indie maven John Pierson on Pierson's book *Spike, Mike, Slackers and Dykes*, a zestful account of the past decade's lo/no-budget filmmaking. In addition, he executive-produced the Best Picture nominee *Good Will Hunting*, and as if all that weren't enough, he is a close buddy of Ben Affleck and Matt Damon. Smith himself even acts, in the recurring role of Silent Bob, in tandem with the talkatively hip Jay, played by Jason Mewes.

Paradoxically, as fat as my prediction goes, I must confess that I have been overwhelmed by only one of Smith's four films, but this one winner was a home run with the bases loaded, which more than makes up for his overall batting average. I am speaking, of course, of his sublime *Chasing Amy* (1997), sparked by the incandescent Joey Lauren Adams. By comparison, *Clerks* struck me as so-so, *Mallrats* (1996) less than so so, and *Dogma* (1999) a fascinating failure. Still, Smith has established a more-than-respectable ground work for the presumably higher things to come. What is important is that he has found the financing for four films in five years and is still surviving, thriving, and staying off the streets.

I would be happier with Smith if he stopped giving faux-naif interviews about his alleged shortcomings as a "visual" director and about how he doesn't care about the lack of magic in his mise-en-scene as long as the story and the dialogue click. For one thing, he shouldn't be providing ammo to reviewers who couldn't recognize visual style if it conked them on the noggin. For another, it is disingenuous of Smith to claim that he is uninterested in the visual dimension of the cinema when he is at the same time addicted to comic strips, a sure sign of an artist as much obsessed by how things look as how people talk. *Chasing Amy*, as a case in point, works on all cylinders, visual as well as verbal, to deliver its explosive climaxes.

Actually, what is most surprising about Smith is that he is so good a writer and at the same time fully in tune with the subliterate tastes of young audiences. Indeed, his cultural ambidextrousness bodes well for his future. He is conventionally poised to go either way: to dumb down or wise up wherever the movie zeitgeist takes him. Nobody is a sure thing, of course, but barring any massive misadventure, Kevin Smith is a good bet to surge onward and upward in the movie business.

Andrew Sarris is a film critic for The New York Observer *and a professor of film at Columbia University.*



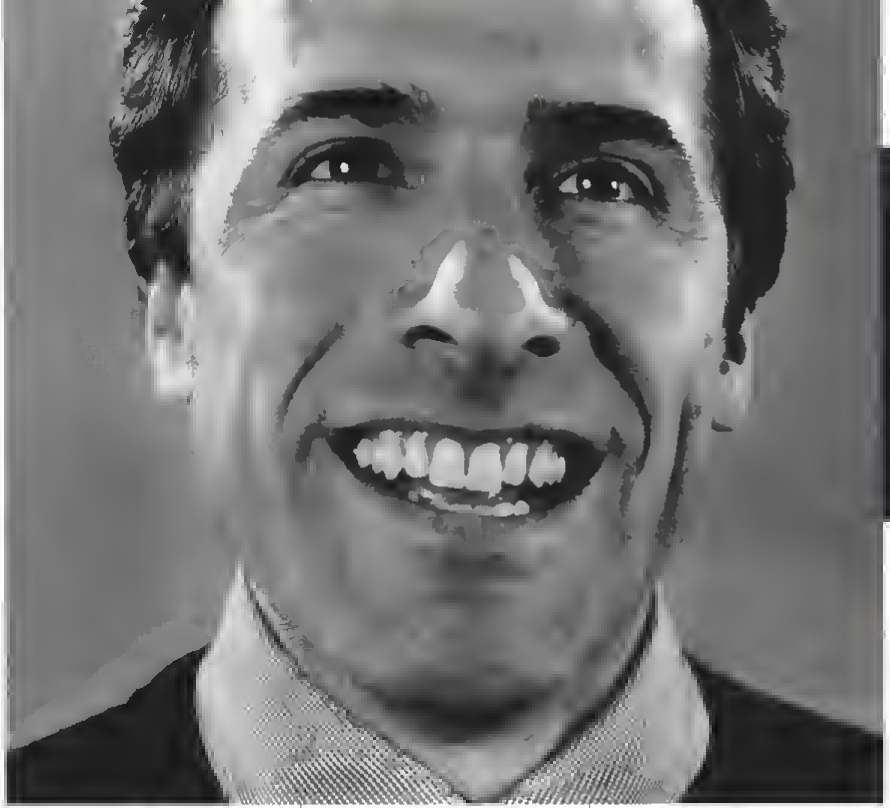
Kevin Smith

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTINE PARSONS

THE NEXT SCORSESE
BY KENNETH TURAN

David O. Russell

HOW MUCH CAN YOU tell about a director's potential from his first few films? Could the flair of Alfred Hitchcock be predicted from *The Pleasure Garden* and *The Mountain Eagle*, the Anglo-German coproductions that began his career? Could the future of John Ford be seen in his early lumpen westerns with names like *The Tornado*, *The*



Soul Herder, and *Straight Shooting*?

No young director working today is going to make the 120 or so films Ford is usually credited with or the fifty-plus that Hitchcock managed. The dynamics and finances of the moviemaking process have changed so much that making three films is now viewed as the better part of a decade's work. From that perspective, few if any young filmmakers are more promising than writer-director David O. Russell.

Starting with 1994's *Spanking the Monkey*, his offbeat, incest-themed Sundance debut, and followed by 1996's effervescently funny *Flirting with Disaster* and *Three Kings*, last year's nervy attempt to reinvent the war film, the forty-one-year-old Russell has displayed movie moves that make his career something everyone should be looking forward to.

At the top of the list is Russell's absurdist sense of humor, his ability to find stinging comedy in all manner of situations. And because he knows his way around actors, Russell is more than writing jokes—he's doing the difficult, more satisfying work of polishing characters (like Spike Jonze's hillbilly high school dropout Private Conrad Vig in *Three Kings*) and letting the humor explode from within them.

Equally impressive is the way Russell's sense of humor turns out to be the only through-line linking his three pictures. In an age in which celebrated directors are happiest remaking the same film every time out, Russell's appetite for a wide variety of subject matter couldn't be more promising.

And what could be more satisfying than a director whose films have not only the will to get increasingly more ambitious but the skill to back up the aspiration? While *Spanking* was a typical no-budger independent feature with unknown actors, *Flirting* smoothly made the transition to performers ranging from Ben Stiller and Patricia Arquette to Alan Alda and Mary Tyler Moore. *Three Kings*, set in Saddam Hussein's Iraq just as the Gulf war is winding down, was both the filmmaker's biggest canvas and his biggest success.

Russell wants to be both playing by the rules and bending them further than anyone thought to before. His films are audacious and entertaining, Hollywood with a twist, able to deliver traditional satisfactions while going precariously far out on a limb. No matter what challenges Russell sets for himself, he seems to have no difficulty carrying them off.

Kenneth Turan is the film critic for the Los Angeles Times

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUZMAN

THE NEXT SCORSESE BY TODD McCARTHY

Paul Thomas Anderson

PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON says he doesn't know "if I'm the type of guy who'd want to run the world like Spielberg or retreat to a mansion in London like Kubrick. I haven't got it figured out yet." It takes a lot of hubris for a twenty-nine-year-old director with three films behind him to presume that either route represents a viable option. But it's his sense of certainty, along with a large wad of talent, that has arguably put Anderson at the front of the pack of insurgent young dudes making the edgiest new films in Hollywood. ¶ Due to the way he claims his very promising first picture, *Sydney* (retitled *Hard Eight* for release, in 1996), was butchered by its producers (a DVD of his original cut is available for comparison), Anderson has become exceptionally sensitive about maintaining control over his work. Since then, it's not only in the subject matter of *Boogie Nights* (1997) that he has exhibited a major preoccupation with length. After having been forced to compromise with New Line over the running time of his audacious and surprisingly sweet-natured spin through the world of porn, which stands as one of the key dozen or so American films of the nineties, Anderson demanded final cut from the studio on his next picture, and got it. But as powerful as *Magnolia*'s best moments and performances are, the result raises questions about the director's discipline and tendencies toward self-indulgence.



In all of his films, however, he has demonstrated a natural filmmaking flair, a bent for risk taking, and a predilection for taking actors where they might otherwise never get to go. But what further distinguishes him is a skill much rarer among modern young filmmakers—his ability as a dramatist. Thus far, Anderson has fixed his gaze on the lives, from the exceptional to the mundane, of lower-middle-class suburbanites, particularly those of his native San Fernando Valley. *Sydney*, with its pared-down scenes devoted to blunt dialogue, often has the feel of a Mamet pressure-chamber drama, far more fluid and commanding, *Boogie Nights* looks like the love child of Scorsese's visual style and Anderson hero Jonathan Demme's generous humanity, while *Magnolia*, for better as well as worse, overflows its Altmanesque structure to assume quasi-operatic dimensions.

Anderson appears to have his roots planted so deeply in the irrigated soil of the Valley that it would be difficult to cut himself off from his greatest source of sustenance. As with Scorsese, it will be crucial to see what happens when he takes on other characters, other locations, other eras. Also significant will be his decision whether to continue writing his own scripts; all too many great writer-directors, from Huston to Coppola, went astray when they put aside their typewriters just to cash in irresistible directing fees. But Anderson's talent seems so supple, muscular, and responsive to human foibles, and his ambition is so outsized, that there is every reason to believe that his stature will only continue to grow, as long as he learns that he doesn't have to make a three-hour film every time out.

Todd McCarthy is the lead film critic for Variety.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LEWIS

THE NEXT SCORSESE BY TOM CARSON

Alexander Payne



AFTER JUST TWO FEATURES, thirty-nine-year-old writer-director Alexander Payne thinks that the critics who've rushed to compare him to satiric greats like Preston Sturges (whose work Payne actually isn't all that crazy about) or Billy Wilder (whom he reverses) are jumping the gun. "That just seems hyperbolic to me," he says, and he's right. Yet one strength of both of his movies to date (1996's abortion-rights send-up *Citizen Ruth*, with Laura Dern as a glue-huffing loser whose pregnancy turns her into a cause célèbre for pro-lifers and pro-choicers alike, and last year's caustic high school comedy *Election*) is that they're less pleased with themselves than Sturges's farces often were, and also less eager to think the worst of everybody than Wilder's. Never trashing his characters for the sake of an easy laugh, Payne sets up beguilingly complicated predicaments that don't get sorted out until he's explored all their nuances. He's got a knack for making flawed, unpleasant people seem worthy of an interest that automatically includes compassion, even as he shows them getting hoisted with their own petards. What's attractive about his temperament is that he's judicious but never judgmental, while too many American filmmakers get it just the other way around.

It's safe to say that nobody has ever made tarter, funnier movies about life in Omaha. Payne isn't sentimental about the heartland—you get the feeling that one reason his characters develop manias is to stave off sheer aimlessness. At the same time, he doesn't condescend to Middle America, or treat it as alien. In his feeling for clunky, gadget-riddled suburban settings, he's like a Steven Spielberg who's substituted politics for E.T. The reason the antiabortion zealots who give Dern a home in *Citizen Ruth* aren't caricatures is that the director gives us such a sense of their everyday lives, in which Mom and Dad's activism plays the same banal shaping role that a parental fetish for model railroads or the Redskins might in other families. When Burt Reynolds turns up as the preening head of an Operation Rescue–style outfit, he's shown to be a blowhard and a hypocrite, and yet the movie doesn't suggest that our curiosity about him should end there. Payne is more intrigued by the way Reynolds's character doesn't strike *himself* as hypocritical—he can be sincere about his cause even as he's basking like a sultan in leadership's perks. In *Election*, there's a similar, but far more delicate, understanding of Matthew Broderick's character—this side of *The Blue Angel*, is there a better portrait of a high school teacher on film?—as both a genuinely decent man and a mediocrity. He's sensitive enough to know that even his daydreams are depressingly crummy, but he lacks the gumption to rebel—except into a mean spiritedness that simultaneously violates his principles and exposes his shortcomings.

Neither movie is perfect. *Citizen Ruth* never quite recovers from the cop-out of having the heroine undergo a miscarriage instead of making a decision, although the movie's marvelous final image—unexpectedly transforming Dern's dopey, greedy tramp into a nineties version of Chaplin's Little Tramp—almost redeems it. You may also feel like quibbling with the way that, to sharpen the horror of Reese Witherspoon's little engine that knows no rest in *Election*, Payne lets her rivals off easy. On top of that, he's slightly more intent than necessary on separating his movie from the usual rowdy high school comedy by keeping the tone pristine—like a *Pleasantville* in reverse, *Election*'s photography turns black-and-white in your memory.

By now, he's already gone about as far as he can go with the poignancy of drabness, it may be time for him to give Omaha a rest. That's why it's good news that one project he's nursing is a biopic of Esquivel, lounge music's belatedly rediscovered prophet without honor. However else it comes out, one thing you can count on is that Payne's cocktail tale will be as dry as martinis get.

Tom Carson is the film critic for Esquire.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LEWIS

THE NEXT SCORSESE
BY ELVIS MITCHELL

The Wachowski Brothers

THE WACHOWSKI BROTHERS have exhibited a remarkable shrewdness about their cross cultural looting. *The Matrix* (1999) slams together a more eclectic mix of mythological excess—from the Bible to Hong Kong action films—than you're likely to find anywhere this side of a *Jeopardy!* category or the first *Star Wars*, before Lucas began mythologizing himself. These two filmmakers—Larry, thirty-four, and Andy, thirty-two—thrive on the buzz of this metaphor mix and have learned the most important lesson from Hong Kong pictures, one that's eluded most American directors trying to approximate it: Audiences want to see the stars in the melee, throwing down in the angels-on-the-head-of-a-pin precision of slow motion. The technique utilized in Gap commercials to freeze specific subjects while the camera circles like a wolf appraising a meal has finally been exploited to its full big-screen potential—the Wachowskis refined it for an action context and called it bullet time.

More successfully than anyone else, the Wachowskis have translated a comic-book sensibility to the movies' action heroes without costumes. Their villains—Hugo Weaving of *The Matrix* and Richard C. Sarafian, the Hefty bag of a mob boss in 1996's *Bound*—have the bored malevolence of Dr. Doom, or Magneto. They're just trying to do what they think is right without the over-the-top delusional burdens of, say, your typical James Bond nemesis. (The brothers scripted issues for Marvel Comics—apparently their virtual training for the movie business. They were carpenters, too. They seem to prove Johnny Carson's dictum about showbiz: You will use everything you know.) And like a wave of other exciting new directors, including Quentin Tarantino, Spike Jonze, and Paul Thomas Anderson, they didn't bother with film school. Perhaps the freedom exhibited in their work will liberate a whole generation of directors from that institution and the circumscribed thinking that often comes with it.

For those of us who love comics and have given ourselves TMJ disorder from grinding our teeth over the shabby treatment comics have received from a medium that's far more compatible than it lets on, the Wachowskis found a way to employ the calculated clutter in the motion-picture frame. (It's said they've been offered carte blanche with the *Batman* franchise and that they have plans to adapt Frank Miller's low tech, close-to-the-ground graphic novel *Batman: Year One*.) Artist Geof Darrow, who has worked with Frank Miller on several projects, was a visual consultant on *The Matrix*. Darrow's meticulous fluidity meshes perfectly with the directors' growing mastery.

Space is the frontier that the Wachowski brothers have conquered. When it comes to creating suspense and maximizing movement in a confined area, they're the equals of Mark Sandrich—or John Woo. In the girl-noir *Bound*, they set up tension and fear over the goings-on in essentially two rooms. The camera glides from these places as if slipping from one state of consciousness to another. That motif becomes the virtual setting for *The Matrix*, in which the Wachowskis are no longer quite so confined by room size. Or budget. Keanu Reeves's character, looking for a way out of his duo-colored jail cell of an apartment, is seduced by a woman into a world of new promise. The increase of ease and visual fluency from *Bound* to *The Matrix* is clear to the naked eye. And the hunger of their protagonists is as great as the ambition of these two filmmakers.

Elvis Mitchell is a film critic for The New York Times

TO VOTE FOR THE NEXT SCORSESE VISIT ESQUIREMAG.COM/SCORSESE



PHOTOGRAPH BY ETHAN HILL

THE NEXT SCORSESE
BY MARTIN SCORSESE

Wes Anderson

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, I watched a film called *Bottle Rocket*. I knew nothing about it, and the movie really took me by surprise. Here was a picture without a trace of cynicism, that obviously grew out of its director's affection for his characters in particular and for people in general. A rarity. And the central idea of the film is so delicate, so human. A group of young guys think that their lives have to be filled with risk and danger in order to be real. They don't know that it's okay simply to be who they are.

Wes Anderson, at age thirty, has a very special kind of talent. He knows how to convey the simple joys and interactions between people so well and with such richness. This kind of sensibility is rare in movies. Leo McCarey, the director of *Make Way for Tomorrow* and *The Awful Truth*, comes to mind. And so does Jean Renoir. I remember seeing Renoir's films as a child and immediately feeling connected to the characters *through* his love for them. It's the same with Anderson. I've found myself going back and watching *Bottle Rocket* several times. I'm also very fond of his second film, *Rushmore* (1998)—it has the same tenderness, the same kind of grace. Both of them are very funny, but also very moving.

Anderson has a fine sense of how music works against an image. There's the beautiful ending of *Rushmore*, when Miss Cross removes Max Fischer's glasses and gazes into the boy's eyes—really the eyes of her dead husband—as the Faces' "Ooh La La" plays on the soundtrack. And I also love the scene in *Bottle Rocket* when Owen Wilson's character, Dignan, says, "They'll never catch me, man, 'cause I'm fuckin' innocent." Then he runs off to save one of his partners in crime and gets captured by the police, over "2000 Man" by the Rolling Stones. He—and the music—are proclaiming who he really is. He's not innocent in the eyes of the law, but he's truly an innocent. For me, it's a transcendent moment. And transcendent moments are in short supply these days.

Martin Scorsese is, well, Martin Scorsese.

Lobster Night

THE ONLY PEOPLE
WHO SAY LIGHTNING
NEVER STRIKES TWICE
HAVE NEVER BEEN
STRUCK ONCE

STACY DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL NOONAN that when she was seventeen she was struck by lightning. She rarely told anyone, and never a man she was attracted to or hoped soon to be sleeping with. Always, at the last second, an alarm in the center of her brain went off and she changed the subject, asked a question like, "How's your wife?" or "You ready for another?" She was a summertime bartender at Noonan's, a sprawling log building with the main entrance and kitchen door facing the road and three large



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAYNE HINOS AIDAUT

plate glass dining-room windows in back and a wide redwood deck cantilevered above the yard for taking in the great sunset views of the Adirondack Mountains. The sign said, NOONAN'S FAMILY RESTAURANT, but in fact it was a roadhouse, a bar that—except in ski season and on summer weekends when drive-by tourists with kids mistakenly pulled in for lunch or supper—catered mostly to heavy drinkers from the several nearby hamlets.

The night that Stacy told Noonan about the lightning was also the night she shot and killed him. She had rented an A-frame at off-season rates in one of the hamlets and was working for Noonan only till the winter snows blew in from Quebec and Ontario. From May to November, she usually waited tables or tended bar in one or another of the area restaurants, and the rest of the year she taught alpine skiing at Whiteface Mountain. That was her real job, her profession. Stacy had the healthy, ash-blond good looks of a poster girl for women's Nordic sports: tall, broad shouldered, flat muscled, with a square jaw and high cheekbones. But despite appearances, she viewed herself as a plain-faced twenty-eight-year-old ex-athlete, with the emphasis on ex. Eight years ago, she was captain of the nationally ranked St. Regis University downhill ski team, only a sophomore and already a star. Then in the eastern regionals she pushed her luck, took a spectacular, cartwheeling spill in the giant slalom, and shattered her left thigh. The video of her fall was still being shown at the front of the sports segment on the evening news from Plattsburgh.

A year of physical therapy and she returned to college and the slopes, but she'd lost her fearlessness and, with it, her interest in college, and dropped out before fall break. Her parents had long since swapped their house for an RV and retired to a semipermanent campground outside Phoenix, her three older brothers had drifted downstate to Albany for work in construction, but Stacy came back to where she'd grown up. She had friends from high school there, mostly women, who still thought of her as a star. "Stace was headed for the Olympics, y'know," they told strangers. Over time, she lived briefly and serially with three local men in their early thirties, men she called losers even when she was living with them—slow talking guys with beards and ponytails, rusted-out pickup trucks, and large dogs with bandannas tied around their necks. Otherwise and most of the time, she lived alone.

Stacy had never tended bar for Noonan before this, and the place was a little rougher than she was used to. But she was experienced and had cultivated a set of open faced, wiseguy ways and a laid-back manner that protected her from her male customers' presumptions. Which, in spite of her ways and manner, she needed. She was a shy, north-country girl who, when it came to personal matters, volunteered very little about herself, not because she had secrets but because there was so much about herself that she did not yet understand. She did understand, however, that the last thing she wanted or needed was a live affair with a man like Noonan—married, twenty years older than she, and her boss. She was seriously attracted to him, though. And not just sexually. Which was why she got caught off guard.

IT WAS LATE AUGUST, A THURSDAY, THE AFTERNOON of Lobster Night. The place was empty, and she and Noonan were standing hip to hip behind the bar, studying the lobster tank. Back in June, Noonan, who did all the conking himself, had decided that he could attract a better class of clientele and simplify the menu at the same time if, during the week, he offered nightly specials, which he advertised on a chalkboard hung from the FAMILY RESTAURANT sign outside. Monday became Mexican Night, with dollar margaritas and all the rice and refried beans you could eat. Tuesday was Liver 'n' Onions Night. Wednesday was Fresh Local Corn Night, although until mid-August, the corn came not from Adirondack gardens but from southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania by way of the Grand Union supermarket in Lake Placid. And Thursday—when local folks rarely ate out and therefore needed something more than merely special—was designated Lobster Night. Weekends, he figured, took care of themselves.

Noonan had set his teenage son's unused tropical-fish tank at the end of the bar, filled it with tap water, and arranged with the Albany wholesaler to stock the tank on his Monday runs to Lake Placid with a dozen live lobsters. All week, the lobsters rose and sank in the cloudy tank like dark thoughts. Usually, by Tuesday afternoon, the regulars at the bar had given the lobsters names like Marsh and Redeye and Honest Abe, after local drinking, hunting, and bar-brawling legends, and had handicapped the order of their execution. In the villages around, Thursday quickly became everyone's favorite night for eating out, and soon Noonan was doubling his weekly order, jamming the fish tank and making Lobster Night an almost merciful event for the poor crowded creatures.

"You ought to either get a bigger tank or else just don't buy so many of them," Stacy said.

Noonan laughed. "Stace," he said. "Compared to the cardboard boxes these guys've been in, the fish tank is lobster heaven. Four days of swimmin' in this, they're free-range, practically." He draped a heavy hand across her shoulder and drummed her collarbone with a fingertip. "They don't know the difference, anyhow. They're dumber than fish, y'know."

"You don't know what they feel or don't feel. Maybe they spend the last few days before they die flipping out from being so confined. I sure would."

"Yeah, well, I don't go there, Stace. Trying to figure what lobsters feel, that's the road to vegetarianism. The road to vegansville."

She smiled at that. Like most of the Adirondack men she knew, Noonan was a dedicated, lifelong hunter—mainly of deer, but also of game birds and rabbits, which he fed to his family and sometimes put on the restaurant menu as well. He also shot and trapped animals he didn't eat—foxes, coyotes, lynxes, even bears—and sold their pelts. Normally, this would disgust Stacy or at least seriously test her acceptance of Noonan's character. She wasn't noticeably softhearted or sentimental when it came to animals, but shooting and trapping creatures you didn't intend to eat made no sense to her. She was sure it was cruel and was almost ready to say it was sadistic.

In Noonan, though, it oddly attracted her, this cruelty. He was a tall, good-looking man in an awkward, rough-hewn way, large in the shoulders and arms, with a clean-shaven face and a buzz-cut head one or two sizes too small for his body. It made him look boyish to her, and whenever he showed signs of cruelty—his relentless, not quite good-natured teasing of Gail, his regular waitress, and the LaPierre brothers, two high school kids he hired in summers to wash dishes and bus tables—to her, he seemed even more boyish than usual. It was all somehow innocent, she thought. It had the same strange, otherworldly innocence of the animals that he liked to kill. A man that manly, that different from a woman, can actually make you feel more womanly—as if you were of a different species. It freed you from having to compare yourself to him.

"You ever try that? Vegetarianism?" Noonan asked. He tapped the glass of the tank with a knuckle, as if signaling one of the lobsters to come on over.

"Once. When I was seventeen. I kept it up for a while—two years, as a matter of fact. Till I busted up my leg and had to quit college." He knew the story of her accident; everyone knew it. She'd been a local hero before the break and had become a celebrity afterward. "It's hard to keep being a vegetarian in the hospital, though. That's what got me off it."

"No shit. What got you on it?"

That's when she told him. "I was struck by lightning."

He looked at her. "Lightning! Jesus! Are you kidding me? How the hell did *that* happen?"

"The way it always happens, I guess. I was doing something else at the time. Going up the stairs to bed, actually, in my parents' house. It was in a thunderstorm, and I reached for the light switch on the wall and *bam*! Just like they say, a bolt out of the blue."

"But it didn't kill you," Noonan tenderly observed.

"No. But it sure could've. You could say it *almost* killed me, though."

Stacy brought her face up close to the tank and almost touched it with her nose. So much in the life of any creature depends on being able to identify other creatures accurately, she thought. In the tank and out of it, too.

"But it didn't."

"Right. But it *almost* killed me. That's not the same as 'It didn't kill me.' If you know what I mean."

"Yeah, but you're okay now, right? No lingering aftereffects, I mean. Except, of course, for your brief flirtation with the veg world." He squeezed the meat of her shoulder and smiled warmly.

She sighed. Then smiled back—she liked his touch—and tried again. "No, it really changed me. It did. A bolt of lightning went through my body and my brain, and I almost died from it, even though it lasted only a fraction of a second and then was over. It changes you, Noonan. That's all."

"But you're okay now, right?"

"Sure."

"So what was it like, getting hit by lightning?"

She hesitated a moment before answering. "Well, I thought I was shot. With a gun. Seriously. There was this loud noise, like an explosion, and when I woke up, I was lying at the bottom of the stairs, and Daddy and Mom were standing over me like I was dead, and I said, 'Who shot me, Daddy?' It really messed with my mind for a long time. I tried to find out if anybody else I knew had been struck by lightning, but nobody had. Although a few people said they knew someone or heard of someone who'd been hit and survived it. But nobody I ever met myself had been through it, I was the only person I knew who'd had this particular experience. Still am. It's strange, but when you're the only person you know who's gone through something that's changed you into a completely different person, for a while it's like you're on your own planet, like if you're a Vietnam vet and don't know anyone else who was in Vietnam, too."

"I can dig it," Noonan said somberly, although he himself had not been in Vietnam.

"You get used to it, though. And then it turns out to be like life. I mean, there's you, and there's everybody else. Only, unlike the way it is for everybody else, this happened to me in a flash, not over years and so slow you don't even realize how true it is. Know what I mean?"

"How true what is?"

"Well, just that there's you, and there's everybody else. And that's life."

"Sure, I can understand that." He turned away from the tank and looked into Stacy's blue eyes. "It's the same for me. Only with me it was on account of this goddamned beat. Did I ever tell you about the beat that tore my camp down?"

She said, "No, Noonan. You didn't."

"It's the same thing, like getting struck by lightning and afterward feeling like you're a changed man." It was years ago, he explained, when he was between marriages and drinking way too much and living in his hunting camp up on Baxter Mountain because his first wife had got the house in the divorce. He got drunk every night in town at the Spread Eagle or the Elm Tree or the old Dew Drop Inn, and afterward, when he drove back to Baxter Mountain, he'd park his truck at the side of the road, because the trail was too tough even for a four-by-four, and walk the two miles through the woods to his camp. It was a windblown, one-room cabin with a sleeping loft and a woodstove, and one night, after stumbling back from the village, he found the place had been trashed by a bear. "An adolescent male, I figured, it being spring-time, who'd been kicked out of his own house and home. Not unlike myself. I had a certain sympathy for him, therefore. But he'd wrecked my cabin looking for food and had busted a window getting in, and I knew he'd come back, so I had to take him down."

The next evening, Noonan blew out his kerosene lantern, climbed into the sleeping loft with a bottle of Jim Beam, his Winchester 30-06, and his flashlight, and waited. Around midnight, as if brushing away a cobweb, the bear tore off the sheet of polyurethane that Noonan had tacked over the broken window, crawled into the cabin, and made for the same cupboard he'd emptied the night before. Noonan, half drunk by now, clicked on his flashlight, caught the startled bear in its beam, and fired, but only wounded him. Maddened with pain, the bear roared and stood on his hind legs, flinging his forelegs in the air right and left, and before Noonan could fire again, the animal had grabbed on to a timber that held up the loft and ripped it from its place, tearing out several other supporting timbers with it, until the entire cabin was collapsing around Noonan and the wounded bear. The structure was feeble anyhow, made of old, cast-off boards tacked together in a hurry twenty years before, never rebuilt, never renovated, and it came down upon Noonan's head with ease. The bear escaped into the night, but Noonan lay trapped under the fallen roof of the cabin, unable to move, his right arm broken, he assumed, and possibly several ribs. "That's when it happened," he said.

"What?" Stacy dipped a dozen beer mugs two at a time into cold water, pulled them out, and stuck them into the freezer to frost for later on.

"That's when I knew there was me, and there was everybody else. Just like you said. It changed my life."

"No kidding. How?" She refilled the salt shakers on the bar.

"Well, I stopped drinking, for one thing. That was a few years

later, though. But I lay there all that night and most of the next day. Until this beautiful young woman out looking for her lost dog came wandering by. And, Stace," he said, his voice suddenly lowered, "I married her."

She put her fists on her hips and checked him out. "Seriously?"

He smiled. "Well, yeah, sort of. I'd actually known her a long time beforehand, and she'd visited me a few times at my camp, let us say. But, yeah, I did marry her . . . eventually. And we were very happy. For a while."

"Uh-huh. For a while."

Noonan nodded, smiled, winked. Then he bumped her hip with his and said, "I gotta get the kitchen set up. We can pursue this later, Stace. If you want."

She didn't answer. She started slinging bottles of beer into the darkness of the cooler, and when she next looked up, he was gone and a pair of road workers were coming through the door, hot and sunburned and thirsty.

THE DAY HAD BEEN CLEAR, with wispy fantails of clouds in the east, promising a soft, late-summer sunset over the mountains for the folks dining out at Noonan's Family Restaurant. It was unusually busy that evening, even for Lobster Night. Depressed by an earlier quarrel with her pregnant daughter over money, Gail fell quickly behind in her orders and, after being yelled at, first by her hungry customers in the dining room and then by Noonan in the kitchen, where seven or eight bright red lobsters on their platters awaited pickup, she broke down and ran sobbing into the ladies' room. She came out, but only after Stacy went after her and promised to help in the dining room, where fifteen kids from three unrelated French-Canadian families were banging their silverware rhythmically against their glasses. Back in the kitchen, halfway into the supper hour, Donny LaPierre threw down his dish towel and told Noonan to take his job and shove it—he didn't graduate high school to get treated like an idiot for minimum wage. His younger brother, Timmy, who would graduate the following year, high-fived Donny and said, "Whoa! Way cool, D. L.," and the two walked out together.

Noonan stood at the door and bellowed, "Don't even think about gettin' paid for this week!" and the boys gave him the finger from the parking lot and laughed and started hitching to Lake Placid.

Eventually, Gail and Stacy, between them, got everyone satisfactorily served, the diners and their children quieted down, and order was restored—even in the kitchen, where Noonan, almost grateful for the chance to do it right, took over the dishwasher's job himself. At the bar, four bored, lonely regulars, men of habit, were drinking and smoking cigarettes and watching Montreal lose to the Mets on television. Stacy gave them a round on the house for their patience, and all four smiled and thanked her and resumed watching the game.

In the fish tank, the one last lobster bumped lazily against the glass. Stacy wiped down the bar and came to a slow stop by the tank. She leaned down and gazed into what she believed was one of the lobster's eyes—more of a greenish knob than an eyeball, anatomically absurd to her—and tried to imagine what the world of Noonan's Family Restaurant looked like through that knob and the thirty-gallon cell of cloudy water surrounding it and, beyond that, the lens of the algae-stained glass wall. It probably looks like an alien planet out here, she thought. Or incomprehensibly foreign, like some old-time Chinese movie, so you don't even know what the story's about, who's the good guy and who's the bad guy. Or maybe, instead of an actual place or thing, to a lobster it looks like only an idea out here. That scared her.

There must be some kind of trade-off among the senses, she reasoned, like with blind and deaf people. If one sense is weak, another must be strong, and vice versa. Lobsters, she figured, probably can't see very well, living as they do way at the dark bottom of the sea. To distinguish food from friend and friend from foe, they would need powerful senses of smell and hearing. She brought her face up close to the glass and almost touched it with her nose. The lobster bobbled and jiggled just beyond, as if struggling to use its weak eyes and tank-impaired hearing and olfactory senses to determine if Stacy was a thing that could eat it or breed with it or be eaten by it. So much in the life of any creature depends upon being able to identify the other creatures accurately, Stacy thought. In the tank and out of it, too. And this poor beast, with only its ridiculous eyes to depend upon, was lost, was wholly, utterly lost. She reached toward the lobster, as if to pat it, to comfort and reassure.

Noonan's large hand dropped unseen from above, as if through dark water, and came to rest upon hers. She turned, startled, and there was his face a bare few inches away, his large, bloodshot brown eyes and his porous peach-colored skin with black whiskers popping through like lopped-off stalks, soft caves of nostrils, red lips, tobacco-stained teeth, wet tongue. She yanked her hand away and stepped back, bringing him into a more appropriate and safe focus, with the bar between them like a fence, keeping him out or her in, she wasn't sure, but it didn't matter, as long as they were on opposite sides of it.

"You scared me!" she said.

He leaned across the bar and smiled indulgently. Behind her, the men drank beer and watched baseball. She heard the crowd at the ballpark chatter in anticipation of the pitch. From the dining room came the low rumble of families distributing food among themselves and their hushed commentaries as they evaluated its quality and the size of their portions, praise and disappointment voiced equally low, as if both were gossip, and the clink of their forks and knives, gulps, chomps, an old man's sudden laugh, the snap of lobster claws and legs breaking.

"Stace, soon's you get the chance, c'mon out to the kitchen. There's something I want to tell you." He turned and abruptly strode to the dining room, spoke a moment to Gail, sympathetically offering to let her go home early, Stacy guessed, getting rid of witnesses, and gathered up a tub of dirty dishes left behind by Donny LaPierre. As Noonan disappeared into the kitchen, he glanced over at Stacy, and though a stranger would have thought him expressionless, she saw him practically speaking with his face, saw him using it to say in a low, cold voice, "Stace, as soon as we're alone here tonight, I'm going to take you down."

She decided to force the issue, to go back to the kitchen right now, before Gail left, while there was still a fairly large number of people in the dining room and the four guys at the bar, and if Noonan said what she expected him to say and did what she expected him to do, then she would walk out the door just like the LaPierre boys had, take off in her car, the doors locked and windows up, the wheels spinning, kicking gravel and squealing rubber as she left the parking lot and hit the road to Lake Placid.

Who the hell did he think he was anyhow, coming on to her like that, him a married man, middle-aged, practically? Sure, she had been attracted to him from the first time she saw him, when he interviewed her for the job and made her turn and turn again, while he sat there on the barstool and looked her over with genuine interest, almost with innocence, as if she were a bouquet of wildflowers he'd ordered for his wife. "Turn around, Stace. Let me see the other side." She had actually liked his suddenness, his fearless, impersonal way of telling her exactly what he wanted from her, instructing her to wear a tight white T-shirt and black jeans or shorts to work in and to be friendly with the customers, especially the males, because he wanted return business, not one-night stands, and men will come back and stay late again and again if they think the pretty girl behind the bar likes them personally. She had smiled like a coconspirator when he told her that and said, "No *problema*, Mr. Noonan."

"Hey, you can call me Charlie, or you can call me Noonan. Just don't call me at home, and never call me Mister. You're hired, Stace. Go change the dress and be back here by six."

But all that was before she told him about having been struck by lightning. Until then, she had thought it was safe to flirt with him; he was married, after all, and he was so unlike the losers she usually hooked up with that she had decided it was harmless as well as interesting to be attracted to him, and nothing could come of it anyhow, and wasn't it intelligent, after all, for a young woman to want a successful older man's attention and approval? Wasn't that how you learned about life and who you were?

She couldn't have said how it had changed or why, but everything was different now, especially between her and Noonan. It wasn't what he had done or not done or even anything he had said. It was what she had said.

But somehow, this afternoon everything had changed. She couldn't have said how it had changed or why, but everything was different now, especially between her and Noonan. It wasn't what he had done or not done or even anything he had said. It was what she had said.

A woman who has been struck by lightning is not like other people. Most of the time Stacy could forget that fact, could even forget what that horrible night had felt like, when she was only seventeen and thought that she had been shot in the head. But all she had to do was say the words, reestablish the fact, and the whole thing came back in full force—her astonishment, the physical and mental pain, and the long-lasting fear, even today, that it would happen to her again. The only people who say lightning never strikes twice in the same place have never been struck once. Which was why she was so reluctant to speak of it.

But Noonan had charmed her into speaking of it, and all at once, there it was again, as if a glass wall had appeared between her and other people, Noonan especially. The man had no idea who she was. But that wasn't his fault. It was hers. She had misled him. She had misled herself. She checked the drinks of the customers at the bar. Then, to show Gail where she was headed, she pointedly flipped a wave across the dining room and walked back to the kitchen.

When she entered, Noonan was leaning against the edge of the sink, his large, bare arms folded across his chest, his head lowered, a man absorbing a sobering thought.

Stacy said, "What'd you want to tell me?" She stayed by the door, propping it open with her foot.

He shook his head as if waking from a nap. "What? Oh, Stace! Sorry, I was thinking. Actually, Stace, I was thinking about you."

"Me?"

"Yeah. Close the door. Come on in." He peered around her into the dining room. "Is Gail okay? She's not crying or anything anymore, is she?"

"No." Stacy let the door slide shut behind her. The exhaust fan chugged above the stove, and the dishwasher sloshed quietly next to the sink, tinkling the glasses and silverware inside and jiggling the plates. On a shelf by the rear door, a portable radio played country-and-western music at low volume—sweetly melancholic background music. There was a calming order and peacefulness to the kitchen, a low-key domesticity about it that, even though the room was as familiar to her as the kitchen of her rented A-frame, surprised Stacy. For a moment, she felt guilty for having been so suspicious of Noonan and so quick to judge and condemn him. She liked his boyish good looks, didn't she? She enjoyed his smoky baritone voice and unapologetic north-country accent, and she was pleased and flattered by his sudden flashes of intimacy. "What did you want to tell me, Noonan?" she repeated, softly this time.

He leaned forward, eyes twinkling, mischief on his mind, and looked right and left, as if not wishing to be overheard. "What do you say we cook that last lobster and split it between ourselves?" He gave her a broad smile and rubbed his hands together. "Don't tell Gail. I'll boil and chill the sucker and break out the meat and squeeze a little lime juice over it, and we'll eat it later, after we close up, just the two of us. Maybe open a bottle of wine. Whaddya say?" He came up to her and put his arm around her shoulder and steered her toward the door. "You go liberate the animal from its tank, and I'll bring the kettle to a rolling boil, as they say."

"No." She shrugged out from under his arm.

"Huh? What d'you mean, 'No'?"

"Just that. No. I don't want a quiet little tête-a-tête out here with you after we close. I don't want to make it with you, Noonan. You're married, and I resent the way you act like it doesn't matter to you. Or worse, me! You act like your being married doesn't matter to me."

Noonan was confused. "What the fuck? Who said anything about *making* it? Jesus!"

She exhaled heavily. "I'm sorry," she said. "You're right. I don't know what you've got in mind, Noonan. Really. I don't know why I said all that. I'm just . . . I'm scared, I guess."

"You? Scared? Hah!" She was young and beautiful and healthy; she was an athlete, a woman who could pick and choose among men much younger, more available, better-looking, and richer than he. What did she have to be scared of? Not him, that's for sure. "Man, you are one screwed-up broad, let me tell you." He shook his head slowly in frustration and disgust. "Look, I don't give a shit if you don't want to join me in a whaddyacallit, a tête-a-tête. Suit yourself. But I'm gonna eat me some lobster anyhow. Alone!" he

said, and he sailed through the door into the dining room.

Stacy slowly crossed the kitchen to the back door, last used by the LaPierre brothers on their way to the parking lot and road beyond. It was a screen door, and moths and mosquitoes batted against it and swarmed around the yellow bulb on the wall outside. On this side of the restaurant, it was already dark. Out back, where the building faced west to the mountains, the sky was pale-orange, with long, silver-gray clouds ringed with purple floating up high and blood-red strips of cloud near the horizon. She decided she'd better return to the bar. There would be a few diners, she knew, who would want to take an after-dinner drink onto the deck and watch the sunset.

Before she could get out the door, Noonan, his face dark with confused anger, strode back into the kitchen, carrying the last lobster in his dripping wet hand. The lobster feebly waved its claws in the air, and its thick, armored tail curled in on itself and snapped back in a weak, hopeless attempt to push Noonan away. "Here, you do the honors!" Noonan said to Stacy, holding the lobster up to her face. With his free hand, he flipped the gas jet below the slow-boiling lobster pot to high. "Have you ever boiled a live lobster, Stacy? Oh, it's a real turn-on." He leered, but it was an angry leer. "You're gonna love it, Stacy, especially the way it turns bright-red as soon as you drop it into the boiling water. It won't sink right away, of course, because it's still alive and will struggle to climb out of the pot, just like you would. But even while it's trying to get out of the boiling water, it'll be turning red, and you'll see it give up, and when that happens, it's cooked and ready to be eaten. *Yummm!*"

He pushed the lobster at her, and it flailed its claws in her face, as if it were her hand clamped onto its back, not Noonan's. She didn't flinch or back away. She held her ground and looked into what passed for the animal's face, searching for an expression, some indicator of feeling or thought that would guide her own feelings and thoughts. But there was none, and when she realized there could be none, this pleased her and she smiled.

"It's getting to you, right?" Noonan said. "I can tell, it's a turn-on for you, right?" He smiled back, almost forgiving her for having judged him so unfairly, and held the lobster over the pot of boiling water. Steam billowed around the creature's twisting body, and Stacy stared, transfixed, when from the dining room she heard the rising voices of the diners, their loud exclamations and calls to one another to come and see, hurry up, come and see the bear!

Stacy and Noonan looked at each other, she in puzzlement, he with irritated resignation. "Shit," he said. "This has got to be the worst goddamn night of my life." He dropped the lobster into the empty sink and disappeared into the pantry, returning to the kitchen a few seconds later with a rifle cradled in his arm. "Sonofabitch, this is the last time that bastard gets into my trash!" he declared, and made for the dining room, with Stacy following close behind.

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A BLACK BEAR THIS CLOSE. IT WAS NOT UNCOMMON TO COME UPON one in the neighborhood, especially in midsummer, when the mountain streams ran dry and sent the normally shy creatures to the lower slopes and valleys, where the humans lived. Once, when driving back to college after summer vacation, she thought she spotted a large bear crossing the road a hundred yards ahead of her and at first had assumed it couldn't be a bear, it must be a huge dog, a Newfoundland, maybe, moving slowly, until it heard her car coming and broke into a swift, forward-tilted lope and disappeared into the brush as she passed. She stopped the car and backed up to where the animal had entered the brush, but there was no sign of its ever having been there, no broken weeds or freshly fallen leaves, even.

This time, however, she intended to see the bear up close, if possible, and to know for sure that she did not imagine it. When she got to the dining room, everyone, Gail and the regulars from the bar included, was standing at the windows, gazing down at the yard in back where the land sloped away from the building, pointing and murmuring small noises of appreciation—except for the children, who were stilled by the sight, not so much frightened by the bear as in awe of it. The adults seemed to be mainly pleased by their good luck, for now they would have something novel to report to their friends and family when they returned home. This would become the night they saw the bear at Noonan's.

Then Stacy saw Noonan and several other diners, all of them men, out on the deck. They, too, stared down into the yard below the dining room and in the direction of the basement door, where Noonan stashed his garbage and trash barrels in a locked wooden latticework cage. The men were somber and intent, taut and almost trembling, like hunting dogs on point.

Stacy edged up to the window. Behind the distant mountains, the sun was gloriously setting. Its last golden rays splashed across the neatly mowed yard behind the restaurant and shone like a soft spotlight upon the thick, black-pelted body of the bear. It was a large adult male, over six feet tall on his hind legs, methodically, calmly ripping away the sides and top of the lattice cage, sending torn boards into the air like kindling sticks, working efficiently but at his own placid pace, as if he were utterly alone and there were no audience of men, women, and children staring down at him from the dining-room windows overhead, no small gang of men out on the deck watching him like a hunting party gathered on a cliff above a watering hole, and as if Noonan were not lifting his rifle to his shoulder, aiming it, and firing.

> Stacy picked up the rifle and looked it over. She slid it into shooting position against her right shoulder and aimed along the barrel through the screen door and the fluttering cluster of moths to the outside lamp. "Is it still loaded?" she asked.

He shot once, and he missed the bear altogether. He fired a second time.

The bear was struck high in the back and a tuft of black hair flew away from his chest where the bullet emerged. The crowd in the dining room groaned and cried out, "He's shooting it! Oh, God, he's shooting it!" A woman screeched, "Tell him to stop!" and children began to bawl. A man yelled, "For God's sake, is he nuts?" Gail looked beseechingly at Stacy, who simply shook her head slowly from side to side, for she could do nothing to stop him now. No one could. People shouted and cried, a few sobbed, and children wailed, and Noonan fired a third time. He hit the bear in the shoulder and the animal spun around, still standing, searching for the source of this terrible pain, not understanding that he should look

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up, that the man with the rifle, barely fifty yards away, was positioned out of sight above him and, because of his extreme anger, because of his refusal to be impersonal in this grisly business, was unable to kill him, and so he wounded the poor creature again and again, in the chest, in a paw, and shot him through the muzzle, until finally the bear dropped to all fours and, unsure in which direction to flee, tumbled first away from the restaurant downhill toward the woods, and then, hit in the back, turned and came lumbering, bleeding and in pain, straight toward the deck, where Noonan fired one last shot, hitting the bear this time in the center of his forehead, and the bear rolled forward, as if he had accidentally tripped, and died.

RIFLE IN HAND, NOONAN STUMPED IN silence past the departing crowd, his gaze fixed rigidly on something inside, a target in his mind of a silhouetted bear. No one spoke to him or caught his eye as he passed, no one looked at his back, even, when he strode into the kitchen and the door swung shut behind him. The men who had stood with him on the deck outside were ashamed now to have been there. Making as little of it as possible, they joined their wives and friends, all of whom were lined up at the cash register paying Gail, leaving cash on the table, or paying Stacy at the bar, and quickly headed for the parking lot and their cars. There were a few stunned, silent exceptions, older kids too shocked to cry or too proud, but most of the children were weeping, and some wailed, while the parents tried vainly to comfort them, to assure them that bears don't feel pain the same way humans do, that the man who shot the bear had to shoot it because it was damaging his property, and not to worry, we will never come to this restaurant again, no matter what.

When everyone had left, Gail walked slowly from the dining room to the bar, where she took off her apron, folded it carefully, and set it on a barstool. "That's it for me," she said to Stacy. With trembling hands, she knocked a cigarette loose from the pack, lit it, and inhaled deeply. "Tell him he can mail me my pay," she said. "The fuck er." She started for the door and then abruptly stopped. Without turning around, she said, "Stacy? Why the hell are you staying?"

"I'm not."

In a voice so low she seemed to be talking to herself, Gail said, "Yes, girl, you are." Then she was gone.

STACY FLIPPED OFF THE LIGHTS IN THE BAR AND DINING ROOM one by one, unplugged the roadside sign, and locked the front entrance. When she pushed open the door to the kitchen, Noonan, standing at the far end of the long stainless-steel counter, looked up and scowled at her. He had cooked the last lobster and was eating it, eating it off the counter with his hands, broken shells and the remains of its shattered carcass lay scattered in front of him. He poked a forefinger into the thick, muscular tail and shoved a chunk of white meat out the other end, snatched it up, and popped it into his mouth.

"Eight fucking shots it took me!" he said, chewing. "That's what I get for stashing that goddamn pissant .22 here instead of laying in a real gun." He waved contemptuously with the back of his hand at the rifle propped against the counter, and with his other hand he pushed more lobster meat into his mouth. His face was red, and he was breathing rapidly and heavily. "I missed the first shot, y'know, only because I was so pissed off I didn't concentrate. But if I'd had a real gun, that second shot would've done the job fine. By God, tomorrow I'm bringing in my .30-06!" he declared.

Stacy picked up the .22 rifle and looked it over. She slid it into shooting position against her right shoulder and aimed along the barrel through the screen door and the fluttering cluster of moths to the outside lamp.

"Is it still loaded?" she asked.

"There's four rounds left, so don't fuck with it." He yanked the spindly legs off the underbelly of the lobster and sucked the meat from each and dropped the emptied tubes, one by one, onto the counter in front of him.

Slowly, Stacy brought the rifle around and aimed it at Noonan's skull. "Noonan," she said, and he turned.

"Yeah, sure."

She closed her eyes and pulled the trigger and heard the explosion, and when she opened her eyes, she saw in the middle of Noonan's broad, white forehead a dark hole the size of a dime, which instantly expanded to a quarter, and his large body jerked once as if electrocuted and flipped backward, his astonished face gone from her sight altogether now, and she saw instead the back of his head, and a hole in it the size of a silver dollar. His body, like a large, rubberized sack of water, fell to the floor, spinning away from her as it descended, ending flat on its back, with Noonan's wide-open eyes staring at the pot rack above the counter. Blood pumped from the hole in the rear of his skull onto the pale green linoleum and spread in a thickening, dark-red puddle slowly toward her feet.

She lay the rifle on the counter beside the broken remains of the lobster, crossed to the stove, where the pot of water was still boiling, and shut off the gas flame. Slowly, as if unsure of where she was, she looked around the room, then seemed to make a decision, and perched herself on a stool next to the walk-in refrigerator. She leaned her head back against the cool stainless steel door and closed her eyes. Never in her life, never, had Stacy known the relief she felt at that moment. And not since the moment before she was struck by lightning had she known the freedom.

A RATTLING, FORD PICKUP TRUCK STOPPED BESIDE THE darkened roadside sign, and the LaPierre brothers, Donny and Timmy, leaped from the truck bed to the side of the road. "Hey, good luck with ol' Noonan, you little assholes!" the driver said, and he and a male passenger in the cab cackled with laughter. Two beery, expansive carpenters, they were cousins of the LaPierres, heading home to their wives and kids late from the bars of Lake Placid. They waved cheerfully to the boys and pulled away.

Donny and Timmy crunched across the gravel parking lot. The kitchen light and the lamp outside were still on, and when the boys were halfway across the lot, they saw Stacy through the screen door, seated on the stool by the big walk-in fridge. She was asleep, it looked like, or maybe just bored out of her mind listening to one of Noonan's dumb hunting stories.

"You think he's screwing Stacy?" Timmy asked.

"C'mon, man. Stacy's a babe. And he's ancient, man," Donny said. "It's cool she's still here, though," he added. "She likes us, and he'll hire us back just to look good."

"I wouldn't mind a little of that myself."

"A little of what?"

"Stacy, man!"

Donny punched his younger brother on the shoulder. "Yeah, well, you'll hafta wait your turn, little fella!" he laughed. He waved away the swarming cloud of moths and pulled the screen door open. Timmy entered first, and Donny, hiding his fading grin behind his hand, followed.





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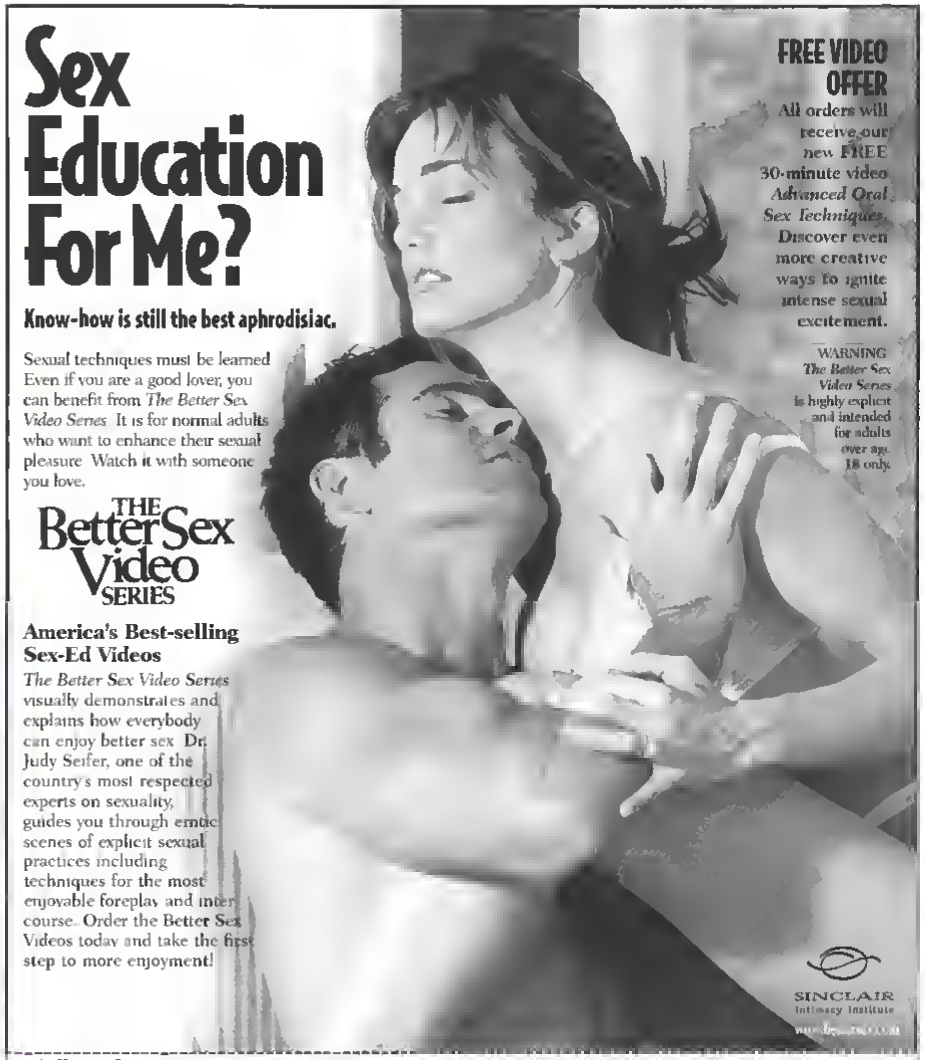
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My Favorite Teacher

[continued from page 183] lawyer opted to have Bailey decide the sentence rather than the jury. Mr. Lindwall would be allowed to address the court first.

"I have the life of Jefferson Wesley on my conscience, and that's something that will stay there until I die. I would publicly like to apologize to his parents for the terror and grief, the suffering I've put them through. And to the other young men who have had the misfortune of crossing my path, I also apologize and hope that the scars that may remain will soon disappear.

"I am not looking for sympathy, nor am I offering excuses. I believe those of you who knew me deserve an explanation. I also believe there is something to be learned from all that has occurred."

Mr. Lindwall described his boyhood, the cruelty he endured as his body changed, and the impossibility of living as a neuter, as God's mistake. He expressed relief that he had been stopped when he had.

"In closing, if any of you have a problem which hurts you to the point of altering how you feel about yourselves, for God's sake don't keep it to yourself. Don't get trapped into believing that no one can help. If the first person you go to does not ease your concerns, then try someone else. Whatever you do, don't surrender to your problem.

"Nothing I say can bring back Jefferson Wesley, or get rid of all the pain and suffering I've caused. But, God, don't let it happen to somebody else."

While Mr. Lindwall spoke, Judge Bailey scratched these notes into his oversized notebook: "He lived a good life." "No prior criminal record." "Bizarre case." Then he announced to the courtroom, "I must say, the defendant is a very unusual one as far as this court is concerned. In ten years as a judge here and four years as a federal prosecutor, you come across very few defendants like this one. . . . Considering the factors involved here, I have no alternative but to sentence the defendant to the Illinois penitentiary on the murder charge for natural life without parole, and sixty years on the other charges, all to run concurrent. That's it."

Expressionless, Mr. Lindwall gathered his papers just as he had after biology class, waited a moment to make sure no one needed him, then disappeared into the Illinois penal system. He was thirty-six years old.

13

I'm thirty-six years old. Today, I go to see Mr. Lindwall.

The mustard stone walls at the Joliet Correctional Center have stood sentry over 140 years of broken men. The prison, landscaped in pillowy bales of barbed wire, will hold Mr. Lindwall until he dies.

At the sign-in counter, a guard checks a liar for my name and informs me that, whoa, the dude I'm here to see never gets any visitors. He points me to a locker for my belongings, then searches me in a no-man's holding zone to make sure I'm not stashing anything in my hair or between my toes—visitors are not allowed to bring anything, not even a pencil, into a visit. I'm moved to a waiting area that sells ice cream sandwiches and Joliet Correctional Center T-shirts, then stamped on the hand with an ultraviolet blotch and led through two sets of iron doors and into the visiting room.

I search for the bushy-bearded, 240-pound teacher, but he's not among the tattooed convicts, their weary-faced women, or yelping kids. Only one man sits alone in this room, but he's got a neatly trimmed gray beard and weighs no more than 160 pounds. He wears his prison issue blue shirt looser than the other prisoners, and he has kind eyes. Mr. Lindwall and I shake hands.

He apologizes for not remembering me. I'm nervous and can only muster a dopey "Wow, you look great." He says he's in the best shape of his life, jogs every day and lifts weights like this, he says, hoisting two invisible dumbbells and grinning. We sit on bolted-down stools at opposite ends of a pizza-sized table. He fills me in on the incidentals of his everyday life. His day always begins with a hot chocolate, then six hours of laundry folding before working crossword puzzles, the harder the better. He resents Oprah for asking guests, "How did that make you feel?" since he's discovered that nothing "makes" you feel any way—you decide how to feel.

Mr. Lindwall is polite and gracious, but then he turns to me. "Why are you interested in me?" he asks. For a moment, I strain to recapture the sophisticated explanations I'd rehearsed in the car. Instead, I blurt out, "Was I wrong to like you?"

"You weren't wrong," he says after long consideration. "I was a good teacher and sometimes I was a good person. I did a lot of good things. But I led two separate lives."

"Why did you do it?" I ask.

And then he begins telling me about his crimes.

"I'm not homosexual. These weren't sex crimes. I did them to . . . satisfy my curiosity," he says. "The newspapers said that I never touched any of my foster children. Well, that's not true. And I did other . . . things . . . that didn't, let's say, come out completely. If you think someone like me starts committing crimes when he's thirty-one, you're wrong. These things go back a long, long way.

"Did you know I had already resigned from Glenbrook North before I got caught? I did that because I was going to hurt my own students. The things I was doing weren't satisfying me anymore. I knew I was going to take things to . . . another level. If I hadn't been caught, I would have turned into another Gacy. No. I was going to live as a hermit, and I would have been worse than Gacy."

Mr. Lindwall asks if I remember his trial. I tell him that I'd read the papers and, like everyone else, admired his speech to the court.

"That speech was bullshit," Mr. Lindwall says softly. "I remember believing it at the time—I'm not saying I purposely lied. But I had no feeling for my victims, nothing. It took me years in here before I felt anything for victims, mine or anyone else's.

"Remember Sporto Hall? I remember once, this very sensitive kid walked down Sporto Hall and the jocks were merciless, teasing him, and when this guy came back he was in tears. I embraced him, tried to comfort him. I felt so bad for the kid, I just wanted to ease his pain. But even then, at the very moment I was comforting him, I also wanted to hurt him."

After a while, a guard pokes me and says time's up. Mr. Lindwall apologizes for focusing so much on his crimes and says that he'd like me to come back, so perhaps we can get to know each other better. I am a little disoriented and react by trying to buy him a Mountain Dew for the road. He smiles and says, No thanks, it's not allowed. Mr. Lindwall shakes my hand as I leave. "I feel like you came here for a reason," he says. "I'm not very religious, so I don't mean this religiously. But I feel like you showed up, I mean right now, at this time, for a purpose. I don't know the purpose, but I appreciate it."

In the parking lot, I scribble out notes: "Smart. Articulate. Soft voice. Honest."

"Was about to hurt own students."

"Says he was ready to become serial killer, worse than Gacy."

"Other crimes no one knows about."

"Remembers wanting to comfort—but also hurt—'sensitive' kid in GBN hallway."

"Still a good guy."

I'm numb as I pull onto the snowy express way, back to Northbrook, the place I despised, so of course it's where I now live, and I'm wondering what I have discovered about Mr. Lindwall. Wondering if this is finally over for me. My mind is full and racing, skimming across the surface of the experience like a smooth stone. Is it possible to reconcile fond feelings for someone who had been such a positive influence yet had turned out to be capable of such evil? It happens all the time, I suppose—adults in positions of responsibility betraying impressionable children, sometimes much worse. How is a kid supposed to process that? And I'm driving and thinking about our conversation, about his laundry detail and Oprah and undiscovered crimes and crimes that had been planned and not executed, combing, combing for clues. And then suddenly, halfway between prison and home, I take my foot off the accelerator and the car drifts slowly over to the icy shoulder.

"Still a good guy."

Eighteen wheelers blast by, sending up the snow in a dirty swirl, as I sit there staring straight ahead, engine running. I'm thinking about the sensitive student Mr. Lindwall had comforted yet wanted to hurt.

And I know that Mr. Lindwall was talking about me.



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American Style

[*continued from page 165*] firm. Only the partners wear side-vented suits. Guys on my level wear center-vented."

"There are rituals that are still intact," Doonan trills, "the glue that holds people's lives together." And where would we be without at least some of them?

We are here to suggest that it requires a certain savvy and confidence to assess the world and to know that the time is right to wear what truly needs to be worn, what truly suits the occasion, and this sophistication, this self-knowledge and the will to express it, this is exactly what the casualization of America represents. Remember the attorneys of Boston, which has become something of a high-tech town? Nearly every firm in Beantown has dropped its dress code, finding that formality creates a barrier between its associates and their Netrepreneurial clients. Of course, most of the counselors keep a pressed two-piece hanging behind the door just in case.

American style is wearing what needs to be worn to get the job done best, and nothing else—unless dressing up simply happens to please you. "I think we're at a stage where everybody wants to enjoy the freedom of not wearing the suit because the suit was imposed," says Djordje Stefanovic, Ermenegildo Zegna's fashion director. "And when we get beyond that point, we'll come back to wearing the suit as a personal choice." And he may well be right. Early reports from next fall's fashion shows indicate a renewed embrace of the business two-piece.

A FINE SATURDAY MORNING. Stefanovic, the young man who is most responsible for one of the premier lines in men's wear, is not in the mood to dress up. He is wearing jeans, sneakers, and a polo. He has elected to not shave. "I'm kind of becoming American," he confesses.

He decides to visit the store on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan and finds it very busy, so he pitches in to help—and sells a whole wardrobe, complete with morning coat, to a guy who just wanted a suit. "I looked at myself and thought I wouldn't have been trustworthy," Stefanovic says, "but the guy was totally convinced."

Had he planned to sell rags that day, surely, Stefanovic would not have gone forth into the world looking any less than perfect. "It is not something I would recommend," Stefanovic cautions of his experiment with slovenliness. But from it, he gleans this lesson in the American can do ethos: "In an emergency, don't step away. *Try.*" Which goes to show you, one supposes, that American style is about more than just the clothes.

Of course, our friend Mr. Nebraska, he's not going to buy so much as a handkerchief (let alone a morning coat) from a guy wearing jeans, and more power to him. It is, after all, a free country. ■

The Youth in Asia

[*continued from page 167*] Neil caught fourteen mice, and scores of others escaped with missing limbs and tails. In Raleigh, she'd just lain around the house doing nothing, but now she had a real job to do.

Her interests broadened, and she listened intently to the radio, captivated by the political and financial stories that failed to interest me. "One more word about the Iran-contra hearings and you'll be sleeping next door with the aliens," I'd say, though we both knew that I didn't really mean it.

Neil was old when she moved to Chicago, and then she got older. The Oliver North testimony now behind her, she started leaving teeth in her bowl and developed the sort of breath that could remove paint. She stopped cleaning herself, and I took to bathing her in the sink. When she was soaking wet, I could see just how thin and brittle she really was. Her kidneys shrank to the size of raisins, and while I wanted what was best for her, I naturally assumed the vet was joking when he suggested dialysis.

In addition to being old, toothless, and incontinent, it seemed that for the cost of a few thousand dollars, she could also spend three days a week hooked up to a machine. "Sounds awfully tempting," I said. "Just give us a few days to think it over." I took her for a second opinion. Vet number two tested her blood and phoned me a few days later suggesting I consider euthanasia.

I hadn't heard that word since childhood, and immediately recalled a mismatched pair of Japanese schoolboys standing alone in a deserted schoolyard. One of the boys, grossly obese, was attempting to climb the flagpole that towered high above him. Silhouetted against the darkening sky, he hoisted himself a few feet off the ground and clung there, trembling and out of breath. "I can't do it," he said. "This is too hard for me."

His friend, a gaunt and serious boy named Komatsu, stood below him, offering encouragement. "Oh, but you *can* do it. You must," he said. "It is required."

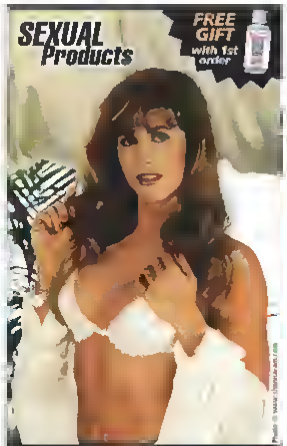
This was a scene I had long forgotten, and thinking of it made me unbearably sad. The boys were characters from *Fatty and Skinny*, a Japanese movie regularly presented on *The CBS Children's Film Festival*, a weekly TV series hosted by two puppets and a very patient woman who pretended to laugh at their jokes. My sisters and I watched the program every Saturday afternoon, our gasbag of a collie imposing frequent intermissions.

Having shimmied a few more inches up the pole, Fatty lost his grip and fell down. As he brushed himself off, Skinny ran down the mountain toward the fragile, papery house he shared with his family. This had been Fatty's last chance to prove himself. He'd thought his friend's patience was unlimited, but now he knew that he was wrong. "Komatsuuuuuuuu!" he yelled. "Komatsu, please give me one more chance."

The doctor's voice called me back from the



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The Youth in Asia

Japanese schoolyard. "So. The euthanasia," he said. "Are you giving it some thought?"

"Yes," I said. "As a matter of fact, I am."

In the end, I returned to the animal hospital and had her put to sleep. When the vet injected the sodium pentobarbital, Nerl fluttered her eyes, assumed a nap position, and died. My then-boyfriend stayed to make arrangements, and I ran outside to blubber beside the parked and, unfortunately, locked car. Nerl had gotten into the car believing she would live to experience the return trip, and that tore me up. Someone had finally been naïve enough to trust me, and I'd rewarded her with death. Racked by guilt, the Youth in Asia sat at their desks and wept bitter tears.

A week after putting her to sleep, I received Nerl's ashes in a forest-green can. She'd never expressed any great interest in the outdoors, so I scattered her remains on the carpet and then vacuumed them up. The cat's death struck me as the end of an era. The end of my safe college life, the last of my thirty-inch waist, my faltering relationship with my first real boyfriend—I cried for it all and spent the next several months wondering why so few songs were written about cats.

My mother sent a consoling letter along with a check to cover the cost of the cremation. In the lower-left corner, on the line marked MEMO, she'd written, "Pet burning." I had it coming.

When my mother died and was cremated herself, we worried that, acting on instinct, our father might run out and immediately replace her. Returning from the funeral, my brother, sisters, and I half expected to find Sharon Two standing at the kitchen counter, working the puzzle from *TV Guide*. "Sharon One would have gotten five-across," our father would have scolded. "Come on, baby, get with it!"

With my mother gone, my father and Melina had each other all to themselves. Though she now occupied the side of the bed left vacant by her former mistress, the dog knew she could never pass as a viable replacement. Her love was too fierce and simple, and she had no talent for argument. Yet she and my father honored their pledge to adore and protect each other. They celebrated anniversaries, regularly renewed their vows, and growled when challenged by outside forces.

"You want me to go *where*?" When invited to visit one of his children, my father would beg off, saying, "I can't leave town. Who'd take care of Melina?"

Due to their size, Great Danes generally don't live very long. There are cheeses that last longer. At the age of eleven, gray-bearded and teetering, Melina was a wonder of science. My father massaged her arthritic legs, carried her up the stairs, and lifted her in and out of bed. He treated her the way men in movies treat their ailing wives, the way he might have treated my mother had she allowed such naked displays of helplessness and affection. Melina's era had spanned the final ten years of his married life. The dog had ridden in the family's last station wagon. She'd attended my father's retirement party, lived through my sister's wedding, and celebrated the election of two Republican presidents. She grew weaker and lost her appetite, but against all advice, my father simply could not bear to let go.

The Youth in Asia begged him to end her life.

"I can't *do* it," he said. "This is too hard for me."

"Oh, but you *must* do it," said Komatsu. "It is required."

A month after Melina was put to sleep, my father returned to the breeder and came home with another Great Dane. A female like Melina, gray spots like Melina, only this one is named Sophie. He tries to love her but readily admits that he may have made a mistake. She's a nice enough dog, but the timing is off.

When walking Sophie through the neighborhood, my father feels not unlike a newly married senior citizen stumbling behind his apathetic young bride. The puppy's stamina embarrasses him, as does her blatant interest in younger men. Passing drivers slow to a stop and roll down their windows. "Hey," they yell. "Are you walking *her*, or is it the other way around?"

Their words remind him of a more gracious era, of milder forces straining against the well-worn leash. He still gets the attention, but now, in response, he just lifts his shovel and continues on his way.

Giant Dreams

[*continued from page* 191] of music! Man, this is beautiful."

You certainly couldn't accuse him of being unsupportive. His enthusiasm bordered on mania, yet still it failed to inspire us. During practice sessions, my sisters and I would eat potato chips, scowling at our hated instruments and speculating on the lives of our music teachers. They were all peculiar in one way or another, but with a midget, I'd definitely won the my teacher-is-stranger-than-yours competition. I wondered where Mister Mancini lived and who he might call in case of an emergency. Did he stand on a chair in order to shave, or was his home customized to meet his needs? I'd look at the laundry hamper or the beer cooler, thinking that if it came down to it, Mister Mancini could hide just about anywhere. Though I thought of him constantly, I grabbed any excuse to avoid my guitar.

"I've been doing just what you told me to do," I'd say at the beginning of each lesson, "but I just can't get the hang of it. Maybe my fingers are too short—I mean, like—I mean, maybe I'm just not coordinated enough." He'd arrange Joan in my lap, pick up Beth, and tell me to follow along. "You need to believe you're playing an actual woman," he'd say. "Just grab her by the neck and make her holler."

Mister Mancini had a singular talent for making me uncomfortable. He forced me to consider things I'd rather not think about—the sex of my guitar, for instance. If I honestly wanted to put my hands on a woman, would that automatically mean I could play? Gretchen's teacher never told her to think of her piano as a boy. Neither did Lisa's flute teacher, though in that case the analogy was fairly obvious. On the off chance that sexual desire was all it took, I steered clear of Lisa's instrument, fearing I might be labeled a prodigy. The best solution was to become a singer and leave the instruments to somebody else. A song stylist—that was what I wanted to be.

I was at the mall with my mother one afternoon when I spotted Mister Mancini reaching up to order a hamburger at Scotty's Chuck Wagon, a fast-food restaurant located a few doors down from the music shop. He sometimes mentioned having lunch with a salesgirl from Jolly's Jewelers—"a real looker"—but on this day he was alone. When asking for his hamburger, Mister Mancini had to stand on tiptoe, and even his head failed to reach the counter. The passing adults politely looked away, but their children were decidedly more vocal. A toddler ambled up on his chubby bowed legs, attempting to embrace my teacher with ketchup-smeared fingers while a party of elementary school students openly stared in wonder. Even worse was the group of adolescents, the boys my own age who sat gathered around a large table. "Go back to Oz, munchkin," one of them said, and his friends shook with laughter. Tray in hand, Mister Mancini took a seat and pretended not to notice. The boys weren't yelling, but anyone could tell they were making fun of him. "Honestly, Mother," I said. "Do they have to be such monsters?" Beneath my moral outrage was a strong sense of possessiveness, a fury that other people were sinking their hooks into my own personal midget. What did they know about this man? I was the one who let his cigarettes and listened as he denounced the careers of so-called pretty boys such as Glen Campbell and Bobby Goldsboro. It was I who had suffered through six weeks' worth of lessons and was still struggling to master "Yellow Bird." If anyone was going to get laughs at his expense, I figured that I should be the first in line.

I'd always thought of Mister Mancini as a blowhard, a pocket playboy, but watching him dip his hamburger into a sad puddle of mayonnaise, I broadened my view and came to see him as a wee outsider, a misfit whose take-it or leave-it attitude had left him all alone. This was a persona I'd been tinkering with myself: the outcast, the rebel. It occurred to me that, with the exception of the guitar, he and I actually had quite a bit in common. We were both men trapped inside a boy's body. Each of us was talented in his own way, and we both hated twelve-year-old boys, a demographic group second to none in terms of cruelty. All things considered, there was no reason I shouldn't address him, not as a teacher, but as an artistic brother. Maybe then we could drop the pretense of Joan and get down to work. If things worked out the way I hoped, I'd someday mention in interviews that my accompanist was both my best friend *and* a midget.

I wore a tie to my next lesson, and this time, when asked if I'd practiced, I told the truth, saying in a matter-of-fact tone of voice that no, I hadn't laid a finger on my guitar since our last get-together. I told him that Joan was my cousin's name and that I had no idea how stacked she was.

"That's okay," Mister Mancini said. "You can call your guitar whatever you want, just so long as you practice."

My voice shaking, I told him that I had absolutely no interest in mastering the guitar. What I really wanted was to sing in the voice of Billie Holiday. "Mainly commercials, but not for any banks or car dealerships, because those are usually choral arrangements."

The color ebbed from my teacher's face.

I told him I'd been working up an act and could use a little accompaniment. Did he know the jingle for the new Sara Lee campaign?

"You want me to what?" He wasn't angry, just confused.

I felt certain he was lying when he denied knowing the tune. Doublemint gum, Ritz crackers, the theme songs for Alka-Seltzer and Keumore appliances? He claimed ignorance on all counts. I started in on an a cappella version of the latest Oscar Mayer commercial, hoping he might join in once the spirit moved him. It looked bad, I knew, but in order to sustain the proper mood, I needed to disregard his company and sing the way I did at home when alone in my bedroom, my eyes shut tight and my hands dangling like pointless, empty gloves.

My bologna has a first name, it's
O-S-C-A-R
My bologna has a second name, it's
M-A-Y-E-R
Oh, I love to eat it every day
And if you ask me why I'll say
'Cause Oscar Mayer has a way with
B-O-L-O-G-N-A

I reached the end of my tune thinking he might take this as an opportunity to applaud or even apologize for underestimating me. Mild amusement would have been an acceptable response, but instead he held up his hands, as if to stop an advancing car. "Hey, guy," he said. "You can hold it right there. I'm not into that scene."

A scene? What scene? I thought I was being original.

"There were plenty of screwballs like you back in Atlanta, but me, I don't swing that way—you got it? This might be your 'thing' or whatever, but you can definitely count me out." He reached for his coat

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Giant Dreams

shell and stubbed out his cigarette. "I mean, come on now. For God's sake, kid, pull yourself together."

I knew then why I'd never sung in front of anyone and why I shouldn't have done it in front of Mister Mancini. He'd used the word *screwball*, but I knew what he really meant. He meant I should have named my guitar Doug or Brian or, better yet, taken up the flute. He meant that if we're defined by our desires, I was in for a lifetime of trouble.

The remainder of the hour was spent awkwardly watching the clock as we silently pretended to tune our guitars.

My father was disappointed when I told him I wouldn't be returning for any more lessons. "He told me not to come back," I said. "He told me I have the wrong kind of fingers." Seeing that it had worked for me, my sisters invented similar stories, and together we announced that the Sedaris Trio had officially disbanded. Our father offered to find us better teachers, adding that if we were unhappy with our instruments we could trade them in for something more suitable. "The trumpet or the saxophone or, hey, how about the vibes?" He reached for a Lionel Hampton album, saying, "I want you to sit down and give this a good listen. Just get a load of this cat and tell me he's not an inspiration."

There was a time when I could listen to such a record and imagine myself as the headline act at some magnificent New York nightclub, but that's what fantasies are for. They allow you to skip the degradation and head straight to the top. I'd done my solo and would now move on to pursue other, equally unsuccessful ways of getting attention. I'd try every art form there was, and with each disappointment I'd picture Mister Mancini holding his conch shell and saying, "For God's sake, kid, pull yourself together."

We told our father no, don't bother playing us any more of your records, but he still persisted. "I'm telling you that this album is going to change your lives, and if it doesn't, I'll give each one of you a five dollar bill. What do you think of that?"

It was a tough call—five dollars for listening to a Lionel Hampton record. We looked at one another, my sisters and I, and then we left the room, ignoring his cry of "Hey, where do you think you're going? Get back in here and listen."

We joined our mother at the TV and never looked back. A life in music was his great passion, not ours, and our lessons had taught us that without the passion, the best we could hope for was an occasional engagement at some hippie wedding where, if we were lucky, the guests would be too stoned to realize just how bad we really were. That night, as was his habit, our father fell asleep in front of the stereo, the record making its pointless, silent rounds as he laid back against the sofa cushions, dreaming it

Credits

Store information The Esquire Guide, p. 119: Ermenegildo Zegna jacket at Ermeneg ldo Zegna nationwide. Joseph Abboud jacket at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores; Nordstrom select stores. Bloomingdale's select stores. Canali jacket at Marchelli, Westport, CT. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Mano's, Seattle. Pal Zileri suits at Pal Zileri, Las Vegas; Vero Uomo, Englewood, NJ. James Ltd., McLean, VA. Burberry Prorsum jacket at Burberry nationwide. Barneys New York, New York. R 129: CK suit at Macy's select stores, Neiman Marcus select stores. Shirt at Dayton's select stores. Holland & Holland tie at Holland & Holland, New York and Beverly Hills. Tommy Hilfiger suit at Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills. Turnbull & Asser shirt at Turnbull & Asser, New York. Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Neiman Marcus select stores. Holland & Holland tie at Holland & Holland, New York and Beverly Hills. Robert Talbott pocket square at Neiman Marcus nationwide; Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide. Belvest suit at Barneys New York, New York; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Barcelino nationwide. Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt and Ralph Lauren Purple Label tie at Polo/Ralph Lauren select stores. Nautica suit at Lord & Taylor select stores, Macy's select stores. Turnbull & Asser shirt at Turnbull & Asser, New York. Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Neiman Marcus select stores. Salvatore Ferragamo tie at Salvatore Ferragamo nationwide. R 122: Pal Zileri suit at Pal Zileri Las Vegas, Vero Uomo, Englewood, NJ. James Ltd., McLean, VA. Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt and Ralph Lauren tie at Polo/Ralph Lauren select stores. Thomas Pink pocket square at Thomas Pink, New York and Soa Francisco. Prada suit and shirt at Prada, New York and Beverly Hills. Chanel tie at Chanel nationwide. Canali suit at Richard's of Greenwich, Greenwich, CT. Barneys New York select stores, Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. Shirt at Boyds, Philadelphia, Garys, Newport Beach, CA, Andrisen Morton, Denver. Tie at Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans; Garys, Newport Beach, CA, Bloomingdale's nationwide. Salvatore Ferragamo suit and tie at Salvatore Ferragamo nationwide. Cube lightcam, shirt at Zanti, New York. Barneys Menswear, Miami; Braddocks Menswear, Eatontown, NJ. Robert Talbott pocket square at Robert Talbott nationwide; Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide. P 124: Holland & Holland suit, shirt, and tie at Holland & Holland, New York and Beverly Hills. Johnston & Murphy lace-ups at Johnston & Murphy nationwide. Tommy Hilfiger belt at Bloomingdale's select stores. Macy's select stores. CK socks at department stores nationwide. Holland & Holland turtleneck at Holland & Holland, New York and Beverly Hills. Tod's loafers at Tod's nationwide. Ermenegildo Zegna suit and shirt at Ermenegildo Zegna nationwide. Canali tie at Boyds, Philadelphia. Bloomingdale's nationwide. Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Salvatore Ferragamo lace-ups at Salvatore Ferragamo nationwide. Calvin Klein socks at Calvin Klein, New York. Ermenegildo Zegna sweater at Ermenegildo Zegna nationwide. Neiman Marcus nationwide. Cole Haan loafers at Cole Haan nationwide. P 126: Giorgio Armani Clavico suit at Giorgio Armani, New York. Giorgio Armani shirt at Giorgio Armani, New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Las Vegas. Tie at Giorgio Armani nationwide. Ralph Lauren Footwear lace-ups at Polo/Ralph Lauren select stores. Calvin Klein socks at Calvin Klein, New York. Tardini belt at Louis Boston, Boston; Tyrone, Roslyn, NY. Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Giorgio Armani sweater at Giorgio Armani, New York, Los Angeles, and Las Vegas. Loafers at Giorgio Armani nationwide. Ralph Lauren Purple Label suit, shirt, and tie at Polo/Ralph Lauren nationwide. Ralph Lauren Footwear lace-ups at Polo/Ralph Lauren nationwide. Ermenegildo Zegna belt at Ermenegildo Zegna nationwide; Neiman Marcus nationwide. Ralph Lauren Purple Label sweater at Polo/Ralph Lauren nationwide. Hogan sneakers at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores.

In Search of Dylan McDermott, p. 168: Prada jacket ($1,780) at Prada, New York. Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt ($14) at Macy's nationwide; Bloomingdale's nationwide; Barneys nationwide. Helmut Lang jeans ($136) and sunglasses ($285) at Helmut Lang, New York. P 169: Dolce & Gabbana suit ($1,520) and tie ($100) at Dolce & Gabbana, Houston, Bal Harbour, FL, and New York. Shirt ($200) at Dolce & Gabbana, Houston and New York. J.M. Weston loafers ($525) at J.M. Weston, New York. Fantasia ring at Neiman

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Credits

Marcus nationwide **p. 170:** Gucci **shirt** ($670) at Gucci nationwide; Maxfield, Los Angeles. **Pants** ($1,490) at Gucci select stores. Verdura **cuff links** ($5,000) at Verdura. New York and Palm Beach, FL. Cartier and Gross **sunglasses** ($250) at Gruen Optika, New York.

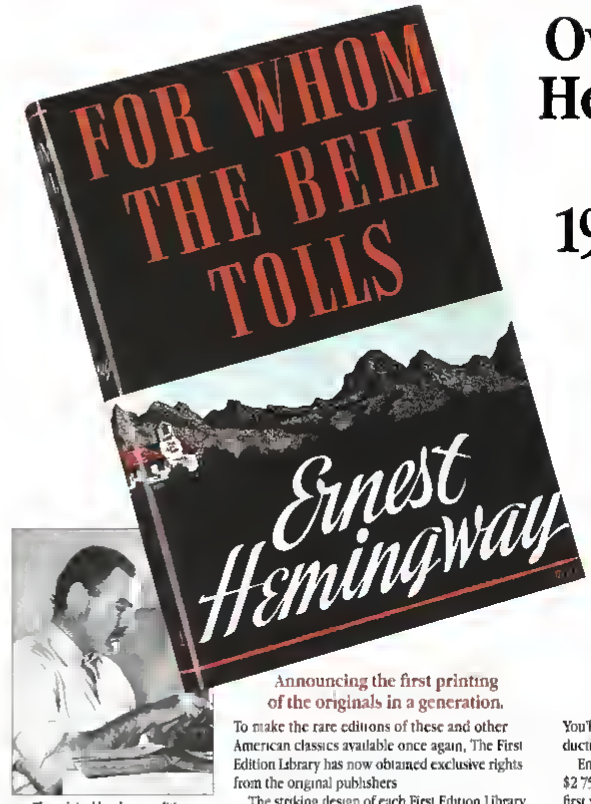
Ensemble Style, pp. 172–173: OKNY **Pare pants** at OKNY, New York. Bloomingdale's select stores. Kenneth Cole **pants** at Kenneth Cole nationwide; Parisian nationwide; Dayton Hudson nationwide. Michael Kors **pants** at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Nova USA by Tony Melillo **pants** at Nova USA, New York. Nautica by David Chu **pants** at Macy's select stores, Bundles select stores, Lord & Taylor select stores. Louis Vuitton Cup **pants** at Louis Vuitton select stores. Tommy Hilfiger **pants** at Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills. Mint Nye **pants** at Bloomingdale's, New York and Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles. **Pp. 174–175:** Ermenegildo Zegna **sport coat** and **shirt** at Ermenegildo Zegna nationwide. Carrefinni **sport coat** and **shirt** at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores, Nordstrom select stores, Mr. Sid, Newton, MA. Emporio Armani **suit** and **shirt** at Emporio Armani nationwide. Salvatore Ferragamo **sport coat** and **shirt** at Salvatore Ferragamo nationwide. Versatenza **sport coat** and **shirt** by special order at Alex Sebastian, Costa Mesa, CA, and Charles Spiegel Inc Men, Pittsburgh. Burberry **sport coat** and **shirt** at Burberry, New York and San Francisco. Paul Smith **suit** and **shirt** at Paul Smith, New York. D'Avenza **sport coat** at Davide Cenci, New York. Mr. Sid, Newton, MA; Papillon, Hasbrouck, NJ. Tommy Hilfiger **shirt** at Macy's select stores. Bloomingdale's select stores, Brown **sport coat** and **shirt** at Barneys, New York. Neiman Marcus select stores. **Pp. 176–177:** John Bartlett **jacket** at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores, Neiman Marcus select stores, Kenneth Cole **jacket** at Kenneth Cole nationwide; Parisian nationwide, Dayton Hudson nationwide. Tommy Hilfiger **jacket** at Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills. Canali **jacket** at Bean Brummel, New York. Murrell's, Seattle, Garys, Newport Beach, CA. Triple XXX **jacket** at Belk, Charlotte, NC; Mass, Minim, Beat Non Stop, Los Angeles. Polo by Ralph Lauren **jacket** at Polo/Ralph Lauren select stores. OKNY **jacket** at OKNY, New York. Bloomingdale's select stores. Club Monaco **jacket** at Club Monaco select stores.

Sole Performances, p. 194: Calvin Klein **suit** at Calvin Klein, New York. **Sweater** at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. Converse **sneakers** at Foot Locker nationwide. Timmins Footwear nationwide. Calvin Klein **jacket** and **trousers** at Calvin Klein, New York. **Sweater** at Calvin Klein, New York, Bergdorf Goodman, New York. JJ Sander **sneakers** at JJ Sander, Chicago. Jeffrey New York; Linda Dresner, New York. **P. 198:** Hermès **car coat** and **sweater** at Hermès nationwide. **P. 196:** Costume National **suit** at Costume National, New York and Los Angeles, Barneys New York, New York and Chicago. New York Industrie **shirt** at Barneys New York, New York and Beverly Hills, Bergdorf Goodman, New York. **P. 197:** Daiana Karan Collection **raincoat** and **crewneck** at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **Trousers** at Bloomingdale's select stores. **P. 198:** Dolce & Gabbana **sport coat** at Dolce & Gabbana, Houston; Bal Harbour, FL, and New York. **Shirt** and **briefs** at Dolce & Gabbana, Bal Harbour, FL, and New York. **P. 199:** Gucci **suit** at Gucci select stores. **Shirt** at Gucci nationwide. Valentino **sport coat**, **shirt**, and **trousers** at Valentino, New York and Beverly Hills. Tod's **loafers** at Tod's nationwide. Joseph Abboud **suit** and **crewneck** at Nordstrom select stores; Saks Fifth Avenue select stores, Bloomingdale's select stores. Burberry Prorsum **suit**, **crewneck**, and **lace-ups** at Burberry, New York and San Francisco; Barneys New York, New York. **P. 200:** Giorgio Armani **suit** at Giorgio Armani, New York. **Shirt** at Giorgio Armani nationwide. Cole Haan **loafers** at Cole Haan nationwide. Giorgio Armani **suit** at Giorgio Armani, New York. **V-neck** at Giorgio Armani, New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Bal Harbour, FL. **Shirt** at Giorgio Armani nationwide. **Lace-ups** at Giorgio Armani, New York and Los Angeles. **P. 201:** JJ Sander **suit** and **shirt** at JJ Sander, Chicago; Jeffrey New York; Linda Dresner, New York. Tod's **loafers** at Tod's nationwide. **P. 202:** Louis Vuitton **mackintosh**, **crewneck**, and **trousers** at Louis Vuitton, New York and Beverly Hills. Helmut Lang **sport coat**, **crewneck**, **trousers**, and **loafers** at Helmut Lang, New York. Tommy Hilfiger **suit** at Macy's select stores, Bloomingdale's select stores. **Shirt** at Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills. JJ Sander **loafers** at JJ Sander, Chicago, Jeffrey New York; Linda Dresner, New York. Ralph Lauren Purple Label **sweatshirt** and **trousers** at Polo/Ralph Lauren select stores. Burberry Prorsum **lace-ups** at Burberry, New York and San Francisco, Barneys New York, New York. **P. 203:** Prada **jacket**, **trousers**, **loafers**, **suit**, **cardigan shirt**, and **lace-ups** at Prada, New York and Beverly Hills.

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BY LARRY DOYLE



AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL ACADEMY MEMBERS, CREATIVE ARTISTS, AND ANYONE ELSE WHO STILL BELIEVES IN FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

It is with great sadness that I take out full-page ads today in *The New York Times*, *Variety*, and *The Hollywood Reporter*. I weep not for myself alone but for the entire film community, for all of show business, and for the billions who depend on it for entertainment free of morality and the pieties of self-appointed spokesmen for God.

I am Martin Pinol, a name a few of you may recognize from my music-video work, in particular Mandingus's "(I Need a 'Ho' with a) Big Ho," which won an MTV Video Music Award last year for Best Banned Video. Some may also know me as the writer-director of the 1998 Valentine's Day weekend box-office champ, *Dead Girls Don't Cry*. But to many of you, I am simply the "hell-bound potty mouth" behind *christblood*.

christblood is my attempt to come to terms with the divine mystery of the Resurrection, and most certainly not "a zombie picture with Jesus as an undead killing machine," as Mr. William Donohue, president of the Catholic League, recently claimed. It is worth noting that Mr. Donohue based his review on an early test screening, before any of the effects were laid in, and yet chose to condemn *christblood* WITHOUT HAVING SEEN A SINGLE FOOT OF THE COMPLETED FILM. Had he viewed the final cut, with its 234 digital effects and Trent Reznor score, perhaps Mr. Donohue would have seen *christblood* for the devout piece of entertainment it is.

In *christblood*, the character Jesus returns from the dead with a vengeance, a man-god on a mission, using his divine superpowers to destroy the Roman soldiers who cast lots for his clothing—and that's just the beginning. Donohue says this is sacrilegious. But how? This is more or less the legend set forth in the Book of Revelation. I have simply combined it with the Resurrection story line for greater dramatic impact. And let's not forget, THE GOOD GUY WINS. (But not before facing off against the entire Roman Empire.) Donohue also found "stunningly blasphemous" the scene in which Jesus "squirts blood from his stigmata in the face of Pontius Pilate, apparently melting it." Again, the final effect is more convincing, but more to the point: What I did was simply physicalize Jesus's spiritual powers, transubstantiate them, if you will, into the kind of state-of-the-art pyrotechnics that today's audiences can truly believe in. As for the "obscene" Mary Magdalene scene, Donohue neglected to mention that she has sex with the apostles, not Jesus, and when he comes upon their grief-driven orgy, he expresses his divine displeasure in no uncertain terms.

I would like to say, "SEE THE MOVIE FOR YOURSELF AND DECIDE," but of course that is now impossible. Donohue's campaign against *christblood* has gone far beyond his unprofessional review and well into slander, harassment, and restraint of trade. As a result of this one-man anti-*christblood* crusade, New York mayor Rudy Giuliani has banned it from being advertised on city buses, I have been excommunicated, and *Politically Incorrect* suddenly isn't returning my calls.

The Inquisitional reign of terror has not ended there. The premiere of my film at the recent Twin Cities Film Festival was ruined when the projectionist opened the film canisters only to find them filled with blood. I cannot prove this was the WORK OF RIGHT-WING RELIGIOUS ZEALOTS, but *somebody* must have done it, just as somebody bribed my female escort at that event to begin talking in the voice of my dead grandmother at a most inopportune time, pleading with me to destroy *christblood* and devote the rest of my life to prayer. Later the same night, this same somebody filled my hotel room with thousands of frogs—frogs, lest there be any mistaking their origin, that had been professionally trained to croak in unison something vaguely approximating the word "Repent."

There can be only one response to this. All artists of conscience, and particularly voting members of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, must make a show of solidarity against censorship. And what better way than to nominate *christblood* for the Academy Award in the categories of Best Picture, Best Director (Martin Pinol), Best Screenplay Adapted from Another Medium (Martin Pinol), and Best Supporting Actress (Houston as Mary Magdalene)? These nominations would send a strong signal to DONOHUE AND HIS MINIONS and perhaps keep *christblood* in theaters through the symbolically important Easter weekend.

As artists, or those who consume the work of artists, you must be concerned about who or what Donohue will choose to unleash his holy wrath on next. Before you sit down to create or enjoy your next work of challenging art, think of me, lying here covered in black, gurgling sores unseen in the medical literature, and say to yourself, "There but for the grace of God go I." ■

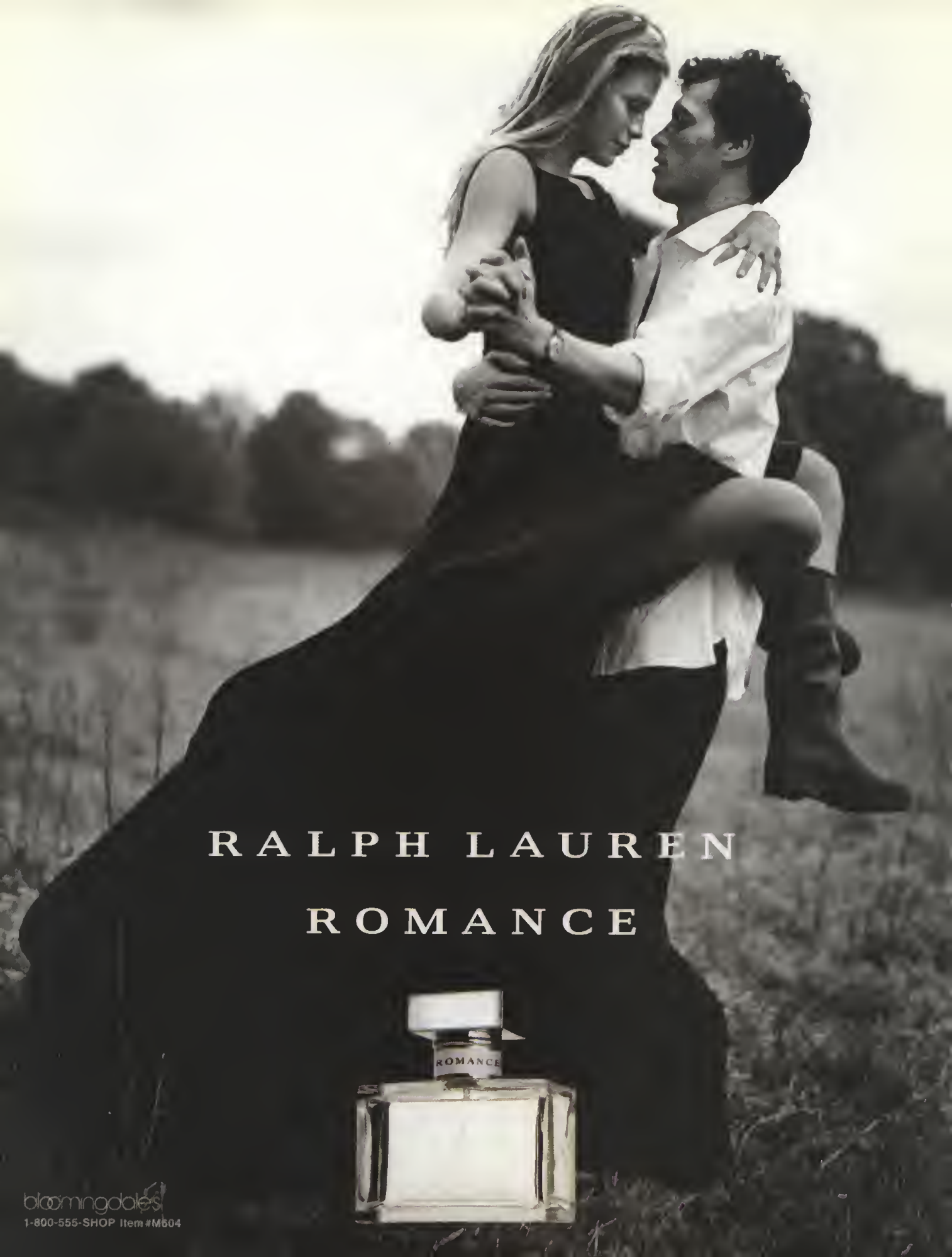
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